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FEMINIST INTENTIONS

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[To many observers it is sufficiently obvious that woman's struggle for the Suffrage represents a skirmish in the far-spread war now waging. The following article was written in response to a request made by the *Atlantic* to Mr. George, a prominent spokesman of the Feminist movement in England, its storm-centre, to state quite clearly the terms upon which leaders of his party will be willing to negotiate for a lasting peace. It seems fair to all parties that there should be a definite understanding of the issues involved. — THE EDITORS.]

I

THE Feminist propaganda — which should not be confounded with the Suffrage agitation — rests upon a revolutionary biological principle. Substantially, the Feminists argue that there are no men and that there are no women; there are only sexual majorities. To put the matter less obscurely, the Feminists base themselves on Weininger's theory, according to which the male principle may be found in woman, and the female principle in man. It follows that they recognize no masculine or feminine '*spheres*,' and that they propose to identify absolutely the conditions of the sexes.

Now there are two kinds of people who labor under illusions as regards the Feminist movement, its opponents and its supporters: both sides tend to limit the area of its influence; in few cases does either realize the movement

as revolutionary. The methods are to have revolutionary results, are destined to be revolutionary; as a convinced but cautious Feminist, I do not think it honest or advisable to conceal this fact. I have myself been charged by a very well-known English author (whose name I may not give, as the charge was contained in a private letter) with having 'let the cat out of the bag' in my little book, *Woman and To-morrow*. Well, I do not think it right that the cat should be kept in the bag. Feminists should not want to triumph by fraud. As promoters of a sex war, they should not hesitate to declare it, and I have little sympathy with the pretenses of those who contend that one may alter everything while leaving everything unaltered.

An essential difference between 'Feminism' and 'Suffragism' is that the Suffrage is but part of the greater propaganda; while Suffragism desires to remove an inequality, Feminism purports to alter radically the mental attitudes of men and women. The sexes are to be induced to recognize each other's status, and to bring this recognition to such a point that equality will not even be challenged. Thus Feminists are interested rather in ideas than in facts; if, for instance, they wish to make accessible to women the profession of

barrister, it is not because they wish women to practice as barristers, but because they want men to view without surprise the fact that women may be barristers. And they have no use for knightliness and chivalry.

Therein lies the mental revolution: while the Suffragists are content to attain immediate ends, the Feminists are aiming at ultimate ends. They contend that it is unhealthy for the race that man should not recognize woman as his equal; that this makes him intolerant, brutal, selfish, and sentimentally insincere. They believe likewise that the race suffers because women do not look upon men as their peers; that this makes them servile, untruthful, deceitful, narrow, and in every sense inferior. More particularly concerned with women, it is naturally upon them and their problems that they are bringing their first attention to bear.

The word 'inferior' at once arouses comment, for here the Feminist often distinguishes himself from the Suffragist. He frequently accepts woman's present inferiority, but he believes this inferiority to be transient, not permanent. He considers that by removing the handicaps imposed upon women, they will be able to win an adequate proportion of races. His case against the treatment of women covers every form of human relation: the arts, the home, the trades, and marriage. In every one of these directions he proposes to make revolutionary changes.

The question of the arts need not long detain us. It is perfectly clear that woman has had in the past neither the necessary artistic training, nor the necessary atmosphere of encouragement; that families have been reluctant to spend money on their daughter's music, her painting, her literary education, with the lavishness demanded of them by their son's professional or business career. Feminists believe that

when men and women have been leveled, this state of things will cease to prevail.

In the trades, English Feminists represent the fact that women are excluded from the law, generally speaking, the ministry, the higher ranks of business and of the Civil Service and so forth, and practically from hospital appointments; also that women are paid low wages for work similar to that of men.

They complain too that the home demands of woman too great an expenditure of energy, too much time, too much labor; that the concentration of her mind upon the continual purchasing and cooking of food, on cleaning, on the care of the child, is unnecessarily developed; they doubt if the home can be maintained as it is if woman is to develop as a free personality.

With marriage, lastly, they are perhaps most concerned. Though they are not in the main prepared to advocate free union, they are emphatically arrayed against modern marriage, which they look upon as slave union. The somewhat ridiculous modifications of the marriage service introduced by a few couples in America and by one in England, in which the word 'obey' was deleted from the bride's pledge, can be taken as indicative of the Feminist attitude. Their grievances against the home, against the treatment of women in the trades, are closely connected with the marriage question, for they believe that the desire of man to have a housekeeper, of woman to have a protector, deeply influence the complexion of unions which they would base exclusively upon love, and it follows that they do not accept as effective marriage any union where the attitudes of love do not exist. For them who favor absolute equality, partnership, sharing of responsibilities and privileges, modern marriage repre-

sents a condition of sex-slavery into which woman is frequently compelled to enter because she needs to live, and in which she must often remain, however abominable the conditions under which the union is maintained, because man, master of the purse, is master of the woman.

Generally, then, the Feminists are in opposition to most of the world institutions. For them the universe is based upon the subjection of woman: subjection by law, and subjection by convention. Before considering what modifications the Feminists wish to introduce into the social system, a few words must be said as to this distinction between convention and the law.

II

Convention, which is nothing but petrified habit, has lain upon woman perhaps more heavily than any law, for the law can be eluded with comparative ease, and she who eludes it may very well become a heroine, merely because we are mostly anarchists and dislike the law. Every man is in himself a minority, and is opposed to the law because the law is the expression of the will of the majority, that is to say, the will of the vulgar, of the norm. But convention is far more subtle: it is the result of the *common* agreement of wills. Therefore, as it is a product of unanimity, the penalties which follow on the infractions of its behests are terrible; she who infringes it becomes, not a heroine, but an outcast. The law is, then, nothing by the side of etiquette.

Hence Feminist propaganda. While the Suffragists wish to alter the law, the Feminists wish to alter also the conventions. It may not be too much to say that they would almost be content with existing laws if they could change the point of view of man, make

him take for granted that women may smoke, or ride astride, or fight; cease to be surprised because Madame Dieulafoy chooses to wear trousers; briefly, renounce the subjective fetich of sex. Still, as they realize that states become more socialistic every day, they realize also that through the law only can they hope to change manners. The mental revolution which they intend to effect must therefore be prefaced by a legal revolution.

The first Feminist intention is economic, — proceeds on two lines: —

1. They intend to open every occupation to women.
2. They intend to level the wages of women and men.

As regards the first point, they are not as a rule unreasonable. If they demand that women should practice the law as they do in France, preach the Gospel as they do in the United States of America, bear arms, as in Dahomey, it is not because they attach any great value to these occupations, but because they consider that any limitation put upon woman's activities is intrinsically degrading; so keenly do they feel this, that some serious Feminists took part some years ago in the controversy on, 'Are there female angels?'

The second point is more important. It is a well-established fact that women are paid less than men for the same work: for instance, in England, women begin at wages which are less than those of men as teachers, post-office and other civil servants. The Feminists are not prepared to agree that this condition is due to some inherent inferiority of woman: in their view her *inferiority* is transitory, is due to her *inferior* position. One Feminist, C. Gascoigne Hartley, in *The Truth About Women*, outlines a bold hypothesis: 'What, then, is the real cause of the lowness of remuneration offered to women for

work when compared with men? Thousands of women and girls receive wages that are insufficient to support life. They do not die, they live; but how? The answer is plain. Woman possesses a marketable value attached to her personality which man has not got. The woman's sex is a saleable thing.' Briefly, if a woman works less well than a man, less fast, less continuously, it is because she is inadequately rewarded. They reverse the common position that woman is not well paid because woman is not competent, basing themselves on the parallel that liberty alone fits men for liberty. They argue that woman is not competent because she is not well paid; consequently, those Feminists who are inclined toward Radicalism in politics demand a minimum wage in all trades, which shall be the same for women and men.

The economic change will be brought about by revolutionary methods, by sex strikes and sex wars. The gaining of the vote is, in the Feminists' view, nothing but an affair of outposts. Conscientious propagandists do not intend to allow the female vote to be split as it might recently have been between Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Taft. They intend to use the vote to make women vote as women, and not as citizens; that is to say, they propose to sell the female vote *en bloc* to the party that bids highest for it in the economic field. To the party that will, as a preliminary, pledge itself to level male and female wages in government employ, will be given the Feminist vote; and if no party will bid, then it is the Feminist intention to run special candidates for all offices, to split the male parties, and to involve them in consecutive disasters such as the one which befell the Republican party in the last presidential election in the United States.

Side by side with this purely polit-

ical action, Feminists intend to use industrial strikes in exactly the same manner as do the Syndicalist railwaymen, miners, and postmen of Europe; well aware that they have captured a number of trades, such as millinery, domestic service, restaurant attendance, and so forth, and large portions of other trades, such as cotton-spinning in Lancashire, they propose to use as a basis the vote and the political education that follows thereon, to induce women to group themselves in women's trade-unions, by means of which they will hold up trades, and when they are strong enough, hold up society itself.

I enunciate these views with full sympathy, which can hardly be refused when one realizes that the sweated trades are almost entirely in the hands of women, — laundry, box-making, toys, artificial flowers, and the like. The fact that the underpaid trades are women's trades, and that the British Government has been compelled to institute wage-boards to bring up women's pay from four cents an hour to the imposing figure of six cents, and the recent white-slavery investigations in America, are evidence enough that public opinion should hesitate before blaming any industrial steps women may choose to take. For it should not be forgotten that woman risks more than comfort and health, and that the under-payment of her sex often forces her to degradation.

Conscious of the temporary inferiority of woman, an inferiority traceable to centuries of neglect and belittling patronage, the Feminists propose to increase woman's power by making her fitter for power. They are well aware that the enormous majority of women receive but an inferior education, that in their own homes, especially in the South of England, they are not encouraged to read the newspaper (which I believe to be a more powerful instru-

ment of intellectual development than the average serious book), and that any attempt on their part to acquire more information, to attend lectures, to join debating clubs, tends to lower their 'charm value' in the eyes of men. That point of view they are determined to alter in the male. They propose to kill the prejudice by the homœopathic method: that is to say, to educate woman more because man thinks she is already too educated. Briefly, to kill poison by more poison. For this purpose they intend to throw open education of all grades to women as well as to men, to remove such differences as exist in England, where a woman cannot obtain an Oxford or Cambridge degree. They propose to raise the school age of both sexes, and to not less than sixteen. The object of this, so far as women are concerned, is to prevent the exploitation of little girls of fourteen, notably as domestic servants.

Some Feminists favor coeducation, on the plea that it enables the sexes to understand each other, and these build principally on the success of American schools. A more violent section, however, desires to place the education of girls entirely in the hands of women, partly because they wish to enhance the sex war, and partly because they consider that continual intercourse between the sexes tends to deprive ultimate love of its mystery and its charm. But both sections fully agree that the broadest possible education must be given to every woman, so as to fit her for contest with every man.

III

So much, then, for the mental revolution and its eventual effects on the position of women in the arts, the trades, and the schools. In the industrial section, especially, we have already had an indication of the main

line of the Feminist attitude, a claim to a right to choose. This right is indeed the only one for which the Feminists are struggling, and they struggle for those obscure reasons which lie at the root of our wish to live and to perpetuate the race. It is no wonder, then, that the Feminists should have designs upon the most fundamental of human institutions, marriage and motherhood.

In the main, Feminists are opposed to indissoluble Christian marriage. Some satisfaction has been given to them in a great many states by the extension of divorce facilities, but they are not content with piecemeal reform such as has been carried out in the United States, for they realize quite well that divorce cuts both ways, and that it is not satisfactory for a wife to be married in one state, and divorced under a slack law in another. Indeed I believe that one of the first Feminist demands in America would be for a federal marriage law.

But alterations in the law are minor points by the side of the emotional revolution that is to be engineered. Roughly speaking, we have to-day reasonable men and instinctive women. Such notably was Ibsen's view: 'Woman cannot escape her primitive emotions.' But he thought she should control these inevitables so far as possible: 'As soon as woman no longer dominates her passions she fails to achieve her objects.'¹ The distinction between reason and instinct, however, is not so wide as it seems; for reason is merely the conscious use of observation, while instinct is the unconscious use of the same faculty; but as the trend of Feminism is to make woman self-conscious and sex-conscious, the Feminists can be said broadly to be warring against instinct, and on the side of reason. They look upon in-

¹ *La Femme dans le Théâtre d'Ibsen*, by FRIEDERICKE BOETTCHER. — THE AUTHOR.

stinct as indicative of a low mentality. For instance, the horse is less instinctive than the zebra, and a curious instance of this was yielded by certain horses in the South African war, which were unable to crop the grass because they had always eaten from mangers. Civilization, we may say, had caused the horses to degenerate, but nobody will contend that the horse is not more intelligent than the zebra, more capable of love, even of thought. Briefly, the horse approximates more closely to a reasonable being than does the instinctive wild beast.

The Feminists therefore propose, by training woman's reason, to place her beyond the scope of mere emotion and mere prejudice, to enable her to judge, to select a mate for herself and a father for her children, — a double and necessary process.

There is a flavor of eugenics about these ideas: the right to choose means that women wish to be placed in such a position that, being economically independent to the extent of having equal opportunities, they will not be compelled to sell themselves in marriage as they now very often do. I do not refer to entirely loveless marriages, for these are not very common in Anglo-Saxon states, but to marriages dictated by the desire of woman to escape the authority of her parents, and to gain the dignity of a wife, the possession of a home and of money to spend. In the Feminist view, these are bad unions because love does not play the major part in them, and often plays hardly any part at all. The Feminists believe that the educated woman, informed on the subject of sex-relations, able to earn her own living, to maintain a political argument, will not fall an easy prey to the offer held out to her by a man who will be her master, because he will have bought her on a truck system.

Under Feminist rule, women will be

able to select, because they will be able to sweep out of their minds the monetary consideration; therefore they will love better, and unless they love, they will not marry at all. It is therefore probable that they will raise the standard of masculine attractiveness by demanding physical and mental beauty in those whom they choose; that they will apply personal eugenics. The men whom they do not choose will find themselves in exactly the same position as the old maids of modern times: that is to say, these men, if they are unwed, will be unwed because they have chosen to remain so, or because they were not sought in marriage. The eugenic characteristic appears, in that women will no longer consent to accept as husbands the old, the vicious, the unpleasant. They will tend to choose the finest of the species, and those likely to improve the race. As the Feminist revolution implies a social revolution, notably 'proper work for proper pay,' it follows that marriage will be easy, and that those women who wish to mate will not be compelled to wait indefinitely for the consummation of their loves. Incidentally also, the Feminists point out that their proposals hold forth to men a far greater chance of happiness than they have had hitherto, for they will be sure that the women who select them do so because they love them, and not because they need to be supported.

This does not mean that Feminism is entirely a creed of reason; indeed a number of militant Feminists who collected round the English paper, *The Freewoman*, have as an article of their faith that one of the chief natural needs of woman and society is not less passion, but more. If they wish to raise women's wages, to give them security, education, opportunity, it is because they want to place them beyond material temptations, to make them inde-

pendent of a protector, so that nothing may stand in the way of the passionate development of their faculties. To this effect, of course, they propose to introduce profound changes in the conception of marriage itself.

Without committing themselves to free union, the Feminists wish to loosen the marriage tie, and they might not be averse to making marriage less easy, to raising, for instance, the marriage age for both sexes; but as they are well aware that, in the present state of human passions, impediments to marriage would lead merely to an increase in irregular alliances, they lay no stress upon that point. Moreover, as they are not prepared to admit that any moral damage ensues when woman contracts more than one alliance in the course of her life, — which view is accepted very largely in the United States, and in all countries with regard to widows, — they incline rather to repair the effects of bad marriages, than to prevent their occurrence.

Plainly speaking, the Feminists desire simpler divorce. They are to a certain extent ready to surround divorce with safeguards, so as to prevent the young from rushing into matrimony; indeed they might 'steep up' the law of the 'Divorce States.' On the other hand, they would introduce new causes for divorce where they do not already exist, and they would make them the same for women and men. For instance, in Great Britain a divorce can be granted to a man on account of the infidelity of his wife, while it can be granted to a woman only if to infidelity the husband adds cruelty or desertion. Such a difference the Feminists would sweep away, and they would probably add to the existing causes certain others, such as infectious and incurable diseases, chronic drunkenness, insanity, habitual cruelty and lengthy desertion. It should be observed that the campaign

is thus as favorable to men as it is to women, for many men who have now no relief would gain it under the new laws. As Feminism is international, the programme of course includes the introduction of divorce where it does not exist, — in Austria, Spain, South American states, and so forth.

What exact form the new divorce laws would take, I cannot at present say, for Feminism is as evolutionary as it is revolutionary, and Feminists are prepared to accept transitory measures of reform. Thus, in the existing circumstances, they would accept a partial extension of divorce facilities, subject to an adequate provision for all children. In the ultimate condition, to which I refer later on, this might not be necessary, but as a temporary expedient Feminists desire to protect woman while she is developing from the chattel condition to the free-woman condition. Until she is fit for her new liberty, it is necessary that she should be enabled to use this liberty without paying too heavy a price therefor. Indeed this clash between the transitory and the ultimate is one of the difficulties of Feminism. The rebels must accept situations such as the financial responsibility of man, while they struggle to make woman financially independent of man, and it is for this reason that different proposals appear in the works of Ellen Key, Rosa Mayreder, Charlotte Gilman, Olive Schreiner, and others, but these divergences need not trouble us, for Feminism is an inspiration rather than a gospel, and if it lays down a programme, it is a temporary programme.

Personally, I am inclined to believe that the ultimate aim of Feminism with regard to marriage is the practical suppression of marriage and the institution of free alliance. It may be that thus only can woman develop her own personality, but society itself must so

greatly alter, do so very much more than equalize wages and provide work for all, that these ultimate ends seem very distant. They lie beyond the decrease of Capitalism itself, for they imply a change in the nature of the human being which is not impossible when we consider that man has changed a great deal since the Stone Age, but is still inconceivably radical.

Ultimate ends of Feminism will be attained only when socialization shall have been so complete that the human being will no longer require the law, but will be able to obey some obscure, but noble categorical imperative; when men and women can associate voluntarily, without thrall of the State, for the production and enjoyment of the goods of life. How this will be achieved, by what propaganda, by what struggles and by what battles, is difficult to say; but in common with many Feminists I incline to place a good deal of reliance on the ennobling of the nature of the male. That there is a sex war, and will be a sex war, I do not deny, but the entry of women into the modern world of art and business shows that an immense enlightenment has come over the male, that he no longer wishes to crush as much as he did, and therefore that he is loving better and more sanely. Therein lies a profound lesson: if men do not make war upon women, women will not make war upon men. I have spoken of sex war, but it takes two sides to make a war, and I do not see that in the event of conflict the Feminists can *alone* be guilty.

One feature manifests itself, and that is a change of attitude in woman with regard to the child. Indications in modern novels and modern conversation are not wanting to show that a type of woman is arising who believes in a new kind of matriarchate, that is to say, in a state of society where man will not

figure in the life of woman except as the father of her child. Two cases have come to my knowledge where English women have been prepared to contract alliances with men with whom they did not intend to pass their lives, — this because they desired a child. They consider that the child is the expression of the feminine personality, while after the child's birth, the husband becomes a mere excrescence. They believe that the 'Wife' should die in childbirth, and the 'Mother' rise from her ashes. There is nothing utopian about this point of view, if we agree that Feminists can so rearrange society as to provide every woman with an independent living; and I do not say that this is the prevalent view. It is merely one view, and I do not believe it will be carried to the extreme, for the association of human beings in couples appears to respond to some deep need; still, it should be taken into account as an indication of sex revolt.

That part of the programme belongs to the ultimates. Among the transitory ideas, that is, the ideas which are to fit Feminism into the modern State, are the endowment of motherhood and the lien on wages. The Feminists do not commit themselves to a view on the broad social question whether it is desirable to encourage or discourage births. Taking births as they happen, they lay down that a woman being incapacitated from work for a period of weeks or months while she is giving birth to a child, her liberty can be secured only if the fact of the birth gives her a call upon the State. Failing this, she must have a male protector in whose favor she must abdicate her rights because he is her protector. As man is not handicapped in his work by becoming a father, they propose to remove the disability that lies upon woman by supplying her with the means of livelihood for a period sur-

rounding the birth, of not less than six weeks, which some place at three months. There is nothing wild in this scheme, for the British Insurance Act (1912) gives a maternity endowment of seven dollars and fifty cents whether a mother be married or single. The justice of the proposal may be doubted by some, but I do not think its expediency will be questioned. On mere grounds of humanity it is barbarous to compel a woman to labor while she is with child; on social grounds it is not advantageous for the race to allow her to do so: premature births, child-murder, child-neglect by working mothers, all these facts point to the social value of the endowment.

IV

The last of the transitory measures is the lien on wages. In the present state of things, women who work in the home depend for money on husbands or fathers. The fact of having to ask is, in the Feminists' view, a degradation. They suggest that the housekeeper should be entitled to a proportion of the man's income or salary, and one of them, Mrs. M. H. Wood, picturesquely illustrates her case by saying that she hopes to do away with 'pocket-searching' while the man is asleep. Mrs. Wood's ideas certainly deserve sympathy; though many men pay their wives a great deal more than they are worth and are shamefully exploited — a common modern position — it is also quite true that many others expect their wives to run their household on inadequate allowances, and to come to them for clothes or pleasure in a manner which establishes the man as a pacha. When women have grown economically independent, no lien on wages will be required, but meanwhile it is interesting to observe that there has recently been formed in England

a society called 'The Home-makers' Trade Union,' one of whose specific objects is, 'To insist as a right on a proper proportion of men's earnings being paid to wives for the support of the home.'

Generally speaking, then, it is clear that women are greatly concerned with the race, for all these demands — support of the mother, support of the child, rights of the household — are definitely directed toward the benevolent control by the woman of her home and her child. I have alluded above to these Feminist intentions: they affect the immediate conditions as well as the ultimate.

Among the ultimates is a logical consequence of the right of woman to be represented by women. So long as Parliamentary Government endures, or any form of authority endures, the Feminists will demand a share in this authority. It has been the custom during the Suffrage campaign to pretend that women demand merely the vote. The object of this is to avoid frightening the men, and it may well be that a number of Suffragists honestly believe that they are asking for no more than the vote, while a few, who confess that they want more, add that it is not advisable to say so; they are afraid to 'let the cat out of the bag,' but they will not rest until all Parliaments, all Cabinets, all Boards are open to women, until the Presidential chair is as accessible to them as is the English throne. Already in Norway women have entered the National Assembly: they propose to do so everywhere. They will not hesitate to claim women's votes for women candidates until they have secured the representation which they think is their right, that is, one half.

These are the bases, roughly outlined, on which can be established a lasting peace.

V

I do not want to exaggerate the difficulties and perils which are bound up in this revolutionary movement, but it is abundantly clear that it presupposes profound changes in the nature of women and of men. While man will be asked for more liberalism and be expected to develop his sense of justice (which has too long lain at the mercy of his erratic and sentimental generosity), woman will have to modify her outlook. She is now too often vain, untruthful, disloyal, avaricious, vampiric; briefly she has the characteristics of the slave. She will have to slough off these characteristics while she is becoming free, she will have to justify by her mental ascent the increase in her power. Feminists are not blind to this, and that is why they lay such stress upon education and propaganda.

One of the most profound changes will, I think, appear in sex relations. The 'New Woman,' as we know her to-day, a woman who is not so new as the woman who will be born of her, is a very unpleasant product; armed with a little knowledge, she tends to be dogmatic in her views and offensive in argument. She tends to hate men, and to look upon Feminism as a revenge; she adopts mannish ways, tends to shout, to contradict, to flout principles because they are principles; also she affects a contempt for marriage which is the natural result of her hatred of man. The New Woman has not the support of the saner Feminists. Says Ellen Key, in *The Woman Movement*, 'These cerebral, amaternal women must obviously be accorded the freedom of finding the domestic life, with its limited but intensive exercise of power, meagre beside the feeling of power which they enjoy as public personalities, as consummate women of the world, as talented professionals. But

they have not the right to falsify life values in their own favor so that they themselves shall represent the highest form of life, the "human personality," in comparison with which the "instinctive feminine" signifies a lower stage of development, a poorer type of life.' If this were the ultimate type very few men would be found in the Feminist camp, for the coming of the New Woman would mean the death of love. If the death of love had to be the price of woman's emancipation, I, for one, would support the institution of the zenana and the repression of woman by brute force; but I do not think we need be anxious.

If the New Woman is so aggressive, it is because she must be aggressive if she is to win her battle. We cannot expect people who are laboring under a sense of intolerable injury to set politely about the righting of that injury: when woman has entered her kingdom she will no longer have to resort to political nagging; her true nature will affirm itself for the first time, for it is difficult to believe that it has been able to affirm itself under the entirely artificial conditions of androcracy. Already some women to whom a profession or mental eminence has given exceptional freedom show us in society that women can be free and yet be sweet. Indeed they almost demonstrate the Feminist contention that women must be free before they are sweet, for are not these women — of whom all of us can name a few — the noblest and most desirable of their kind? The New Woman is like a freshly painted railing: whoever touches it will stain his hands, but the railing will dry in time.

There is one type of woman, however, whom I venture to call 'Old Woman,' who is probably a bitterer foe of Feminism than any man, and that is the super-feminine type, the woman for whom nothing exists except

her sex, who has no interests except the decking of her body and the quest of men. This woman, who once dominated her own species, still represents the majority of her sex. It is still true that the majority of women are concerned with little save the fashions, novels, plays, and vaudeville turns. These women want to have 'a good time' and want nothing more; they are ready to prey upon men by flattering them; they encourage their own weakness, which they call 'charm,' and generally aim at being pampered slaves, because, from their point of view, it pays better than being working partners. Evidence of this is to be found in women's shops, in the continual change in fashions, each of which is a signal to the male, and in the continual increase in the sums spent on adornment: it is not uncommon for a rich woman to spend five hundred dollars on a frock; two hundred and fifty dollars has been given for a hat; and twenty-five thousand dollars for a set of furs.

As Miss Beatrice Tina very well says, 'Woman is woman's worst enemy,' though she is not referring to this type. So long as woman maintains this attitude, compels man to forget her soul in the contemplation of her body, so long will she remain a slave, for this preoccupation goes further than clothes.

In a book recently published,¹ an account is given of the late Empress of Austria, who was evidently one of the lowest of the slave type. It is noteworthy that she had no love for her children because their coming had impaired her beauty. Now I do not suggest that Feminists are arrayed against the care of the body; far from it, for the campaign has many associates among those who support physical culture, the fresh-air movement, ancient costume revival, and the like; but Feminists are well

aware that concentration on adornment diverts woman from the development of her brain and her soul, and enhances in her the characteristics of the harem favorite. One tentative suggestion is being made, and that is a uniform for women. The interested parties point out that men practically wear uniform, that there is hardly any change from year to year in their costume, and that any undue adornment of the male is looked upon as bad form. Thus, while few men can with impunity spend more than five hundred dollars a year on their clothes, many women do not consider themselves happy unless they can dispose of anything between five and twenty times that amount. This, while involving the household in difficulties, lowers the status of woman by lowering her mentality.

Feminists do not ask for sumptuary laws, having very little respect for the law, but for a new vision which is this: Man, intellectually developed, decks himself in no finery, because it is not essential to his success; woman must likewise abandon frippery if she is to have energy enough to reach his plane. They propose to attain their object by the force of their example, and I have received several letters on the subject, which show that the idea of fixing the fashions is not entirely wild, for fashion consists after all in wearing what everybody wears, and if an influential movement is started to maintain the costume of women on a very simple basis, it may very well prevail and kill much of their purely imitative vanity by showing them that undue devotion to self-adornment is very much worse than immoral: in other words, that it is in bad taste.

Incidentally the Feminists believe that the downfall of many women is procured by the offer of fine clothes. They hope, therefore, to derive some

¹ *My Past*, by COUNTESS MARIE LARISCH,

side-profits from the simplification of woman's dress.

The question also arises as to whether woman can become intellectually independent, whether she does not naturally depend upon the opinion of man. It is suggested that not even rich women are actually independent, that women place marriage above their art, their work; but I do not think this is a very solid objection, for the vaunted independence of men is not so very common; they currently take many of their opinions from their reading in newspapers and books, and must often subordinate their views and their conduct to the will of their employer. The main answer to this suggestion is that we must not consider woman as she was, but woman 'as she is becoming,' as a creature of infinite potentialities, as virgin ground.

It may be *petitio principii* to say that, as woman has produced so much that is fine, she would have produced very much more if she had not been hampered by law and custom, derided by the male, but bad logic is often good sense. This should commend itself to men who are no longer willing to support the idea that women are inherently inferior to them, but who are willing to give them an opportunity to develop in every field of human activity. Thus and thus only, if man will readjust his views, expel *vir* and enthrone *homo*, can woman cease to appear before him as a rival and a foe, realize herself in her natural and predestined rôle, that of partner and mate.

[This subject will be discussed in a subsequent *Atlantic* from a widely different point of view. — THE EDITORS.]

A CHILD-IDYL OF DONEGAL

BY AMANDA MATTHEWS

MARY ANNE DUFFY, aged six, trudged along a Donegal hillside, quite alone except for the cow she drove, — a curiously marked beast suggesting a black cow wearing a white blanket.

This was the proud morning for Mary Anne, since it marked her promotion from the toddling class to the herding. She held her straight little back still straighter as she realized how much older and more responsible she was than Kitty or even Pat James.

The cow half wheeled and shook her horns playfully at the new 'herd,' whose pretty pride suffered quick collapse.

'Och, the cow do be thinking I am too wee!' she whimpered, but bravely brandished her stick. The animal recognized the official baton and shambléd on.

Mary Anne was sound and ruddy, though delicately formed. She had the quality of intrinsic cleanliness, as if the soil would not adhere even to her bare legs and feet. She wore a gray homespun dress of many patches and more rents. Her mother had pinned a red kerchief about her head.

The cow left the path and fell to grazing on the short, scanty, native

herbage. Mary Anne seated herself as near the creature's head as she deemed prudent; she did not want the cow commenting again on her smallness. She grasped the stick with two hands and observed fixedly every movement of her charge.

Soon she heard a mighty whooping alternated with snatches of music on a 'tromp' or jews-harp. It meant that Shane O'Donnell, a neighbor lad of eight years, was herding his father's four cows, not far away. Mary Anne dreaded Shane as a noisy, disconcerting being always overflowing with tumult. Not wishing him to spy her, she crept into a sheltered nook among the rocks. The sun was deliciously warm with one of those brief unexpected relentings which temper the rigors of Donegal. The white-blanketed cow soon wandered where she listed.

Shane O'Donnell discovered the beast when she had cleared a square yard of his father's oats, — something of a depredation in a field the size of a drawing-room. He recognized the cow and was driving her before him, expecting to have it out with one of the elder Duffys, when he came upon Mary Anne, still asleep, her head pillowed on a clump of daisies.

Shane had no weakness for little girls; he had always regarded Mary Anne as of even less consequence than Pat James; but now her exquisite helplessness made some appeal to his embryo masculinity, which he did not in the least understand, but which caused him to withdraw, taking her cow to herd with his own until she should awake.

Mary Anne came to herself in a grievous panic, and was on a rock staring about for her charge before she had finished rubbing her eyes. Poor little Irish Bo-peep! She soon discovered the cow in the possession of that monster, Shane O'Donnell. With one halting step after another, she forced

herself to approach him. Her astonishment at his friendly grin was immeasurable.

'That was a fine sleep you had, Mary Anne.'

'Did — did — me cow do harm?' faltered the guilty one.

'She eat up most of me father's corn.'

'Will he — be annoyed?'

'He will that, just. He will break his legs running to t'rash you.'

'Maybe — it was some villain of another cow eat up the corn.'

'I seen your baste eating away.'

Again the domineering manhood of Shane O'Donnell succumbed, — this time to the pitiful puckers that formed about the little red mouth of Mary Anne.

'If I take the blame off you and say it was our dun cow, will you be giving me the next sweeties you get?'

'I will that, Shane. I will be giving you the next barley rock me father brings me, and come Fair Day I will give you me penny until you get some apples.'

'And I will be doing you the good turn, Mary Anne, to give you back one of the apples.'

'O Shane! I never was thinking you to be that char'table, I was not indeed!'

'Do not be revealing it on me,' he put in hastily. 'Do not be revealing me to be so grand and charitable.'

'I will not, Shane.'

'And do you not be revealing how I herded your old nuisance of a cow while you was sleeping.'

'I will not be revealing it,' promised Mary Anne in the repetitive form of answer which Donegal people carry over from their native Gaelic.

A distant church bell pealed three strokes, then three and three again, — a thrice blessed sound in that weird land where humanity feels itself the tenant-at-will of fierce elements and powers unseen. The children bowed

their heads and Shane dragged off his cap, showing his black poll very close cut except for a long fringe over his forehead. As they stood without sound or movement waiting for the last vibration to spend itself, they made a childish replica of Millet's Angelus. They were set in the characteristic Donegal landscape. Here the green mantle of Ireland has great patches of brown bogland, and is full of rents through which huge granite ledges thrust up gray knees. It is an untamable region whose sombre storm-beaten magnificence withers the heart of the stranger, but the youngsters lifted to it careless, accustomed eyes at the ceasing of the bell. Their faces, however, were still grave with an instant's prophecy of the dark seriousness of their elders. Their first shy smiles at each other with which they resumed their converse were like the glinting of the sun across brown bog pools.

'Time for noon milkin', Mary Anne. Get your cratur shingelin' on far ahead like we was not herding together.'

Thus Shane commanded and Mary Anne obeyed.

The cottages of the hillside group, toward which the boy and girl drove their cattle, were too few for a collective village name. The breen leading up from the highway below came first to the slate-roofed abode of the O'Donnells. Shane was the youngest there. Mary Anne was the oldest of the children belonging to the low thatched Duffy cot farther up the hill. Within easy hail of the Duffys was a ruinous cabin, shaggy with grass, where dwelt old Cormac O'Brien, the piper. Nearest of all to the top of the brae stood the square stone hut of Peggy Coogan who lived there her lone.

When Mary Anne drove her cow back to the feeding ground, Shane was already there with his four. She no-

ticed that above his ragged herding coat shone his white celluloid school collar.

'Do I look brave to you, Mary Anne?' he demanded.

'You do just.'

'Are you more content with me for the collar?'

'I am.'

'It restrains me neck like I was to be hunged.'

'It does,' she agreed sympathetically.

'It cost all of five pence.'

'Did it now!'

'Don't you be revealing I put on me collar to look brave for you.'

'I will not.'

'You being so old-fashioned and sensible,' he laughed, 'sit you here on this rock and eye all of the cows while I am constructin' you a bit house and you can be calling me if the cattle go streelin' into the crops.'

Shane wrought with diligence in a miniature glen just below Mary Anne's rock. He built the walls of stone and mud.

'Look how I brought the full-of-me-arms of sticks from me house when me father was not noticing,' he exulted; 'and I brought a spade.'

He laid the sticks across the top and then with the spade cut 'scraws' of grassy sod, rolling each one like a strip of carpet, and placed them across the sticks for the roof. He measured the size by his eye as he worked, comparing with Mary Anne. When finished, it was a rather close reproduction of the old piper's storm-soaked, grass-crowned habitation.

Mary Anne left her rock to dance in ecstasy about the tiny dwelling.

'Oh, the wee house! Oh, the pretty, wee house!'

'Put yourself inside.'

It was a close fit, but she could sit upright, and could have her feet within by curling them under her.

'Now stay you down there and mind

the house while I am up here herding, for you are me wee wife.'

'I am,' she assented joyously.

Her delight was purely imaginative. Shane was still young enough for the same appeal of make-believe, but he was also old enough for the delicious emotional disturbance of his first sweet-hearting.

Mary Anne's next impulse was the feminine one to dress the part. She took off her kerchief and, with thorns from a convenient whin-bush, she pinned it on for a matronly apron.

Then she ran about gathering pebbles to pretend they were potatoes. Shane bethought himself of the cows and returned to the rock, from which he could look down on Mary Anne's activities, as she had looked on his during the building of the house.

'It is himself will be coming home to supper and the tatties not in the kettle,' she chirruped.

'It is herself is the grand wee wife triggering up the hearth and boiling me spuds to me liking just,' he chirruped back. 'But you will not be revealing our blathers, Mary Anne?'

'I will not.'

The weather is seldom of one mind for two hours together in Donegal. Dark blue rain-clouds were gathering rapidly, and there were premonitory mutterings of the storm.

'The t'unders!' cried Shane. 'I hear the t'unders! Run for your wee house, Mary Anne! There you will be safe and dry.'

The first drops fell on Mary Anne's feet as she was crawling in.

'Be's you grand and content, Mary Anne?'

'I am that.'

'Is there any of the rain coming in on you, woman?'

'There is not.'

'Are you no glad I made you the elegant bit house?'

'I am.'

'Was you ever thinking to get a man who would be giving you such a fine place to sit down?'

'I was not. Shane, you's terrible good!'

The clouds emptied themselves. The cattle stopped feeding and turned their backs to the storm in patient endurance. The wind drove the rain so slantingly that Shane found partial shelter in the lee of a rock-heap which formed one side of the little glen. He noted with satisfaction that Mary Anne's door opened away from the tempest.

'I mind nothing so me wee wife be's grand and content,' he shouted.

Just then he heard a soft crunching followed by a smothered wail. He knew instantly from former experiences with sod shelters what had happened, and jumped to the rescue. Fortunately, when the house collapsed, Mary Anne had instinctively thrown up her arms to shield her head, so there was an air-chamber left for her face in the general ruin which buried her out of sight except for one little white hand protruding from the wreck like a signal of distress.

Shane dug frantically with his hands until he thought of the spade. He had her out in less than two minutes, but in a most woebegone condition, mud-encrusted, bruised and terrified, with a bleeding scratch on one cheek. The furious rain sent the mud from her hair coursing down her face in thick black streams. She sobbed with childish abandon of fright and misery.

'You be's dead, Mary Anne,' mourned the contrite Shane.

'I am,' she agreed.

'Let me look. Are you much hurted?'

He gently detached her apron and, dipping it in the nearest pool, he assisted the rain in washing away the clinging mud.

When the dirt was sufficiently out of her eyes, she stopped crying to survey the ruin.

'The bit house fell itself on me,' she lamented.

'Mary Anne, take you the cow stick and give me a good t'rashing for the trouble I brought on you this day.'

'I will not. There is no blame on you and I am no hurted, and I am liking you the same as before.'

'Some day I will be building you another wee house that will no fall on you.'

'Will you be himself?'

'I will.'

'And me to be herself?'

'You shall, and no other girl whatever.'

'Shane, you's awful char'table!'

'I am. Stand you still, Mary Anne, I will be tying back your handkerchief or maybe you will be getting a dose of cold.'

Shane was fastening the sopping square beneath Mary Anne's chin, when a freckled face partly bounded by a gray cap and prominent ears came in sight over the rock from which Shane had watched the cows.

'Hullo, Mary Anne!'

Mary Anne did not answer, for the reason that while her name was used it was applied directly to Shane.

'What you doing on this height, Billy Deeever?'

'Looking for me calf, Mary Anne. Will you be asking me to your wedding?'

'Big Hump and Crooked Legs!'

'What be's you getting with the girl? Her father must be equal for a cow and three couples of sheep.'

'You, black! The devil take you and your calf out of this!'

'Mary Anne
Has a man,'

chanted Billy Deeever over and over until the hillside rang with it.

Shane's fists clenched, but Billy Deeever was ten. The occasion called for diplomacy.

'You old thief! What must I give you not to be kilt with me companions coddling me? — and no cause but your old lying chat!'

'If you gived me your tromp —'

'I will not be sparing me tromp to the likes of you.'

'Then kape it yourself, Mary Anne Duffy.'

Shane approached Billy anxiously. 'I will be giving you lashins of barley rock and the full of your two hands of apples come next Fair Day.'

With this Shane tried to slap Billy's hand as men do to seal a cattle trade, but Billy thrust his hands behind him.

'I will be having naught but the tromp that is in your pocket forninst me face,' insisted the future American alderman.

'Take it over, then, and may it put all your teef into smithereens and choke you dead, bad scan to you, Billy Deeever!'

Shane flung the tromp on the grass.

With a victorious whoop Billy pounced upon it and was off after his calf, which he now spied vanishing over the top of the hill. Mary Anne meanwhile had crouched patiently in the poor shelter of a rock.

'O Shane,' she mourned, 'I bringed you the bad luck to lose your tromp and you that char'table —'

'I think nothing of that, Mary Anne, so you be's not hurted. I see your mother coming yonder. Take up your cow and lep along, but do not be revealing on me.'

'I will reveal nothing,' again promised Mary Anne as she prodded the reluctant cow into action.

THE CASE FOR THE SINGLE TAX

BY F. W. GARRISON

'That the earth is the common property of all men . . . Those who make private property of the gift of God pretend in vain to be innocent. For in thus retaining the substance of the poor they are the murderers of those who die every day for the want of it.' — POPE GREGORY THE GREAT.

I

A GENERATION has now passed since Henry George infused new life into the dry bones of political economy by writings which, if slow to win acceptance in the universities, made an immediate and profound impression upon the popular mind. Whatever may be thought of the Single-Tax doctrine, — whether it be regarded as the key to industrial freedom or as the worst of heresies, — the multiplication of its adherents, and its progress in actual legislation, have removed it from the realm of questions purely academic and make pertinent a restatement of its aims and accomplishments.

Briefly stated, the Single Tax is a method of raising money for the necessary expenses of government by taking the rent, or the annual yield of land-values, alone, abolishing all other forms of taxation, direct or indirect. It may be described as government without taxation, for, if the Georgian contention is true, the rent of land belongs not to the individual who would be required to surrender it, but to the community as a whole.

On what just basis can I claim exclusive right to a part of the limited surface of the earth? 'No man made the land,' said Mill. 'It is the original in-

heritance of the whole species.' No matter how far we delve into the past, we can find no just title to the private ownership of land. A Vermont judge, when asked to return a fugitive slave to the man who claimed ownership, replied, 'Show me a bill of sale from the Almighty and I will deliver him.' The same reasoning may be applied to land titles with equal force. Blackstone admits that 'there is no foundation in nature, or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land.' 'Whilst another man has no land,' says Emerson, 'my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated.' And Herbert Spencer maintains that land-titles all rest on force, fraud, or cunning. When Edward I sent his commission to inquire into the existing judicial franchises in 1278, Earl Warenne flung a rusty sword on the table and cried, 'This, Sirs, is my warrant. By the sword our fathers won their lands when they came over with the Conqueror, and by the sword we will keep them.'

Man is a land animal, and access to land is essential to human life. If the earth were to be divided among all men living to-day, in shares of equal value, the next child born would have a just complaint against a bargain which ignored his inherent right to an equal share. Jefferson recognized the force of this argument when he declared that 'the earth belongs in usufruct to the living.' Land is the universal mother, capable of feeding, clothing, and sheltering all her children, but turned

by perverse human laws into an unnatural parent, absurdly indulgent to some of her offspring and merciless to others. Land is the source of all wealth; from it human labor extracts 'the sum of all things which tend to satisfy the physical, intellectual, and spiritual needs of mankind'; and being the reservoir of wealth, it must not be confounded with wealth, to which it bears the same relation that the fabled goose bore to its golden eggs. Concede the exclusive use of the land to a part of the human race, and the remainder can live only on the sufferance of the proprietors.

In the early home of the English race the free man was distinguished from the dependent by the ownership of land. But even under feudalism the possession of land was conditioned upon a return of some kind to the sovereign, as representative of the people. Personal property in England was not taxed until 1188, when Henry II levied the Saladin Tithe for a crusade fund. In the law of eminent domain we still acknowledge that the ownership of land should be conditional on the rights of society at large. Speaking in the House of Commons, Cobden described the transition by which the landlord managed to evade his just burdens. 'For a period of one hundred and fifty years after the Conquest the whole revenue of the country was derived from the land'; but it was gradually shifted until, by 1845, land contributed but one twenty-fifth. 'Thus,' he declared, 'the land, which anciently paid the whole of taxation, pays now only a fraction . . . notwithstanding the immense increase that has taken place in the value of rentals. The people fared better under the despotic monarchs than when the powers of the State had fallen into the hands of a landed oligarchy, who first exempted themselves from taxation, and next

claimed compensation for themselves by a Corn Law for their heavy and peculiar burdens.'

In the early days of settlement in the United States, when land was plenty, there was little or no poverty. Despite a lack of capital, subsistence was to be won from the earth, and it was easy for the laborer, dissatisfied with his wages, to become his own employer. But this happy condition did not last. In 1873 an English observer echoed the warnings of Henry George. He called attention to the fact that the country was 'flinging to the winds its splendid patrimony and recklessly selling and allotting to railway companies or land-jobbers what might be the national revenues of the future. What repentance awaits that country,' he exclaimed, 'for having given to some of the railways grants of 25,600 acres per mile of road, and for assigning to the Northern Pacific Company alone 58,000,000 acres!' It is estimated that from 250,000,000 to 350,000,000 acres of the public domain have been 'granted to the Pacific railways or illegally appropriated by persons and corporations in conspiracy with the agents of the government.'

Repentance has been late in coming, but it has taken a secure hold on the country at last, in the conservation movement, which aims to check the prodigal waste of the natural resources of the government. We have awakened to the folly of permitting the alienation of the rich mineral deposits, the valuable forests and water-power sites which still fall within the public domain.

Well may the conservationist ask himself if the bounties of nature were stored during the ages for the special benefit of the Morgans, Rockefellers, and Carnegies, their heirs and assigns. Does their insight and financial genius sufficiently compensate us for the surrender of such a disproportionate share

of the common inheritance? And if not, do their princely charitable bequests square the account? When we look about us upon the accumulating misery which the most highly organized charity and the richest endowments have proved themselves powerless to stay, we can but ask ourselves if the doctors have correctly diagnosed the case. Charity is like a drug which, taken habitually, weakens the moral fibre. It warps the judgment of him who gives and him who receives. In the Middle Ages men bought indulgences from the Pope. To-day they buy them from their conscience with a dole to charity. It was the contemplation of such a state of things that led Maeterlinck to ask if, after all, charity were aught but the 'insolent flame of permanent injustice.'

Large sums are readily obtained to fight consumption, to build hospitals, to further temperance, to care for the victims of a city's vice. But show that consumption results from land monopoly in slum conditions, and from tariff monopoly, which makes the price of warm clothing prohibitive; point out that intemperance is largely the result of poverty and taxation; reveal the landlord (whose name may head the list of charities) drawing his rentals from resorts of vice; demand the repeal of privilege in any of its manifold forms, and its beneficiaries raise a loud cry of spoliation and declare that vested interests must not be disturbed.

The rich are slow to see that they are in truth the great recipients of charity. Blinded by custom, we detect no irony in the fact that the laboring class is synonymous with the poor, and the idle class with the rich. Yet all wealth is created by labor. Spectacular as are the gifts of the multi-millionaires, they represent but a small fraction of the contributions which unjust laws permit them to exact from the laboring

masses. 'Give no bounties, make equal laws, secure life and property,' said Emerson. 'Open the doors of opportunity to talent and virtue and they will do themselves justice, and property will not be in bad hands.' It is difficult for those of us who have been born into the more or less privileged strata of society to see with the eyes of the disinherited. We are ready to accept conditions as inevitable, and to console ourselves with the belief that the poor are ordained to be always with us. We hear a great deal about the dignity of work, and are readily persuaded that poverty is the result, and not the cause, of ignorance and shiftlessness.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Precisely where each sharp tooth goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to the toad.

That whatever a man creates by his own labor belongs exclusively to him, and cannot justly be claimed by any one else, is regarded by Single-Taxers as a self-evident truth, and by its acceptance they become the champions of property in its true sense, and the implacable foes of privilege. They recognize three factors in the production of wealth: land, labor, and capital (or wealth set apart to aid in the production of more wealth); and between these three factors the product must be divided. The share of land is rent, that of labor, wages, and that of capital, interest. Confusion may arise from failure to make clear the meaning of the term rent. In common parlance no distinction is drawn between the sum paid for the use of land and that paid for the use of factories, houses, machinery, and so forth. The distinction is, however, all-important. The return received in the form of rent from all things created by labor is in reality either wages for the labor expended, or interest on the capital employed, and may be said to be

earned. But the rent arising from land, known as economic rent, can be credited to no individual effort and is in fact the measure of social activity. It exists 'wherever any particular portion of land affords superior opportunities, or advantages of fertility or situation, over that which is freely open for any one to use.'

The flood of humanity which flows and ebbs daily through a great city's thoroughfares gives to those localities exceptional opportunities in the way of trade, and men are willing to pay large sums to do business there. Imagine every building swept away by some catastrophe; so long as the population remained alive, the rental value of the land would persist. In Baltimore and San Francisco, land-values rose after fire had done its worst. It is not due to the genius or industry of the Astors or the house of Bedford that land in the heart of New York and London sells at the rate of \$15,000,000 an acre. From their roots safely imbedded in the soil, they flourish like the lilies of the field, although they toil not. They need do no work nor risk a cent of capital; in other words, they need not contribute in any way to the production of wealth, and yet they have the power to use wealth in excessive abundance.

Greatly concentrated land-values are to be found in railway franchises and exclusive rights of way for telephone, telegraph, pipe-lines, and so forth, in docks, the control of water-power sites, oil, gas, and mineral deposits. The annual mineral output of the United States amounts to \$2,069,289,196 according to the U.S. Geological Survey for 1908. Frederic C. Howe points out that a royalty of twenty-five per cent on this natural monopoly alone, would yield \$517,322,299, or almost as much as the sum collected through the customs and internal revenue. It is estimated that the ownership and control

by the railways of the anthracite coal deposits in Pennsylvania makes it possible to take from the consumer from one to two hundred million dollars a year above a reasonable cost of producing the yearly output. The stupendous income from natural monopoly, now absorbed by private interests, can be easily imagined.

As land-values fluctuate in precise agreement with social development, there are losses as well as gains to be taken into consideration. When Edward I massacred the inhabitants of Berwick, 'the greatest merchant city of northern Britain sank from that time into a petty seaport.' Every one is familiar with the ups and downs of special localities in our modern cities. But it remains true that, taking a community as a whole, so long as it is developing, and evolving a higher state of civilization, so long will the land continue to yield an increasing rent. We are not here concerned with the landlord as a laborer or capitalist. He may improve his land by building offices or factories upon it, and for their use receive what is commonly called rent, but only that part of the sum which represents desirability of situation is rent in the economic sense.

It may be urged that the returns which the landlord receives in the shape of rent are the reward of skill and foresight in investment, and that great rewards are only fair where the chances of failure are great. And we are often told that if society takes the increase of value on land, it ought to make good the decrease of value which is a kindred phenomenon. Single-Taxers believe that speculation in land is as inexcusable as speculation in air or light would be; and indeed it involves them both. Speculation will cease as soon as the landlord is obliged to turn over to the public treasury the full economic rent, a sum which will vary with the varying

fortunes of the locality. At the same time he will reap the full reward of his industry and not be mulcted by taxation as at present. Withholding land from use, in anticipation of increased values, leads to the intolerable trinity of idle land, idle rich, and idle poor.

It is a question not merely of expediency, but of life and death. 'The land question,' said Cardinal Manning, 'means hunger, thirst, nakedness, notice to quit, labor spent in vain, the toil of years seized upon, the breaking up of homes, the misery, sickness, deaths of parents, children, wives, the despair and wildness which spring up in the hearts of the poor, when legal force, like a sharp harrow, goes over the most sensitive and vital right of mankind.' Famine travels in the wake of land monopoly no less inevitably than in that of war. The difference is that while war chokes production, land monopoly snatches the food that has been produced from the hands of the starving. A witness of the Irish famine wrote from that rent-racked country: 'A calm, still horror was over the land. Go where you would, in the heart of the town or the suburb, there was the stillness and heavy, pall-like feeling of the chamber of death. You stood in the presence of a dread, silent, vast dissolution. An unseen ruin was creeping round you. Human passion there was none, but inhuman and unearthly quiet.' And yet, during that same year, over \$200,000,000 worth of food was shipped out of Ireland to pay the rent which the landlords were able to exact. And during the next sixteen years the Irish emigrants to this country are estimated to have sent home not less than \$65,000,000, to be absorbed in the same way. Like the Irish famine of 1847, the recurring famines of China and India are due to the grinding force of land monopoly, and not to the niggardliness of nature.

Every improvement made by a city in comfort or beauty is reflected in higher rents. 'There was a block of traffic in Oxford Street,' said Arnold Bennett. 'To avoid the block people actually began to travel under the cellars and drains, and the result was a rise of rents in Shepherd's Bush!' Every tunnel under the Hudson River, every new bridge, and all added facilities of travel, serve but to increase the revenues of the suburban land-owners and the transportation companies. Indeed land-owners frequently receive damages for public works that increase the value of their property. Fortunately this custom is coming into disrepute as light is let in upon the land question.

II

Mill gave the name of 'unearned increment' to the increase of value which normally accrues to the land in every growing community, as it is not earned by the landlords into whose pockets society permits it to be diverted. Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for \$28, and the land of New York City is now valued at more than \$3,500,000,000. The phenomenal increase in land-values is daily reported in the columns of the newspapers. Mr. Joseph Fels, an ardent disciple of Henry George, offers a personal, if modest, example. A few years ago he bought eleven and one half acres of land in West Philadelphia for \$37,500. The city moved in that direction and three thousand houses were built in the vicinity. As a result, and without improving his property, Mr. Fels saw its value leap in successive stages to \$125,000. He does not, however, pretend that this growing value is justly his, or due to his skill or foresight. 'The unearned increment,' he says, 'in justice and right, belongs not to me, but to the community. I have done

nothing to make that value. My part has been to hold the land out of best use. Yet the profit is mine legally, and I have some consolation from the thought that I intend to expend it in such a way that conditions may be changed, to the end that neither I nor any other man shall have the power to make money out of the work and sweat of others. I shall do my part in this work by devoting money and efforts to disseminating the truth concerning what some of our opponents speak of slightly as "the single tax," which some refer to lovingly as the economic philosophy of Henry George, and which I call plain justice.'

John Moody gives the estimated wealth of the nation in 1907 as about \$120,000,000,000, and figures that about one half is what might be called created wealth. The balance he calls spontaneous wealth, or unearned increment. Here we have a social fund upon which no individual has a just claim, and amply sufficient for the needs of government. Why not use it for that purpose and remit the tribute exacted from labor and capital by taxation?

'Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sirs, no more tribute, pray you now.'

What that tribute is becomes apparent whenever we trace the action of our tax laws. Having alienated the fund for government needs which nature provides, other sources of revenue had to be found and taxes levied that would raise the most money with the least outcry. Hence arose the indirect taxation which has found its fullest flower in that luxuriant but poisonous growth — the protective tariff. The Roman taxes were farmed out to syndicates which at least paid the expenses of collection out of their spoils. But the

beneficiary of the protective system absorbs his tribute without expense, shifting the heavy burden of collection upon the government, which receives but a small part of the general contribution. And from the amount collected by the government must be deducted the actual cost of custom-houses and a huge force of clerks and spies withdrawn from productive employment, to say nothing of the moral cost of creating an artificial crime and fostering international jealousies.

The well-to-do make a great outcry over double taxation, and rightly, but few concern themselves with the multiple taxation of the poor. For it is upon the poor that the bulk of taxation falls, the rich having ways of shifting a large part of the burden upon those beneath. A tax has been likened to a hot copper which is quickly passed from one hand to another until it reaches the last man in the line, who gets burned. Thomas G. Shearman estimated that 'taxes are so arranged as to take from the poorer classes 75 to 80 per cent of their annual earnings while exacting from the rich only 3 to 10 per cent.' When Mr. Rockefeller gives \$10,000,000, to Chicago University he is the ostensible donor; the real contributors are the unknown thousands who must pay tribute to Mr. Rockefeller on account of his monopolies as gigantic landlord and tariff beneficiary. 'As the laws are to-day,' says Lawson Purdy, 'no wealthy man, who has legal advice, need pay any direct taxes on personal property.' Those who cannot hide or afford expert legal services must pay.

Glance at the problems which keep pace with the growth of material prosperity, the familiar picture of concentrated wealth and abject poverty side by side. We cannot see the palaces of the rich without being conscious of the neighboring slums, where human beings live crowded together in miserable

hovels, unable even to enjoy the light and air to which no man as yet claims exclusive title, and which are supplied by nature in boundless profusion. What does the slum landlord give his tenants in return for the rent he exacts for squalid buildings in surroundings that breed disease and death? He gives the privilege of occupying a site made valuable by the pressing needs of society, and increased in value artificially by land held idle for speculative gains. But if the social value were reclaimed for public purposes, idle land would be forced into use and the owners of tenements would have to offer better homes. Competition would keep rents within bounds, and laborers, released from taxation, would have more to spend on the decencies and comforts of life. And the landlord, no longer taxed on every improvement, would have some incentive to add to the attractiveness of his property.

If, by taking economic rent for public purposes, we release idle land, and at the same time encourage industry by the removal of taxes, we are respecting the rights of property with scrupulous nicety; and we shall create a demand for labor which will solve the menacing problem of unemployment. The vice and crime which spring from slums as naturally as disease, and are in fact disease, will be checked at their source. Remove from the breasts of the criminals, who prey upon society, the ever-present feeling that society is arrayed against them, and that laws are made and administered for the rich, and who can say what forces of regeneration will spring into action?

Nor is there any other solution than freedom from taxation for the bitter and wasteful struggle between labor and capital. Their needs are in fact the same, for capital has no other office than to facilitate labor in the production of added wealth. The issue is con-

fused because the capitalist is often a monopolist as well. The common enemy of both capital and labor is monopoly, and when it is abolished, each will receive its reward in interest and wages. The increased demand for labor will make wages higher, and labor unions will be unnecessary; and the fear of deadly competition being removed, the immigration problem will cease to be a problem at all, and workers from other lands will be welcomed to aid in the production of wealth the natural limits of which have never been descried.

The abolition of tariffs and the recognition of the right to the use of the earth which all its inhabitants possess, will at last lay the spectre of war, and lead to the abandonment of an armed peace which is only less crushing and brutalizing than war itself. It will be no small gain to be rid of the military class with its 'natural drift toward lawlessness and violence.' The drones created and maintained by the army and navy establishment and the bureaucracy of tax departments will be freed for productive labor. In fact, there is no social question occupying men's minds and absorbing their energies that will not be modified by the liberation of the land. Political corruption, which usually starts from the headquarters of monopoly, will cease from lack of temptation.

The remedy is not a visionary one. Forty years ago John Macdonell, in his book on the Land Question, said: 'We vex the poor with indirect taxes, we squeeze the rich, we ransack heaven and earth to find some new impost palatable or tolerable, and all the time, these hardships going on, neglected or misapplied there have lain at our feet a multitude of resources ample enough for all just common wants, growing as they grow, and so marked out that we may say they form Nature's budget. . . . To no transcendental motives does

the project appeal. It demands no miraculous draught of administrative talents or public virtues. It is simple and intelligible. It is nothing but giving the body politic the blood which it has secreted.'

It is not uncommon to hear persons who admit the force of the abstract argument declare that private monopoly in land has been sanctioned so long by custom that to abolish it would lead to unwarranted confiscation. They point to the fact that many innocent persons have invested in land at the high prices which a monopoly system creates, and they demand compensation for the vested interest attacked. The same arguments that served in the agitation over slavery are heard again, and England's compensation of slave-owners is held up for our admiration. The fact is that in the case of land monopoly, as in that of slavery, there are conflicting demands to be settled. Nobody suggested that the slaves be compensated for their loss of wages, and no one to-day suggests that the people whose substance has flowed so long into the landlord's coffers be compensated for their arrears of tribute. But may they not as justly seek compensation as those whom it is proposed to deprive of their monopoly?

The abolition of any legalized wrong involves hardship to those who are profiting by it, and the longer it is postponed, the greater the penalty which justice exacts. To take the people's money to purchase for them something which in nature belongs to them is too absurd, and it is safe to say that it will not be attempted in this instance. The process doubtless will be to concentrate taxation gradually on land-values, relieving industry at the same time. This method, involving delay, does not mete out full justice, but it is at least in line with human progress. 'Compromise is man's law, to do right is God's.'

To those who have seen a vision of better times to come, any step in the right direction, however feeble, however hesitating, brings courage and hope. Such is the legislation embodied in the Lloyd George Budget of 1909, with its tax of a half-penny in the pound on the value of land (with some exceptions), and twenty per cent on the unearned increment. The amount of justice done is slight, but the recognition of the principle is of supreme importance, and the popular education accomplished by the political campaign has been far-reaching in its results. The potential power in the movement to free the land was thoroughly apprehended by the great land-owning class, and hence the desperate resistance made by the House of Lords (or the House of Landlords, as it has been aptly termed). The lords failed to heed Cobden's warning to land-owners against forcing the subject of taxation upon the attention of the middle or industrial classes. 'Great as I believe the grievance of the protective system,' he said, 'mighty as I consider the fraud and injustice of the Corn Laws, I verily believe you will find as black a record against the land-owners as even the Corn Law itself. I warn them against ripping up the subject of taxation.'

Whether or not it is a characteristic of human nature, it is an undoubted fact that laws are commonly made in the interests of the law-makers. Sometimes this is done crudely and openly, for the personal gain of a legislator, as in the case of much tariff legislation; more frequently it is accomplished by general legislation, unconsciously dictated by class interest. The three hundred and sixty peers who voted to reject the Lloyd George Budget own almost one seventh of the land surface of the United Kingdom, an area equal in extent to sixteen English counties.

III

Progress and Poverty was published in 1879. The author claimed no originality for the doctrines he expounded regarding the rights of land-ownership; but in exploding the commonly accepted Malthusian theory, that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence, he removed forever the stigma which rested upon political economy. The 'dismal science' was a figment of the Malthusian imagination. With the realization that a livelihood is within the reach of all who are given access to their birthright, that poverty and all its attendant evils are the results of bad laws, and not decreed by an inscrutable Providence, arose a new hope for social regeneration. We need not fear the shock of a too sudden arrival of the millenium. To a friendly critic, who accused Henry George of too expansive an optimism, he replied, 'You say you do not see in the single tax a panacea for poverty. Nor yet do I. The panacea for poverty is freedom. What I see in the single tax is the means of securing that industrial freedom which will make possible other triumphs of freedom.'

Seeing the cause of so much human misery, and believing that they are possessed of a remedy, Single-Taxers are naturally optimistic. And their optimism is strengthened when they look back over the record of a single generation. South Australia was the first to respond to the new idea, and in 1886 adopted a land-value tax which was later extended to municipalities. In Queensland the exemption of improvements from taxation was begun in 1891, and has been gradually extended, until in 1905 a Conservative government made the exemption complete. More than ten per cent of the annual value of land now goes to the community. New Zealand began to tax unim-

proved land-values at the same time, and nearly one half of the total taxes now come from this source. In 1896 New South Wales followed suit, and, with the coöperation of the land-owners in some instances, has gone further than any other state, at least twenty per cent of the annual land-values being taken for public uses. Western Australia imposes a tax on land-values for state purposes, besides giving rural districts power to exempt improvements. Tasmania has had a tax on the unimproved capital value of land for many years. Victoria is the only Australian state which has held back, and it has suffered in consequence, losing population to states where industry is more justly rewarded. None of the 90,500 square miles of Papua (a dependency of the Commonwealth) can be alienated, land being held on lease with periodical reassessment.

In the German Empire, Prussia was the first to give its municipalities the power to tax land-values, and most of the other states have followed suit, and the power has been widely used. There are fifteen hundred villages supported from the produce of communal lands, without taxation, and in some of them the inhabitants actually receive a dividend. The German dependency of Kiautshou in China is under the partial sway of the single tax, and the minister for the Colonies hopes to extend the system to all the other German colonies. Two Swiss cantons tax land-values for state and municipal purposes, and one of them has no other taxes. Orson, in Sweden, has no taxation, and yet provides a street railway free for all, a library, and public schools, and pays its own taxes to the central government. The money comes from a communal forest which encircles the town.

The United States has been slow to adopt the ideas which its citizens have

done so much to popularize throughout the world. *Progress and Poverty* has been translated into all the European languages. Not long before his death Tolstoi wrote, 'The injustice of the seizure of the land as property has long ago been recognized by thinking people, but only since the teaching of Henry George has it become clear by what means this injustice can be abolished. At the present time the abolition of property in land everywhere demands its solution as insistently as, fifty years ago, the problem of slavery demanded solution in Russia and in America. The supposed rights in landed property are the foundation not only of economic misery, but also of political disorder, and, above all, of the moral depravity of the people.'

In May, 1913, an international Single-Tax Congress was held at Ronda, Spain, at which were present delegates from the chief European countries as well as from the Spanish-American states, where the movement has entered the field of practical politics. But nowhere are experiments along single-tax lines more striking than in Western Canada, where the taxation of land-values is firmly established and rapidly extending. A large number of municipalities depend entirely upon this form of taxation for local revenues and the provincial governments are moving in the same direction. Under this policy the growth and prosperity of such cities as Vancouver, Edmonton, and Victoria have challenged world-wide attention and are attracting a yearly emigration from the United States of between 100,000 and 200,000 of our most industrious and wide-awake citizens. An increasing pressure is thus being exerted from across the Canadian border.

The Minnesota report on taxation, issued in 1912, predicts that 'within the next ten or twenty years the Single-Tax principle will be adopted by every taxing district in Western Canada.'

The Canadian practice has been to reduce the tax-rate on personal property and improvements from year to year, increasing proportionately the rate on unimproved land-values; and the Tax Commissioner of Houston, Texas, has followed this example, without waiting for specific legal authorization. But the first state in the Union to adopt legislation of this character was Pennsylvania. The new statute, passed in May, 1913, obliges cities of the second class (Pittsburg and Scranton) to reduce the rate on buildings to ninety per cent of that on land and to continue by reductions of ten per cent every three years until a fifty per cent reduction is reached. A similar bill for New York City is pending before the legislature. It proposes to reduce the rate on buildings to one half the rate on land within five consecutive years.

It is not possible within the limits of this paper to give a complete summary of the modifications in the tax systems of the world since Henry George made his searching inquiry into the right of private property in land, but enough has been indicated to show the vitality of the issue which he raised. The moral fervor which possessed him has been communicated to his followers in an ever-widening circle, his ideas confront alike the legislator and the sociologist, and must be reckoned with.

[An argument against the Single Tax, written for the *Atlantic* by Professor Alvin S. Johnson, will appear in January. — THE EDITORS.]

SOME ALLIES OF LOVE

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

I

It seems hardly decent to discuss so sacred a matter in the publicity of print. Dimly aware of this, we try to approach the subject delicately through such phrases as 'The Spirit of Youth' (Jane Addams) or 'The Life Force' (G. Bernard Shaw in *Man and Superman*). To free the word love from its association with boudoirs and morbid novels, we try to identify it with something genial and all-pervasive, to ally it with the great, sane forces of nature. For we believe that if these allies stimulate and reënforce personality, if they awaken and intensify our feeble energy, then they tend to ennoble our affections.

Elemental nature is such an ally. A group of people who start on a camping trip tolerably indifferent to each other, often come home bubbling over with friendliness. There may have been very little talking during the trip. What has drawn them together? Is it not the contact with elemental conditions: paddling, carrying, cooking, and sleeping by the camp-fire? To share fatigue, disappointment, surprise, hunger, and good appetite, gives us a common life. Facing nature we join hands, reinvigorated.

Friends who went through the horrors of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906 and kept their spiritual senses alert, tell me that its most poignant experience was not one of horror or of pity, but of an almost miraculous attainment of human brotherhood. Just

after the disaster, when rich and poor waited in line together for their allowance of bread and milk, 'I saw,' says a friend, 'a rich woman from the St. Francis Hotel lying asleep on a doorstep with her head on a muff. A long sable coat was thrown over her and under one corner of it a young Japanese boy — a perfect stranger to her — was curled up asleep. . . . Everybody was everybody's friend, and though we were all dog-tired, there was not a word of complaint or ill-nature.' To bivouac together in the park and care for each other's babies around fires of driftwood gathered on the beach, transformed men and women into, defenceless children of the earth, revealed each to each by their innate loveliness. Common danger and mutual helpfulness, common misfortune, common work, common confrontation with the elemental, swiftly achieved an almost ideal brotherhood. A crushing blow made all the world kin.

Within a few weeks, it is true, the San Franciscans forgot this beneficent revelation and slid back into their old animosities. But even that pitiful relapse serves to make my point the clearer. Affection, this time in the form of comradeship, was for a day re-enforced, almost consecrated, by contact with hostile nature; then lost its sacredness again, when the bond of contact was broken and 'civilization' once more got the upper hand.

In hospital work, patients, doctors, and nurses who face terror and disease together are often knit into comrade-

ship, like soldiers on a campaign. The 'new patient' just entering a hospital is as forlorn and terror-stricken as a child lost in a forest or landed friendless in a strange country. The menace of illness, the hospital's dark and fearful suggestions, and its sights, sounds, and smells, make him so hungry for friendly guidance that it is marvelously easy to serve him as a friend in need. Through the simplest physical helpfulness or decent sympathy, one gains a foothold in friendship which could not be won in months of acquaintance outside of the hospital. Why? Because disaster and sickness have renewed the instinctive alliance of all human beings against the assault of the non-human world.

I have been speaking so far of strangers made friendly by working together against elemental nature. But nature can bring new strength not only into vague and general affections, but into all affections, even into the most sacred of human ties. On one of our rare country outings last spring, my wife and I wandered away from the violets and the apple-blossoms and came all at once upon a place where the grass was afire. Some stumps and one small cedar were also burning. It was a bit of country precious to us both; so as soon as we had explored a little and mapped out our task, we started to choke out the remnants of the fire.

Some parts we could beat out with a stick, others we smothered with damp earth. Before long each of us was possessed by that passion of accomplishment which so often carries one far beyond the original plan. We quite forgot each other, and when I at last straightened up and looked over the stump which I had been pounding, I could just see my wife far off on the brow of a hill. Her back was toward me, but I could see that she was stamping and beating out the patches of

smouldering fire, quite as engrossed in her work as I had been in mine. When I joined her, her shoes were white with dust. There were flakes of ashes on her black hair. Her skirt was pinned up, and she was on the warpath, — so intent on her task that, when she raised her head, her eyes scanned me for an instant almost as if I had been a stranger. But what I felt most vividly was that we had both been down into a bath in the elemental, — 'the healthy underworld where things slumber and grow,' — and that in our very forgetfulness of each other, our love had taken up into itself some of the sweetness and patience of the earth.

We are apt to think that our contact with nature, in work or play, is good chiefly because it benefits our health or increases our knowledge. But I think we should remember and cultivate the beneficent influence of nature upon our affections. On them as well as on our muscles, nature bestows new spring, tone, and control.

Art, no less than nature, can enrich and reënforce the springs of our affection. How warmly we sometimes feel toward those with whom we have just sung a stirring chorus or a noble hymn! Have not all of us come away from something deeply moving music aware of something curiously familiar and endearing in those previously indifferent to us? Any lover of Wagner will recall for instance, the wonderful passage in the second act of *Lohengrin*, after the marriage of the hero and heroine. Their love for each other rises to a higher power when Lohengrin goes to the window and throws it open. A flood of spring moonlight and spring fragrance pours in. Permeated by the beauty of the night, spring's creative forces in their veins, they are more deeply united to each other, and every spectator who has ears to hear is also united more

sacredly with whomsoever is dear to him.

We must agree with Tolstoi that lawless art stirs up lawless love. On the other hand, to read of Stevenson's affection for Walter Ferrier,¹ or Dante's exalted passion for Beatrice, surely increases our capacity for the nobler types of love; for to appreciate is always in some measure to appropriate.

Each of love's neighbors contributes something precious toward the richness of its chords. Nature gives them a new timbre, art adds an ampler vibration. Playfulness, patriotism, loyalty to truth and to honor, buttress and strengthen them like contrapuntal melodies. Like a symphony without its mischievous scherzo, love is maimed and darkened if it cannot express itself in 'jest and sport and quip and crank.' We laugh for love as well as for joy or triumph, and smiles carry the messages of affection as often as those of fun.

By nature and art, by playfulness, patriotism, truthfulness, and all the greatest forces in our nature, love is penetrated, nourished, and supported. I marvel sometimes when I see two people marry, and then try to feed their love simply on each other. It is inconceivable that any love can live and grow unless it draws sustenance, as every soul and body must, from the world around us, from work, from play, and from all the higher loyalties that we serve.

Another ally of love comes to light when we answer the question, 'Should one ever force or impersonate affection?'

Surely not; yet love, like a musical ear, can be cultivated to some extent through knowledge. There must be something to build on, some basis of respect, or at least of compassion. But

¹ As suggested in the essay called 'Old Mortality.'

given that, we may confidently call to our aid that great master-builder of affection, knowledge. If we give a man every chance he is almost sure to disclose some lovable quality. Knowledge joined with faith is the way to give him these chances. For example, you know people better in their own homes; you have there a promising opportunity to catch a liking for them. You find out some people's strength by seeing them at play, others' by learning the structure and history of their past, others by watching them as they build up plans for the future.

Of course such fuller acquaintance may reveal not strength but weakness; we may be repelled where we hoped to be attracted through close intimacy. Yet there is no other path. We are taking the only chance, and if we persevere there are few personalities so repellent as to foil us altogether. I speak with confidence upon this point, because some of the strongest and most inspiring friendships that I have known were raised from very near the zero point of attraction to the pleasantest warmth simply by taking every opportunity for better knowledge, and by hunting for favorable points of view. The affection which gradually developed was from the first genuine and unforced, but it would never have come to anything had it not been cultivated and reënforced through every available avenue of knowledge. And after all, is it not quite natural that human affection should come to us, in part at least, through intimacy of acquaintance? One gets fond of many a city, many a landscape, many an art or science in just the same way; and most—though not all—our antipathies are to be explained, like Charles Lamb's, by our ignorance.

'A friend said to Lamb, "Come here. I want to introduce you to Mr. A."

'Lamb replied with his characteris-

tic stammer and drawl, "No, thank you."

"Why not?"

"I don't *like* him."

"Don't like him? You don't *know* him."

"That's the *reason* I don't like him."

I do not mean to suggest that we can often win a friend merely by scraping together a fund of knowledge about him. I mean that if you are once convinced that you ought to conquer a certain dislike or acquire a certain friendliness, knowledge is one way to go at it.

The influence of elemental nature, of knowledge, beauty, playfulness, patriotism, truth-seeking, — all the reënforcements which I have been describing, are for the most part a consecration of love, often a blessing, rarely a curse. For most of the perversions and diseases of love which are just now so much in the public mind, under the false title of 'sex,' are due, as I believe, less to an excess than to a deficiency of vitality, less to lack of control, than to lack of intensity.

But not all! Swift-running streams drop out some impurities, but there are intrinsic qualities in the chemistry of the water-borne molecules, which cannot be changed from bad to good by any increase of power in the stream which surrounds them. We want a swift-flowing stream, but the internal structure of the water — its chemistry — must also be right, else the water is bad. Love also may still remain a vague, impersonal life-force unless its internal structure is right. That structure is my next topic.

II

In a happy marriage the wife's affection for her husband is often maternal as well as conjugal. She treats

him like a grown-up son, looks after him and mothers him like one of her own boys. We all know this habit, and love it. We should recognize that something was missing if there were nothing *but* the maternal in a wife's attitude. But we should also recognize something missing if there were nothing but the conjugal. Moreover the pair should be good comrades as well as husband-and-wife and mother-and-son. Together these three affections make a richer love than any one of them alone.

The filial and maternal may also be united in a single relation. I know a little girl of ten, devotedly attached to her mother and fond of sleeping near her on the porch of their house. One night a storm blew in; the mother was awakened, not by the storm but by the touches and whispered words of her little daughter who was at her bedside covering her with a rainproof blanket, and (as soon as she saw that her mother had waked) pouring out a stream of such endearments as a mother uses to her child. She was mothering her own mother; yet the next morning she was as much her mother's child as any one could wish.

Extend to their limit the possibilities suggested in these examples; then all possible human affections are united in the richness of a single love. I have a brother who is good enough to make his home with me and to share with me the privilege of affectionate intimacy with his children. As I read or play with his eight-year-old daughter, I find in my love for her elements of every type of affection that I can conceive. The touch of her hand thrills me. I am equally conscious of the impulse to protect and guide her, to fight for her, to foresee and prevent the dangers that will meet her at play and in school, — in short, to be a father to her. I also want her comradeship; I want to work

and to play with her as an equal, and not merely as a hopeless 'grown-up.' And when I see how much clearer than mine is her sight for the new, how much fresher her enthusiasm, how much more beauty of speech, gesture, and mood her life contains than mine, how much more wisdom there is in her unconsciousness than in most of my thinking, I look up to her with veneration. Around and beyond all this I see that she belongs to the larger life of the world and to that Personality which envelops us all.

If I am right in the interpretation of these examples we must learn to think of personal love not so much as a single quality or impulse, but as a house of many rooms. Each room represents some type of affection: conjugal, paternal, filial, or friendly. Each room opens into those next it, so that an impulse originating in one must pass freely through all. Moreover the house is open outwardly. Through its windows there is a perpetual give-and-take between our affections and the infinite love of God. The currents of infinite love as they sweep through the universe rush through all the chambers of love's house, giving to all, receiving from each, mingling them with each other and with the divine.

What are the practical results? If each member of the family of affections possess some traits of each of the others, each is enriched without surrendering its central characteristics. We find, then, in each affection a structure something like the present elective system at Harvard and at Yale, where each student must so choose his courses that he studies a great deal of one branch and a little of all the other main branches of knowledge. His scholarship is mainly of one type, but includes a dash of the other types for better sympathy with their aims. So a father will be mainly a father to his son, but

will also be something of a comrade and a brother to him, and will even look up to him in some respects as he would to a father.

A physical element should enter into all affection. Even to clasp hands should always be a pleasure. But if we feel no physical attraction for a person, the contact of hands is boring or distasteful. In exuberant and affectionate families, especially Europeans, it is natural for men to kiss men now and then, as women so generally kiss women. This is the normal. When those of the same sex fall in love with each other it means simply an exaggeration of the normal physical attraction which should play a part in all human relationships. This is no more shocking than masculinity in women, effeminacy or 'old-womanishness' in men. The child prematurely old, the tomboy, the 'sissy,' have each of them too large a share of sympathy with types other than their own. But some such sympathy there ought to be, as a basis for affection and mutual understanding. Why should a man be all strength and no tenderness, or a woman all tenderness and no strength? Why should we not preserve as we grow up some of the child's playfulness, some of the boy's independence, and the girl's swift intuition?

As character is the richer for a mixture of many sympathies and interests under control of a single purpose, so I think love is ennobled when all types of affection are united within it, under the leadership of one. A mother's love for her son becomes too clinging and sentimental if she is only his mother and not also his comrade. As comrades respect each other, every mother must learn to respect something in her son, and to recognize somewhere in their relation his authority over her as well as hers over him. He will come to treat her paternally as he grows up.

Very early in boyhood he will have the instinct to protect her if she recognizes and responds to it.

When a man is tempted to be base in his treatment of a woman, one can sometimes appeal to him with success in the name of her weakness. Because she is weak, she needs his brotherly or fatherly protection, — his guidance, not his pursuit. He would not treat his own sister so; but she is in part his sister, because he has in him at least the germ of brotherly love for her.

All the unworthy or unhappy affections that I know of could be set right, I believe, by a greater infusion of some other type of affection. By the appeal to chivalry we can call out a romantic element latent in most men's love for women, just as we call on a boy to 'be a man' when he is babyish. He is not a man, but there are germs of manliness in him; to these we appeal.

So far, I have been maintaining that love is true and right when all its varieties (physical, paternal or maternal feeling, filial respect, comradeship, and the rest) are duly mingled with each other, or open into each other like the rooms of a house. Disasters threaten us when we close the outer doors and windows of our affection, shutting out the love of truth, the love of country, of art, of nature, and of God. Jealousy is a consumption bred within the structured house of love when all its windows are sealed. When we are jealous we try to shut ourselves up in shadowed privacy or timid miserliness. We want some one all to ourselves; we fear that if we open the doors and let in the currents of others' affection or the winds of impersonal interest, our own share of love may be swept away. A woman may be jealous not only of her husband's friends but of his work, and even of his religion. This means that she has kept her windows closed and shuttered, so that she looks always at

the walls of her house of love, never through and beyond them.

Personal love is enhanced and purified by the contact with elemental nature, by the inspiration of art, play, truth-seeking, or patriotism. Floating in through the windows of love's house, these interests sweep out impurities and cleanse the air in stagnant corners. They may be imperious and insistent, but unless they are allowed to break down the partitions and monopolize the whole house, they leave it brighter and richer, never dimmer or poorer. They kill nothing but the germs of disease. Yet, if we are to persuade a conservative and timid love to open its windows, we must first convince it that a friendly and beneficent Spirit is always touching our spirits as the infinite space touches our bodies, a Spirit which pursues us like the 'Hound of Heaven.'¹

III

Symbolism is a late and meagre growth in many of us New Englanders. As a boy I saw no sacredness in the national flag or in the symbols of religion. What others called 'enthusiasm about the flag' seemed to me a false and painful attempt to pump up emotions which could not spontaneously arise. One set of symbols, namely, words, I was even then accustomed to use. Literally a word is nothing but a grunt or a cough, a vibrating current of air in the larynx, or a series of black and white marks on paper. Yet by almost every one these literal facts are symbolically interpreted. Indeed the force of this habit is so imperious that when we wish to divest ourselves of it in reading proof-sheets, so that we can see precisely what the black and white scratches are, it is almost impossible. In this field of symbolism, then, we are

¹ In Francis Thompson's poem.

almost all of us expert; but our proficiency is very limited. Our own home or our own fireside has usually a symbolic sacredness and value. We do not stare at its walls with cold literalness; we love them, and there are a few other symbols, such as bowing, mourning, Christmas ceremonies, patriotic songs, which most of us love.

Nevertheless, the average American is stiff and awkward when he tries to use symbols. Current thought and life discourage the use of such imagination and penetrative intelligence as symbolism demands: for a symbol which does its work must awaken us to the invisible. If we love the flag, it is not merely because its image falls on the retina, but because we see in it much that is invisible. We see the history of our country as we know and love it, the beauty which we believe is characteristic of America, the national energy and inventiveness of which we are proud, the national destiny which we believe is in store for us. In moments of enthusiasm for the flag these hopes and memories surge up and rush across the surface of consciousness like the pictures in a cinematograph. It is because we see invisible facts that any symbol becomes for us pregnant with meaning.

The marriage vow is a great symbol because it calls up with marvelous swiftness and vividness wide realms of the past and future, moments which have led to the consummation of this union, happiness which we look to in the future. In this vow we call the future before us as a witness, 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.' Before the invisible witnesses which range themselves around a man and woman at the altar, the pledge to faithfulness is taken.

Any symbolic act or phrase points beyond itself. The most sacred symbols point to the widest and most pre-

cious reaches of invisible life. The most durable and universally valid symbols are actually part of the larger life which they call up. They serve us not merely by chance association, as the post-box calls up in our mind as we pass it the thoughts with which we last posted a letter there. The best symbol gives us a sample of what it symbolizes. Words like 'thunder' and 'zig-zag' portray in miniature what they symbolize. An autograph stands for its signer: but not arbitrarily, for something of his character is given you visibly in the shape and arrangement of his letters. Unless the symbol is a piece of the reality which it symbolizes, and recalls that reality as a face recalls a character, it cannot serve the needs of many persons or extend its influence through the centuries.

There are symbols that mean abnormality and weakness, not power. People who are clumsy in the use of spoken language try to make good their deficiencies by more or less grotesque gestures, emphasis, and attitudes. The symbolic act is then evidence partly of ineptitude. But on the other hand a man's acts may beautifully convey what his words are too poor to express. There are feelings so elemental yet so intense that action seems to express them more naturally than speech. When the dead are borne past us in the street, we uncover our heads because that silent act conveys our reverence better than words. What splendid fitness and fullness of expression there may be in the act of kneeling, when soldiers kneel about the grave of a dead comrade, or when a woman kneels by her child's bed!

IV

The physical symbolism of affection expresses another deep human need. The clasp of two hands is literally a

physical contact of two pieces of human flesh. Woefully secular and lifeless it can be! We all know the flabby, the clinging, the nervous, the icy hand-grasp. Yet who has not sometimes rejoiced in the grasp of a hand that conveys life and love? Two souls are here united by a physical contact that gives birth to new aspirations and new certainties. Two human beings are here linked hand to hand in mutual respect, mutual trust, and mutual encouragement.

Part of the richness and value of such experiences comes from the cloud of unseen witnesses who cluster about them. When I said good-bye to my father in 1898, going into what turned out to be a ludicrously slight danger in the Spanish War, the farewell clasp of hands joined me also to many memories. I faced uncertainties and possibilities that gave me, I suppose, the same experience that I should have had if the war had proved serious. My mind traveled back to the evenings when my father used to read to us from Emerson's Essays the passages that meant most to him, recalled the long mornings in his study among the pine woods at Beverly where he was patient with my struggle to learn German, the afternoons by his side under a sketching umbrella, — my first lessons in drawing. At partings such memories flash through one's mind and one sees as from a hilltop, in a single panoramic glance, the high points of the past. There are pledges too, in such a hand-grasp, unspoken but no less binding, that may reach across the grave; pledges of mutual faith, trust, and backing: 'My faith in your fidelity till you come back to us'; 'My love with you always.' The parting words of Pandora to Prometheus, in W. V. Moody's *Fire-Bringer*, express incomparably the spirit of such a parting, and of all parting: —

Whither thou goest I am; there, even now
I stand and cry thee to me.

Because we thus envisage the invisible past, the incalculable future, somewhat as God must see the whole life of the world, the physical symbols of farewell contain in their union a myriad of meanings, hopes, memories, and pledges to the unborn. Like the most intimate physical union of man and woman, the hand-grasp should set creative forces working through us and be consecrated in them. Live and ardent people always strike fire out of each other like flint and steel. Your best friend strikes thoughts and deeds out of you that you never knew were in you, and that truly were not full-formed in you till your friend woke them to life. The need of them, the whisper of their coming was there, but it took both of you fully to create them.

V

It is through the symbolism of the physical acts such as meeting, parting, or waiting upon one another's physical wants, that one understands the deeper significance of conjugal affection. Many resent the physical intimacies of love, because they take them literally, not symbolically, looking straight at them instead of through them. Nothing can bear that direct, passive stare and retain its sacredness. Viewed in hard literalness, what is more ludicrous than the ceremony of raising one's hat to a lady, what is more worthless than a dirty greenback? Yet without a moment's hesitation we go behind the surface appearance of these symbols. In them, matter and its meaning, body and spirit, are fused into harmony as they should be, and as they are in the following words written by one of my dearest friends to one of hers: —

'I want to tell you very boisterously and worshipfully how much I love you.

I also want not to tell you at all, but to do something for you with my hands and feet, to make your bed, to pick lavender pine-cones for you, to do something you would never know that I had done. For of the many ways of love, one of the dearest is to serve in silence, to celebrate and not be found out. Mothering is a great business on these lines. The babies never guess or care how many myriad thoughts of love go into bed-making or hair-brushing.'

In this letter the joy of giving expression to love in physical service is mingled with the exultant awareness of a purifying secrecy, which banishes thought of reward. But her joy in the expression of love 'with my hands and feet' is just now my special interest because it is an example of that 'unity of soul and sense' in love, which symbolism makes possible.

Though soul and sense belong together, they have a constant tendency to split apart, in work, play, and worship, as well as in love. Work splits into physical drudgery on the one side and unpractical scheming on the other. Thus we breed anæmic 'thinkers' who accomplish nothing, and submerged laborers who put no soul into their work because they get no freedom out of it.

Play and art are always in danger of suffering a similar schism; music without expression, pictures that are all technique, exemplify the fate of sense divorced from spirit in the field of art. When shapeless 'Spirit' tries to live without body, we are afflicted by the performance of amateurs who neither learn nor inherit their art, but try to sing without breathing and to draw without outlines.

In love the same split produces, as we know so well, a blind and destructive passion which burns itself out without vision of individuality. But on the other side of the chasm we find a corresponding monstrosity often mistaken

for virtue, a sterile and frigid aloofness that shudders at loud-voiced enthusiasm and is insusceptible to physical charm. It is as bad to be dried up as to be burned up, but worse still is to live in perpetual winter because we were born withered. Such desolation is no ground for blame; like any other inborn deformity, it deserves only our pity. But it never deserves praise or helps us to defend a standard of noble love. For love, like all that mirrors divinity, must be incarnate.

The 'Puritanical' reticence about the body is right enough if we are equally reticent about the disembodied soul, and refuse to describe or cultivate either body or soul save in terms of the other. We are often told that we should 'teach' the sacredness of the body. Yes, but the body is most sacred when most forgotten in the absorption of hard work or keen sport, in the enthusiasm of dancing, painting, singing, oratory, love, or worship. So it is with the soul. 'Mental culture' seems to me as bad as 'physical culture,' where-with the devilish split of body and soul has invaded the domain of education. To think about one's body or one's soul, to love with one's body or one's soul, is to paralyze the best activities of both. The foreground of consciousness should never be littered up with such fragments of a dismembered self. We want to devote the whole of ourselves to our job, to our family and friends, to nature, to play, to beauty, and to God.

In the industrial world the division of labor, and the necessity of doing one thing at a time, split us up into woefully small and centrifugal units. This we cannot altogether avoid, but we must fiercely insist that each of these units shall be a fragment of *soul-incarnate*, never an arid wisp of disembodied soul or a shapeless lump of flesh. If we can prevent that diabolic

schism, we shall never be crushed by the dead weight of literalism and drudgery, or enervated by fruitless and unchristian attempts to disembody our meanings or to realize them without the travail of incarnation.

So far as we succeed in this attempt we keep symbolism alive in every action. When we build our houses and sweep our offices, clothe and feed our children, we look through these acts to a deeper significance behind them. We do them in the name of the Highest-that-we-know, be it business, family, nation, or God. We feel a deeper respect for the material, greater willingness to study its texture and detail, because we believe that it stands for infinitely more than appears.

If I have conveyed anything of the sacredness of the physical expression of love, it will now be obvious why we shudder at its desecration. The greater the symbol the more horrible is its perversion. In *The Ring and the Book*, Browning makes us feel the snaky loathsomeness of Guido's crime because it concealed itself beneath a priestly robe. The crime was terrible enough in itself, but far more revolting because perpetrated by a priest who used the great offices of the church for mercenary and sensual ends. Was not Judas's kiss of betrayal the most awful act in history because it was through this sacred symbol of love that his treachery was consummated? So it is with that greatest disgrace in modern civilization, prostitution. It is not chiefly because of the physical miseries that may (or may not) follow in its train. It is because of the holiness of that great physical symbol which it drags in the mire, the misdirection of a world-force that ought to mean the creation or recreation of all that is best in life.

Love is consecrated not only by its purity from foreign admixtures, but by

taking up into itself the best life of elemental nature, knowledge, art, play, patriotism, and the devoted search for truth. These vivid spirits permeate love and revive it by the infusion of their own virtues. When, moreover, the whole family of human affections, and the Infinite Love which contains them, is represented in each of the separate affections, then each of them is consecrated by the strength and tenderness of all. When through symbolism we 'hold infinity in the palm of our hand' (or our hand-clasp) and 'eternity in an hour,' we are at the altar of consecration.

When we make a dead failure of a living affection, we secularize it. Sometimes we begin the day with a disaster of this kind. Our 'good morning' is as secular as a snore. We come downstairs half awake, our lips so sleepy that they scarcely move, our minds still torpid and vague. We shuffle into the breakfast room and slide into a chair. Physically, mentally, spiritually, we have scarcely been penetrated by personality. Far within us its fires burn at a point near to extinction. But there is another and still worse element of secularity in our greeting. We scarcely notice who it is we greet. The personality that should exhilarate us, is for the time veiled by familiarity. So often we have greeted just this comrade at breakfast that to-day the greeting has become automatic. The spirit has gone out of it. Were a stranger at the table perhaps we might be aroused. A new personality might bring us to our senses like a dash of cold water. But as it is, our dull eyes merely record the outlines and colors of the person before us; like a savage who sees only black and white scratches in a piece of manuscript.

When we are at our best, a flood of life pours itself out in the simple old words 'Good morning,' — a flood of

meaning which strains to express itself in a thousand ways, but has to be content with verbal symbols. Our physical and vital energies, our love, our playfulness, our stores of gratitude for the world's past gifts, all that is calling us toward the future, comes rushing out in the time-mellowed greeting. The depths of us, the concentrated and imprisoned energy of our inmost life, call across the distance to the unseen depths of our fellow.

Through the external and symbolic, the invisible depths of any friend loom up, not only in moments of enthusiasm, but whenever we are clearly aware of his individuality. 'Love,' G. B. Shaw somewhere says, 'is a ridiculous exaggeration of the difference between one person and another.' Translated from pagan into Christian terms this means that in love we call out to what is unique and individual in our friend, and therefore infinitely indifferent from all other beings. His individuality is always staring us in the face, but we wake up to it only when we love him. Others may not see it. That is their misfortune.

In our use of symbols and in our effort to penetrate through them to what is lovable, we must give every one credit for his own type of symbol and his own fashion of consecrating it through affection. The railroad magnate gazing at a mountain-side blasted and seared by the clearings which his engines have found necessary, sees there the vision and symbol of the great railroad which is to be built. That is his child. He is blind to the mere external effects that to you and me are secular and shocking, the scarred and denuded hillside, the splendid trees and cliffs torn from their

places. For the hopes and visions of the future, his dreams and plans of service, centre in this spot. Their light illuminates the place for him. He sees it with no such alien and disillusioned eyes as ours, and we must put ourselves in his place, even though we may think that he has chosen the object of his affection strangely.

We should be even more modest when we judge the historic symbols of the Church. If we can take the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper as an act of consecration, it is because deep calls unto deep. We bring to it our best store of thankfulness, of reminiscence, and communion with the personality of Christ. Through the symbolic elements, and in the service, we feel the light and heat of Christ's personality more vividly than at other times. Yet I remember that, looking on this ceremony as a child, I found it not only devoid of anything to excite my reverence, but prone to drag me below my normal level. Nothing can constrain us to symbolism. We may be bored or amused or even disgusted by it. Nothing can force us to find a thing sacred, just as nothing can remain secular if we determine to make it sacred.

Any unconsecrated affection, any infatuation, jealousy, or nagging habit, any horror such as prostitution or careless excess within marriage, errs through a low tone of personal energy, a feeble, drifting, slavish attitude, or, on the other hand, through an impersonal gaze. It sees a thing, a case, a machine, where it ought to see an infinitely valuable person. A symbolic deed of love is mystical, not because it is vague, but because of the richness of meaning packed into one narrow act.

THE WEDDING RING

BY ALICE BROWN

'WELL, now,' said Aunt Nabby Strong, 'to think you should ha' remembered that!'

She stood in the kitchen, in sunshine the brighter from the facets of the snow, and turned on her thin old finger a wedding ring. She was a sweet old lady, straight and tall, a complexity of kindness and the sobriety of long experience in her withered face. Her daughter, Nancy Hart, the moral of her, so far as youth can echo age, stood by, with keen delight upon her face. Nancy still had on her outdoor things, but she had not been able to wait for more than a second after crossing the sill before she gave her mother the present she had brought.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Strong, 'I know exactly what I said, an' you took it up an' remembered it, an' now you've spent your money so s't I should have a ring. If you ain't the beater! Well, you always was, Nancy. Anybody never had to say what they wanted twice over but there 't was.'

Nancy was throwing off her enveloping shawl and the jacket underneath.

'I dunno but I ought to told Sarah,' she said, 'and let her come in on it. But I was so mean and selfish, I just would n't, that's all.'

Mrs. Strong still stood turning the ring round and round upon her finger. A little shadow lay for a moment on her face.

'No,' she said. 'I guess Sarah would n't ha' took any great int'rest. An' I'd ruther have it from you anyways.'

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This last was the kind of speech Mrs. Strong never really permitted herself; but she had had rather a trying hour with Sarah that morning, and the memory of it still abode with her. 'Come. You se' down an' get het through,' said she, with the intent of dismissing Sarah from their minds.

They drew up to the stove and turned their dress skirts back from the too impetuous heat, and Nancy spoke.

'Well, mother, that ring does look kinder nice. What you s'pose Sarah'll say?'

'I dunno,' owned Mrs. Strong, on her guard now against any implication of Sarah. 'She was here anyways when I said what I did that led to 't. Lemme see. I says, "Just to think you girls both got weddin' rings, an' my finger's bare as a bone."'

'Well, it's queer,' said Nancy, 'but I never thought of it till that minute. "Why," says I to myself, "that's so. Mother never's wore a weddin' ring."'

'Your father never thought of it, I guess,' said Mrs. Strong defensively. 'I vow I never did. You see we lived way off next door to nowhere, an' then we went out west, an' we worked so hard I guess we should n't ha' had time to concern ourselves with weddin' rings. My hands were in the dough or in the suds most o' them years, an' I guess nobody'd seen whether I had a weddin' ring or not. I guess your father'd laugh if he could know my darter had to up an' buy me one.'

They laughed together tenderly, and

then Nancy turned to what had been worrying her all that morning.

'You thought best to have Sarah go to the depot after Lyddy?' she said.

Cousin Lydia was coming that day. The visit was of more or less importance, for Lydia was going out west to work, and Aunt Nabby thought she'd better look over the two chests of her mother's things and see what she wanted to take with her, since she might not come back.

Mrs. Strong's brow was wrinkled now with a returned anxiety.

'Well, no,' she said, 'I did n't think 't was best. I wanted to send Hermie Yorke, but Sarah seemed possessed to go an' she got the better o' me. She 'peared here with the colt, an hour or more 'fore train time, an' nothin' for it but she must go herself.'

'You s'pose she'll say anything to Lyddy?' Nancy asked.

The fine lines in her mother's forehead seemed to spring out by exact duplication in her own.

'I dunno,' said Mrs. Strong. 'I talked it over with her 'fore she went. I said, "Now you might as well look it in the face. Lyddy's had a baby, an' the baby's died. An' Lyddy wa'n't married, an' the reason she wa'n't was because John Wilde was kinder crazed with all the queer meetin's he'd been to an' the books he'd read, an' he thought marryin' was beneath him."'

'I s'pose Lyddy thought so, too,' said Nancy wonderingly.

'Course she did. Course Lyddy thought so. The sun rose an' set in John Wilde, an' she believed every individual thing he told her to. "Well," says I to Sarah, "John's dead, an' the baby's dead, an' Lyddy's heart's broke. That's all there is to it. If John was alive, mebbe we could pry his eyes open some way or another, an' make him see what 't is to be a God-fearin' man that wants to live as other men

do. But he's dead," I says, "an' we can't go to takin' it out o' Lyddy."'

This was a long speech for Aunt Nabby Strong, and she ended breathlessly and with appealing eyes bent on her daughter. They asked for confirmation.

'Well,' said Nancy, 'seems if you put it pretty plain. But Sarah's so high-spirited.'

'High-sperited! I guess she is,' said her mother, as if there would be a general illumination if she told all she knew. 'Sarah acts as if she was the judge of all the earth. Well, there, I did n't mean to go so fur as that, but Sarah's no compassion. She never dic' have, an' she ain't got any now.'

'She ain't much like you and father,' hesitated Nancy.

She was not very happy about Sarah. She was always trying to remember they were own sisters and to accept her without question on that account; but there was an unknown something in Sarah that forbade.

'Don't I hear bells?' said Mrs. Strong. 'It's early for 'em, but that colt clips it right along.'

She dropped her dress skirt and went to the window, while the bells jingled nearer.

'Well, we need n't ha' worried,' said she. Her voice bespoke the keenest disappointment. 'Lyddy ain't come, after all.'

Nancy, too, was on her feet.

'S'pose I'd better go out and help unharness?' she questioned.

'No, she's brought Hermie Yorke along. She's comin' right in.'

In a moment Sarah was stamping off the snow in the shed, and she entered with a breeze: a tall, robust woman of a bright complexion and black eyes under heavy brows. She gave a little nod to Nancy, but there were evidently things on her mind to crowd out common greetings. She threw off her well-

fitting coat, and Nancy and her mother, suddenly grown smaller by the nearness of her abundance, stood doubtfully waiting for her to speak.

'Well,' said Mrs. Strong at length, when Sarah emerged in all her matronly strength and fullness, and rubbed her hands slightly as if she scorned the enervating warmth of stoves, 'so Lyddy did n't come.'

'Oh, yes,' said Sarah, in her full voice with the metallic quality in it, sometimes scornful, sometimes only forceful in an unclassified way. 'Lyddy's come.'

'Why, where is she?' said Mrs. Strong.

'She got out at the cross-road. Said she's goin' to walk the rest o' the way.'

In spite of themselves, Nancy and her mother exchanged a quick look of understanding.

'Well,' Mrs. Strong temporized, 'seems if that was kind of a foolish thing to do when she might ha' rid to the door.'

'Oh, no,' said Sarah. She had seated herself at the table and began opening a neat roll of work. 'I had these shirts all ready to cut out, and so I thought I'd bring 'em along. Oh, no, she give the reason. 'T was just such a reason as you'd expect Lyddy to give, considerin' everything that's come and gone. She said 't was walkin' through the cross-road just such a day as this when she fust see John Wilde, and she wanted to go through it again.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Strong, inaptly, 'I should think she would, poor child!'

Sarah had a long pair of scissors in her hand. She was just rising to snip the unbleached cloth before her.

'You should think she would?' she repeated. 'And you're a respectable married woman, Mother Strong.'

'Well, I guess I be,' put in Mrs. Strong. Fire was in her eye; her soft

cheek flushed. 'Nancy and I are both of us respectable, and so be you.'

'And Lyddy's done what she has, and you can say "poor child"?'

Aunt Nabby had got a grip on herself now, the grip invented for Sarah only.

'Sarah,' said she, 'sometimes it seems as if you had n't got no more compassion than if you was born yesterday.'

But Sarah did not hear. She was bending over the table, cutting the long perfectly accurate slashes that led to shirts.

'I talked to Lyddy,' said she. 'I done that before we got to the cross-road.'

A look of whimsical shrewdness ran over Aunt Nabby's face.

'Why, dear heart,' said she, 'that's why Lyddy got out. I can see it all as plain as day. Lyddy'd bore all she could, an' the only thing she could do was to jump out an' walk along that road an' call up the image of somebody 't was kind to her.'

'And when she comes here, I want you should talk to her,' said Sarah. 'She says she sha'n't deny anything about what's happened. She says it might ha' been mistaken, but 't wa'n't wicked, and as for John Wilde, he's one o' the saints o' the earth. Mebbe she'll hear to you, but she won't to me. I've said my say.'

'That's right, Sarah,' said Aunt Nabby quietly. 'Don't you say no more.'

And then the door opened, and Lyddy came in. Lyddy was young and fresh and gentle, but the red of the cold was in her cheeks, and a spark of some rebellion in her eyes. At sight of her with that surface brilliancy over-spread upon her face, Aunt Nabby was vaguely startled and drew near her in a mute questioning. Not this was the Lyddy she had known, in the wistful

gentlehood of her youth; and the Lyddy she had imagined, in the shadow of the tree of grief, had been a bowed and sunken creature. This girl held her head high and looked at even Aunt Nabby with a defiant questioning. 'How are you going to receive me?' said the look. 'Then I will tell you what manner I shall wear.'

But when Aunt Nabby had kissed her, and ventured something about the cold, and Nancy had taken her coat and hat away from her and brought a chair to the fire with more murmurous sympathy, the ice that seemed to have formed over her look and manner melted, and they saw Lyddy as she used to be. But her reddened hands were scarcely warm before she asked abruptly, —

'Where's mother's things?'

There were two hair trunks by the dresser. Aunt Nabby indicated them with a nod.

'I had 'em brought down here,' she said. 'I did n't want you to go up in that cold chamber such a day as this.'

Lyddy seemed to have fallen into a musing, — this at the mention of her mother's name.

'I don't know's I can take many of the things with me,' she said. 'You see I don't know yet whether I shall suit.'

'Why, you leave 'em long as ever you like,' said Aunt Nabby. 'Only I thought you'd mebbe want to go over 'em an' see if there wa'n't suthin' 't would be a comfort to you.'

Sarah was still taking her long relentless slashes where every one told. Now she sat down and, gathering the cloth toward her, began to baste.

'You'll have to be pretty careful, Lyddy,' she said, 'goin' off on such a jaunt, to fall in with the right kind o' folks.'

Lyddy turned upon her the hostile gaze Sarah was always awakening in her kind.

'I'm goin' with Miss Peterson,' she said.

There was a cold hostility in her tone, and Aunt Nabby glanced at her out of a sorrowful surprise. Again she did not seem the same Lyddy at all. But suddenly Aunt Nabby smiled a little. This was Sarah's Lyddy, she remembered. Their own Lyddy would n't have a chance to show herself while Sarah was in hail.

'I guess folks that are good enough for Miss Peterson to know are good enough for me.'

'Now jest what be you goin' to do out there?' asked Aunt Nabby comfortably. 'Nancy understood from your letter 't was a kind of a house-keeper's place.'

'Miss Peterson's sister's got a sanitarium where folks go when they're gettin' well,' said Lyddy. There was an eagerness of interest in her air. She seemed to have forgotten Sarah. 'I'm goin' to fill in chinks and do anything I'm told, and if they think it's worth while, I'm goin' to take a course and be a nurse.'

This she said with pride.

'You never'd get your diploma,' said Sarah. 'You might as well face that at the start 'fore you set your heart on it.'

'I don't know why I could n't be a nurse,' said Lyddy. She seemed unable now to summon up the defiance that was Sarah's due. 'I'm young and I'm strong, and mother used to say I took the best care of her of anybody, 'cept Aunt Nabby, maybe.'

'I was n't referrin' to that,' said Sarah. 'If you force me to say it, I can't do no less than tell you nurses have to be of good character. They look 'em up.'

'Sarah! Sarah!' said Aunt Nabby. Her cheeks were very pink, but she spoke with a careful calm. 'You don't want to say nothin' you'll be sorry for.'

'I am of good character,' said Lyddy. She held her head up and looked at Sarah with anger in her glance and beating through her voice. 'There can't nobody make me feel I ain't. I s'pose if anybody could, you could, Sarah Bell, because you'd rake and scrape till you found somethin' against me, if there was anything. But I'm as good a woman as you are, and I'm as good as Nancy. I ain't so good as Aunt Nabby is, because there never's anybody as good as she is, 'cept mother. She was.'

Sarah pressed her lips together until they made a line of white.

'Who is Miss Peterson?' she said, 'when it comes to that?'

'Miss Peterson is the lady that come into the hospital after the baby was born,' said Lyddy passionately. 'And the baby died, and John was dead, and they made her tell me. And she did. And I guess if anybody else had told me I'd died, too. But she just made me live.'

'That's right,' said Aunt Nabby. She put up a thin forefinger and poked a tear away from under each glass of her spectacles. What her gentle approval was meant to touch, whether it was right that Miss Peterson should tell Lyddy or right that Lyddy should not die, no one could say. Nor could Aunt Nabby have said. She was only conscious of a heartache over the woe of her world.

Sarah, needle poised in air, was looking at her.

'There, mother,' said she, 'what'd I tell you? That's exactly it. Lyddy just as soon speak of that man as eat, and it's a shame and disgrace.'

Lyddy was sobbing now and talking wildly in between.

'I don't know why I can't speak of John Wilde right here 'mongst my own folks,' she said. 'He was a good man, Sarah Bell. He was as good as your

own husband, and better, because he spent his life tryin' to make things right for the down-trodden and poor. And he'd have been alive this day if he had n't been tryin' to save a strike-breaker and got the brick himself.'

Sarah was quivering now to the tips of her capable fingers.

'That's what you believe in, is it?' she inquired. 'You believe in a man that goes round ruinin' young girls and breakin' up the home.'

Lyddy started to her feet.

'Don't you say such a thing as that, Sarah Bell!' she cried with passion. 'He stood by what he believed, and I stood by it with him, and Miss Peterson says 't was wrong, and maybe I shall come to think so, and maybe John would if he'd lived; but he did n't live, and now I've got nothin' but his darlin' memory, and you let it be, Sarah Bell; you let it be.'

She was sobbing bitterly, her poor uncovered face quite blurred with tears. Aunt Nabby came and laid a hand on her shoulder.

'There, dear heart,' she said. 'There! there! We're goin' to have Indian pudding for dinner, everything you like.'

Lyddy wiped her face off recklessly with a sweep of the hand.

'I don't want any dinner, Aunt Nabby,' said she. 'I ain't goin' to stay.'

'You ain't goin' to stay?' All three women exclaimed it in different keys.

'No,' said Lyddy. 'That's what I got out and went through the cross-road for, to tell the Peltons I wanted they should carry me back to the twelve o'clock train. I did want to walk over the ground John and I used to walk together; but that wa'n't all. When I found Sarah was here, and when I see she was goin' to take it out of me every word she spoke, I says to myself, "I'll get away quick as I can."'

'Sarah ain't goin' to take it out of you,' said Aunt Nabby. She had

steadied her voice and her glance to the subduing of them both, as if it were a childish quarrel and demanded the reserves of motherly sagacity. 'Sarah's goin' to be a good girl an' so be you, too. Mother's ashamed o' you, Sarah. I never knew you to act quite so bad as you've acted this day.'

Sarah had flushed a deep sullen red. She was rolling up her work.

'I guess,' said she, 'if I've made so much trouble, I might as well go home and let you all eat your Indian pudding' in peace.'

'O Sarah!' said Nancy.

'You need n't trouble yourself,' said Lyddy, wiping her blurred face again. 'In an hour and a half I shall be gone. I guess 't won't hurt anybody to live in the same house with me till then.'

'Sarah!' said Aunt Nabby. She spoke with a dignity none of her children had ever been able to withstand. 'I want you should run over to Mis' Lamson's an' see if you can borrow me a cup o' cream. I ain't got hardly enough for dinner. You put my plaid shawl over your head an' clip it right along. You take this cup.'

Sarah hesitated for a moment. Then she put the shawl about her without a word, and took the cup and went out of the kitchen door and down the path. Sarah needed intervals for thinking things over. Aunt Nabby had been used to giving them to her ever since she was a little girl and had had tantrums.

'Now,' said Aunt Nabby, 'le's pull out the chists an' git at 'em. Nancy, you take hold.'

Nancy and Lyddy pulled out the two hair trunks, and Lyddy knelt before the first and opened it. She had done crying now, but her face was deeply sad in a way that touched Nancy to the soul. Nancy was very fond of Lyddy. It had meant enduring grief to her to see her little playmate, whose visits were unbroken pleasure,

turn into a sad woman, a victim of disgrace. Lyddy was lifting the garments before her, in a sorrowful tenderness and then, in an indeterminate way, laying them down again. At last she leaned back and looked at Aunt Nabby, pottering about the kitchen under a pretence of work, to leave her free for the sadness of her task.

'Aunt Nabby,' said she, 'I could n't any more tell what to do with mother's clo'es—I just can't do it. You could n't make 'em over for you and Nancy, could you?'

'Mebbe I could,' said Aunt Nabby, encouragingly. She knew everything was too short and too small, but that was neither here nor there when Lyddy's feelings were concerned. 'You could let me go over 'em when you're gone, if you felt to, an' I'd do what I thought was best.'

Lyddy shut the chest.

'That's it,' said she. 'You see to it. You're always seein' to things, Aunt Nabby, when our courage gives out. I guess we just lay down on you.'

Then she opened the other chest. Here were a few pictures and the precious among the books. The rest had gone to Uncle Dill, who was a minister.

'It's no use for me to pretend I can pick over mother's things and say which shall be used and which be thrown away,' said Lyddy. 'I've got as much courage as most folks, but when it comes to that—why, seems if I was throwin' away mother when I spec'late over her things.'

Nancy looked at her a moment where she sat, slight and pale in her black dress, taking up the books with fumbling hands. Nancy, as she told Aunt Nabby afterward, could have cried, and out of a quick impulse to seem to help, she dropped on the floor at Lyddy's side, and began to open books.

'Were n't you cunnin' to save these,

Aunt Nabby?' Lyddy said. 'Here's my reader, and here's my spellin' book. Can't I just see myself standin' up there in the middle o' the class with my plaid dress on and spellin' "separate"? Well, I guess I can.'

'I kinder thought you'd like your school-books,' said Aunt Nabby primly. She was beginning to be happy. From time to time, in the midst of her tasks, she made an errand to the window and stood there for a moment turning about the shining ring. 'I did n't s'pose you'd want to take the school-books with ye, but I thought mebbe you'd kind o' like to look 'em over.'

'No,' said Lyddy, 'I could n't take 'em with me, but I'm glad I know where they be. You'll keep 'em, won't you? even if I don't ever have a roof to cover me, so't I could take 'em away.'

'Law, yes,' said Aunt Nabby. 'I'll shove 'em right in under the eaves an' they can stay as long as I do, an' long's Nancy does, I guess. The old Bible's in there som'er's.'

Lyddy had her hand on it. She was dragging it out from underneath.

'If I wa'n't a happy girl when I could sit down Sunday afternoon and turn over the pictures,' said she, 'then I guess there never was one.'

She had it in her lap now, and Nancy's head was close to hers. First there was the Madonna of the Chair.

'I always thought that baby was the cunnin'est,' said Lyddy.

Two tears ran down her cheeks and splashed the page. She looked up quickly, not minding the tears. They were always coming now.

'Aunt Nabby,' said she, 'there's somethin' I'd like to do. Now I've thought of it I want to do it so't seems if I could n't wait a minute.'

'Well,' said Aunt Nabby, 'if it's anythin' 't'll give you pleasure, you do it. You ain't had none too much pleasure in this world, so fur.'

Lyddy was drawing uneven breath, and now she put her hand to her lips, as if for a moment she must keep in the daring words.

'But I would n't do it unless you owned 't was right,' she said then, with unconscious passion in her voice. 'Only, now I've thought of it, seems if I'd got to do it.'

Aunt Nabby's hand, the wedding ring on it, was on Lyddy's shoulder. Aunt Nabby, as she spoke, could not help looking at the ring. It made her feel so soft and young and pitiful toward everything; and yet Aunt Nabby had not needed reminders to be pitiful.

'You tell what 't is, dear,' said she. 'If I can get it for ye, I will. Or so'd Nancy, far as that goes. You tell.'

'It's this,' said Lyddy. She moistened her dry lips. 'Aunt Nabby, we're all down here in the Bible, when we're born and — marriages, and deaths.'

'Yes,' said Aunt Nabby, 'I s'pose so. I've kep' our records pretty careful an I s'pose your mother did. I don't know's ever I looked over hers.'

'Oh, they're all there,' said Lyddy, 'mother's marriage, and my birth, and your marriage — oh, yes, they're all there. I can see just how they look on the page. Mother was so afraid she would n't write 'em nice she used to rule the lines with a pin. Aunt Nabby, my baby' — She stopped and her hot eyes were on Aunt Nabby's face.

'Yes, dear heart,' said Aunt Nabby, as if she were putting a child to sleep. 'There! there!'

'My baby ain't got any place in this world. And you'll say he's dead and so he don't need any.'

'No, no,' said Aunt Nabby hotly. 'I guess I should n't say such a thing as that.'

'Well, some would. But I named him. I named him John Wilde. And, Aunt Nabby, this is what I want. I

want to put his name down here in the Bible with all the rest.'

Her voice had sunk, and even although it was only Aunt Nabby, she looked at her in terror. But Aunt Nabby stayed not an instant.

'Set right still,' said she. 'I'll bring the pen an' ink an' put 'em on a chair.'

Lyddy gave a little cry of happiness. She turned the leaves to the middle of the book, and Nancy's head was close to hers.

'Here 't is,' said she. 'Here's mother. Here's Charlie that died. Here's me. Here's you, Nancy. Why, mercy sakes, what's this?'

'I can't hardly read it,' said Nancy. 'Seems if your mother must have wrote it after she had her shock.'

'What is 't?' said Aunt Nabby. She was waiting with the pen and ink.

'Why,' said Lyddy, in a low tone of wonderment. "'Sarah adopted 1870.'" Aunt Nabby, what's that mean?'

Aunt Nabby carried the pen and ink to the window-sill and put them down with care. Then she seated herself by the table and began softly drumming on it, and mechanically she watched the shining of her ring.

'Aunt Nabby,' said Lyddy again, 'what'd mother mean by writing such a thing as that? What'd she mean?'

Nancy came to her feet and went over to stand by Aunt Nabby's chair. She saw how pale her mother was, and it troubled her.

'Perhaps she did n't mean anything,' said Nancy. 'You know your mother wa'n't quite herself them last days.'

'No,' said Aunt Nabby, in a tired voice. 'Your mother wa'n't herself. That's why she passed over what we vowed we never'd speak about. I guess her mind kinder went back into the past, an' dwelt on it.'

'But that was the year she was out west with you,' said Lyddy. 'Why, 't was before I was born.'

'Yes,' said Aunt Nabby, in a dull way, 't was the year before you're born.'

'And 't was the year I was born, mother,' said Nancy, joining the train of reason. 'What'd she mean by it, mother, writin' down a thing like that?'

'I guess you better not try to speculate on 't,' said Aunt Nabby. 'Makes me kinder faint.'

'Why,' said Nancy suddenly, in a loud voice, 'Sarah ain't my sister. You adopted her.'

'Why, no,' said Lyddy, in a tone of certainty, 'of course Sarah ain't your sister. Anybody'd know that, anybody that knew Aunt Nabby. Why, Aunt Nabby, course she ain't your daughter.'

Aunt Nabby gave a sigh.

'Oh, my!' said she. 'Poor Sarah!'

Lyddy had an answer for that. She tore out the leaf with a quick passion and rent it in four pieces.

'Here, Nancy,' said she, 'you do the rest.'

And Nancy took the pieces and thrust them into the kitchen stove and set the cover noisily.

'There, mother,' said she, 'Sarah's just as well off as she was before. Do you s'pose we'd tell? Why, I would n't even tell Edward, not if I was to be skinned for it.'

Aunt Nabby still sat there regarding her wedding ring.

'Aunt Ellen knew it,' she said to Nancy. 'She an' your father. They're the only ones.'

'Who was she, mother?' Nancy asked. It was in a low tone as if, after all, she were a little frightened.

'Why,' said Aunt Nabby, 'she was a poor little waif an' stray. Her mother was a kind of a gay Biddy amongst the miners, an' they left the little creatur' round on doorsteps. An' when she come to me, I took her in.'

'Course you did,' said Nancy. 'My!

I guess if Sarah knew that she'd lay right down and die.'

'Well, she never'll know it from us,' said Lyddy. She shut the book and put it soberly back among the rest.

'Here,' said Aunt Nabby, 'you forgot to write your line. Here's the ink.'

But Lyddy was closing down the lid.

'I guess I won't do it,' she said.

'Won't do it?' said Nancy. 'Why won't you?'

'I don't know,' said Lyddy. 'I don't seem to want to. Nothin' seems so big as it did, and nothin' seems so little, come to that.'

Sarah was opening the kitchen door. The plaid shawl hung from her shoulders, for she was never really cold, and in her hand was the cup of cream.

'Well, Lyddy,' said she, 'I've been over to Pelton's and told 'em you would n't go till the three. I can harness up myself, and I'll be off, if you're goin' to get rid o' me.'

Lyddy laughed a little, as if she did it to show how kind she felt.

'I'll stay and be glad to,' she said, 'if you'll stay, too. I guess three womenfolks don't need to wrangle and fall out.'

'You set the table, Sarah,' said Aunt Nabby. 'Lyddy, why don't you an' Nancy go out an' give the colt a pail o' water an' then a mou'ful o' hay. You used to admire to play together in the barn.'

After they had gone, arms about each other's waists like children, Aunt Nabby asked Sarah whether she'd like sugar barberry or the other, and gradually she drew her into talk about domestic things. Sarah went soberly about, working with her swift precision. She looked a shade paler and her voice was low. Aunt Nabby knew this mood in her. After Sarah had had a tantrum she usually went away and had a crying fit, and for a week after she spoke in a softer key.

Then Nancy and Lyddy came back from the barn, and the three talked together about the happenings of the house and farm, and Sarah was the gentlest of them all.

When young Pelton came for Lyddy to take her to the three o'clock, Aunt Nabby's heart swelled within her, and overflowed, Lyddy looked to her so unfriended and so small. Lyddy had reached up to kiss Sarah good-bye and she had put her arms about Nancy and laid her head for a minute on Aunt Nabby's shoulder. Then she was in the sleigh, white, Aunt Nabby said afterward, as the drifted snow. Young Pelton had gone to the horse's head to put down the check for Footloose Hill, and then Aunt Nabby said something to Nancy, and Nancy said, 'yes,' as well as she could for tears.

'Truly?' said Aunt Nabby, and Nancy told her 'yes' again, and Aunt Nabby ran out again to the sleigh.

'Here, Lyddy,' said she, 'you take your glove off. No, not that hand. T'other. You put this on your finger an' you wear it, an' it'll make you think o' your mother an' Nancy an' me — an' Sarah — yes, you think o' Sarah, too. An' the baby,' she whispered, for young Pelton had the check looped up, 'an' them that's dead an' loved ye.'

And then Lyddy, at the touch on her finger, gave a little crying breath, but there was light in her eyes, and color in her cheeks.

'O Aunt Nabby,' said she, 'did you get this for me?'

But young Pelton had stepped in and the horse threw up his head and started bravely. And Aunt Nabby looked down at her bare finger a little ruefully and then at Nancy, and through their tears they laughed.

'Anyhow, I've had all day to wear it,' said Aunt Nabby. 'It seems wonderful — a weddin' ring.'

SECRET ANNALS OF THE MANCHU COURT

II. THE SACK OF YANG CHOU-FU

BY E. BACKHOUSE AND J. O. P. BLAND

THE history of China, ancient and modern, is an eternal series of paroxysms; its keynote is bloodshed and famine, with periods of peace and prosperity purchased by the slaughter of countless innocents. Its splendid civilization, based on an unassailable moral philosophy and the canons of the Sages, has ever proved powerless against the inexorable laws of nature, the pitiless cruelty of the struggle for life, intensified by a social system which inculcates procreative recklessness and passive fatalism. Under Mongols, Mings, and Manchus the stern retributive law and its fulfillment have ever been the same, — history persistently repeating itself, at the passing of dynasties, with fearful monotony of wholesale massacres.

The following narrative of the sack of Yang Chou-fu by the Manchus, in 1645, was written by one (his name is unknown) who was himself a victim and an eye-witness of those fearful days of slaughter, — of events which may be taken as normal at times of conquest and civil strife in Oriental lands. The blood-lust of the victorious Manchus was no more fierce than that of the Mongols before them, or for that matter, of the Chinese of to-day. Throughout all the recorded history of the Empire, these wholesale massacres of non-combatants have been an accepted feature of the sorry scheme of things; a deliberate, cold-blooded, al-

most instinctive fulfillment of the law which prescribes the survival of the fittest among a people with whom the problem of daily bread is ever insistently insoluble. Compared with the most merciless butcheries of ancient and modern times in Europe, with the worst excesses of 'Kirke's lambs' or Alva's butchers, the slaughter of Orientals by Orientals lacks those factors of religious and political hatred which often explain the extermination of whole communities. Yet another feature common to these records of Chinese cities left desolate, is the complete lack of resistance on the part of their inhabitants — a few thousands of savage soldiery, let loose without discipline or military cohesion on a walled city of a million inhabitants, will convert it, almost methodically, into a shambles, their terror-stricken victims awaiting death with pitiful helplessness.

Yang Chou-fu,¹ on the Grand Canal in Kiangsu, has always been an important city. Strategically, before the days of railways, it was the gate of the southern capital, Nanking, for invaders from the north. Its ancient walls are some four miles in circumference, and in olden days, when the Grand Canal was the great artery of trade between the Yangtsze and North China, it boasted great wealth and a large population. Before the Manchu invasion it

¹ In 1282 Kublai Khan conferred upon Marco Polo the governorship of the city.

had suffered, as all Central China had suffered, from the disorders of rebellion and from the general unrest brought about by the chaotic condition of affairs in Peking; but until 1644 the tide of civil war had flowed northward, and though the cities of the plain had paid for it in silver, there had been but little bloodshed in their streets. After the fall of Peking and the collapse of the Mings before the rebel forces of Li Tzû-ch'eng, came the swift turning of the tide: Li's great army, routed by Wu San-kuei and the Manchus, fled southward and west, while the fugitive Mings established their court at Nanking, and gathered together their shattered forces to prevent the Manchus from crossing the Yangtze.

In 1644, when the Manchu armies began their invasion and subjugation of the south, the population of Yang Chou-fu was estimated at over a million. Lying on the direct route of the invaders to Nanking, it was held for the Mings by their ablest general, Shih K'o-fa, and garrisoned with an army of about 40,000 men. If Prince Fu, heir to the throne of the Mings, had not been hopelessly dissolute and incapable, if he and his advisers at the court of Nanking had given General Shih the loyal support he deserved, the Manchus would probably never have reached the Yangtze. But the court was wholly engrossed in licentious pleasures, its scanty revenues were wasted in wine-bibbing and play-acting, its forces in the field unprovided with the necessities of life and materials of war.

Shih K'o-fa had been obliged to detach part of the garrison of Yang Chou-fu, at a most critical moment, to protect a store of munitions and equipment which he had been compelled to leave behind him on his forced march from Soochow. Even so, he might have destroyed the army of the invaders before the investment of the city, had

he been willing to cut the banks of the Huai River and flood the country. But Shih was a scholar and a humane man, and preferred the risks of war to the infliction of enduring misery on vast numbers of his fellow countrymen. He might have saved himself, his army, and the city, had he been willing to entertain the advances made to him by the Manchu Regent and forsake the cause of the Mings. But hoping against hope for reinforcements, he met with a dignified refusal the Regent's offers to confer wealth and honor upon him as the price of disloyalty. He took a terrible responsibility, and he paid the price of high failure; and with him, more than half a million men, women, and children 'went to their graves like beds.'

The diary from which the following narrative is taken is dated the fourth Moon of the 'Yi Yu' year (1645).

On the fourteenth day of the Yi Yu year, it was reported to General Shih K'o-fa, the commander-in-chief, by his staff, that Yang Ho (on the Huai River) had fallen, and our garrison prepared for a siege. Soldiers were quartered in every house; a certain Colonel Yang and his men were billeted on me. Their discipline was very bad: we had to supply them with everything and their keep cost us several strings of cash per day. As their demands became ever more importunate, I invited Colonel Yang to a banquet and seized the opportunity to beg him to keep his men in better order. After this we were somewhat less disturbed. The colonel enjoyed listening to the flute, and we called in some singing girls to entertain his men.

There was fierce fighting on the walls and around the city for ten days and nights¹ and we all hoped that the gar-

¹ Other chronicles say that the siege lasted seven days.

ri-son would repel the enemy. But one evening, while we were having quite a lively party at our house, orders from the commander-in-chief were suddenly brought to Colonel Yang. He read the note, turned deathly pale, and hurried out on the city wall. Our party broke up, every one wondering what evil tidings were in store for us. Next morning all the walls of the city were placarded with a proclamation from General Shih K'o-fa, saying, 'I alone will bear the brunt; none of you blameless people shall pay the penalty.'

I felt quite reassured and touched by these good words. Later in the day every one's spirits rose, for news came in that our men had been victorious in a heavy skirmish outside the city. That afternoon, my married cousin came in from Kua-chou in order to escape from the lawlessness of General Li's dispersed troops. My wife was delighted to see her, and the two women were chatting away, when suddenly rumors began to circulate that the Manchus were in the city. I made immediate inquiries and at first came to the conclusion that the troops who had come in were those of the Marquis Huang Te-kung, one of our own generals, the more so as our guards on the city wall showed no signs of panic. On reaching the main street, however, I met crowds of men, women, and children, many of them barefooted and half naked, all rushing wildly along. To my inquiries they could make no clear replies, all muttering and gibbering incoherently. Next, I observed a small party of horsemen desperately galloping toward the south gate of the city. They passed like a torrent in flood, but I had time to notice that the person they were escorting was none other than General Shih K'o-fa himself. They had tried to leave by the east gate, but finding that the Manchus held it already outside, were hop-

ing to escape by the south. The general was wounded¹ and had been forced by his bodyguard to leave.

Next I saw another of the Ming generals riding northward, evidently intending to surrender to the enemy. His face wore a look of misery such as I never wish to behold again. By this time, the troops on the wall had begun to throw away their weapons and were tearing off the badges from their uniforms. Many of them were severely hurt in the crush and confusion as they rushed from the wall; soon the section adjoining my house was quite deserted. General Shih had erected gun-platforms on a level with the wall, because it was too narrow for artillery purposes; these platforms were reached from the roofs below by a sloping gangway of planks lashed together. The Manchus gained the wall near the north gate, and came rushing along it, sword in hand, driving our men before them. On reaching the gun-platform adjoining my house, crowds of them, pursuers and pursued, came down it helter-skelter; the gangway collapsed beneath them and a score or more were killed. Those who succeeded in reaching the roofs engaged in fierce hand-to-hand fighting, making a din most terrifying to the occupants of the house cowering in the rooms beneath. My courtyard was filled with routed soldiery and panic-stricken refugees, who listened in terror to the fierce yells of the Manchus. I had no means of preventing these fugitives from entering my house; even the womens' quarters were full.

From a window at the back I observed a body of troops marching toward the southwest of the city. They seemed well disciplined, and at first I hoped they were some of our own men. At this moment there came a sound of knocking at my gate. A few

¹ He had endeavored to commit suicide by cutting his throat.

neighbors had come to suggest that we should join them in preparing a welcome to the Manchu invaders and that we should burn incense in token of allegiance to our new Emperor. As matters stood, I dared not refuse to join in these preparations, so we hurriedly put on our ceremonial robes and shaved our heads in the Manchu fashion. This done, we waited a long while, but no Manchu prince put in an appearance. The fight in my courtyard was now over, and about a dozen soldiers lay dead. The Manchus had passed on to other parts of the city.

As I looked out from my window, I saw a few soldiers coming and going; in a little while there came a troop of them escorting a bevy of gaudily clad women, — women belonging to this city, of evil repute. At the spectacle, a sudden thought struck me, and I went to my women-folk and said, 'The city has fallen; you must be ready to commit suicide and thus escape outrage.' They all agreed and handed me their ornaments and their money, saying, 'Keep them; we don't expect to live more than a few hours at most.'

Next I saw a small party of horsemen riding slowly from the north; every person whom they met they stopped, demanding money. These men were not extravagant in their demands, and if they were refused, they would prod their captive with swords, but not so as to hurt him seriously. (I heard afterwards that a Yang Chou man had treacherously conducted this party to the house of a rich merchant, who had paid ten thousand taels as ransom; nevertheless he had been murdered.)

When they came near to my house one of the horsemen pointed to me (I had come out and was standing in the court). 'Search that fellow in the blue gown,' he shouted to one of his comrades, who at once dismounted; but I was too quick for him and rushed in-

side. The men rode away laughing. I wondered why they should wish to search me, as I was clad in the garments of a rustic. At this moment my two brothers came up and, discussing the point, we concluded that as this part of the city was chiefly inhabited by wealthy merchants, they had suspected my disguise. I therefore decided to remove all the family from my house and take refuge in that of my second eldest brother. My two brothers and the women all made the best of their way thither by unfrequented alleys. Just at the back of my brother's house were some of the slums of the city, a quarter known as the 'Graveyard of the Ho family.' Meanwhile I remained behind in my own house to see what would happen. All of a sudden my eldest brother came running back to tell me that the main street was running with blood, and that if I stayed where I was, I should surely be murdered. 'Come with us; we can at least all die together in our brother's house.' At that, I took the ancestral tablets from their shrine and went with my brother. We were altogether in his house a party of ten: four of us brothers (two older and one younger than myself), my wife and little son, my sister-in-law, my nephew, and my wife's brother and sister.

As evening drew on, we could hear more and more clearly the shouts of the Manchus at their hellish work of butchery. It was pouring with rain but that did not stop them. Hoping to escape detection, we all lay out on the flat roof of an outhouse under the heavy rain, covered with a large felt plaid, which soon became soaked. The death-cries of wounded and dying men, of women and children, rang in our ears and made our blood run cold. Not till midnight did we dare to come from our hiding-place and make for the kitchen, where we managed to kindle a fire and boil a little rice. By this time flames

were bursting out all over the city; several of our neighbors' houses had been burned to the ground; the total number thus destroyed must have run into thousands. The night was as light as day; the tumult and the shouting were incessant. Every now and then we could hear curses in Manchu, blended with some woman's frantic appeal for mercy. We tried to eat, but our chopsticks refused to carry the food to our mouths. We could think of no way of escape; my wife took some ingots of silver and divided them amongst us four brothers. We hid them in our top-knots, in our boots and loin-cloths. My wife also found for me an old robe and a pair of frayed shoes, which she bade me wear.

All night we sat desperate, awaiting the end, and dared not close our eyes. A bird in the room sang without ceasing; its notes sounded like a clarion. Close at hand I heard a child sobbing, but could not place it. As dawn broke, the conflagrations seemed to die down. I mounted a ladder and concealed myself in the loft. We all crouched on some boards by the ceiling, when suddenly, from the eastern side, a man's head appeared. He climbed in by one ladder and rushed down another, but the Manchu trooper who followed him paused when he saw us and gave over his pursuit, coming toward me instead. In my terror I too rushed down the ladder and out into the street, followed by my two brothers. We ran at least a hundred yards, but stopped on finding that we were not pursued. For the time being I lost sight of my wife and knew not whether she lived or died.

The cruel Manchus, to save themselves the trouble of hunting for their victims, posted notices, telling the people that if they surrendered they would be given badges guaranteeing them their lives, but if they hid themselves and were caught they would be

killed. Many people gave themselves up in consequence. As my brother and I were standing in the street, we saw a group of fifty or sixty persons, half of them women, a little farther on, and my brother said, 'If we hide and are discovered we shall certainly be killed. We are only four helpless men, so we had better surrender and join that group over there. By so doing we may possibly find a means of escape, and if not, at least we shall have the satisfaction of perishing in a general massacre.'

I was far too terrified to suggest any better course, so we went and joined the group, expecting to receive our badges of safety. The Manchus searched my brothers and took away all their money, but oddly enough they left me alone. At this moment some women came up, and one of them spoke to me. I recognized her at once, — the second concubine of my old friend Chu Shu, — but I begged her not to draw attention to me. She was in a pitiable condition, her hair all disheveled, her bosom exposed, and her legs besmeared to the knees with mud. Another concubine had a girl baby in her arms, but the troops first flogged her, then threw her down in the mud. Then some more soldiers came up, collected the women, and began tying them together at the knees, like a string of pearls.

We were then marched off in a body, one man with a sword leading the way, and another on either side to prevent anyone escaping, just as if they were driving sheep to market. At every step we took we saw dead bodies lying in agonized attitudes, — babies who had been crushed to shapelessness beneath the hoofs of horses, women with their new-born babes by the roadside all beaten to a pulp. The streets reeked like a shambles; here and there one heard the groans of a few dying wretches. Arms and legs protruded from every ditch, inextricably mingled.

We were taken to the house of Colonel Yao Yung-yen, entering it by the back door. Every room that I saw was full of corpses, and I said to myself that mine would surely be added to their number. However, there were no Manchu butchers at work there for the time being, and after passing through several courtyards we were brought out through the front of the building. Thence we were led to the house of a Shansi merchant, one Ch'iao Cheng-wang, the headquarters of the men who were our captors. As we entered, I noticed a soldier mounting guard over three comely females. The floor was strewn deep with valuable silks and furs. Our three guards laughed loudly at the sight, and then drove us, a party of fifty, into the back room, while they placed the women in an inner apartment. In the room into which we were driven, three seamstresses were sitting at work. One of them was about thirty-five and very smartly dressed. She was a native of Yang Chou, and seemed perfectly happy, chaffing the soldiers merrily. Her behavior was wanton in the extreme; as I watched her making eyes at the men, I heard one of the Manchus say, 'During the Korean campaign, hardly a woman bought her life at the price of her virtue. Who would have believed that the inhabitants of this great Empire of China could be as shameless as this wench?'

Next, one of the Manchus began brandishing his sword and shouted, 'Come here, you Chinese savages.' They then bound with cords all of us who were in the front row, including my eldest brother. My second brother called out to me, 'It's all up with us: what's the use of talking?' He seized my hand and led me forward; my younger brother followed. We were all bound, some fifty of us in all, and the Manchus led us out into the courtyard,

yelling like savages. Then the butchery began: every one was struck dumb with terror, and I stood there and watched it for a few moments, awaiting my turn. At first I looked forward to death calmly enough, but suddenly I felt as if aid had been vouchsafed to me from some supernatural power. Bound as I was, I managed to creep away unnoticed, and reached one of the back rooms of the house, and found myself in the women's quarters, where there were still some of the older women who had been unable to escape.

At the back of this part of the house the Manchu horses and pack-camels were stabled, completely blocking all chance of egress. Creeping on hands and knees, I managed to crawl under the beasts, any one of which might have trampled me to a jelly. After getting past them, I found the walls too high for escape in that direction, but to my left there was a passage leading to a postern door. This door — half way down the passage — was nailed securely, so I went some distance up the passage, where I could distinctly hear the groans of my dying comrades and the shouts of their executioners. Passing the kitchen, I saw four men at work there. They had been pressed into the job by the Manchus, and I implored them to let me join them as hewer of wood or drawer of water. They angrily refused, saying, 'We four have been specially assigned to this duty; if the Manchus find an extra hand here, they will suspect us of conspiracy, and we shall all be killed.' As I continued to beseech them, they pushed me out, driving me forth with a carving-knife.

I then rushed back to the door leading out of the passage, and pulled at it with all my might. I seized the support, in the socket of which the door was inserted, and with a stupendous effort, managed to pull it out. With

bleeding fingers I tried to push the door open, but it was still effectually closed from the outside by a heavy beam. The long spell of wet weather had caused it to stick fast in its socket and I could not move it. But as I pushed and pulled, by great good luck the top hinge of the door gave way, and it fell outwards with a heavy crash.

Again some unseen power seemed to aid me, and I was through the postern door in a flash. The spot at which I emerged was at the foot of the city wall, and there some sentries made signs to me to advance no farther, so I made my way into a house just beyond the one I had left. Every room in it was full of refugees in hiding, except the gate-house, which looked out on the main street, and was so often visited by soldiers that no one had ventured to go there.

There was a corner in this gate-house behind a very high cupboard, into which I managed to climb. As I waited, scarcely daring to breathe, I heard an agonized voice which I recognized all too well, the voice of my younger brother, begging for mercy. A sound of blows followed and then I heard my second eldest brother cry, 'I have money buried in my cellar at home. Let me go, and I will bring it to you.' After that all was silence, and my heart seemed to cease beating. I felt as if my brain were on fire; the tears refused to well from my eyes, and my bowels were rent asunder. My tongue clove to my mouth and I think I lost consciousness. Shortly afterwards a soldier came in, dragging a woman with him, and abusing her fearfully.

My own position was now one of extreme peril. Seizing the first opportunity, I managed to climb from the cupboard, which was open at the top, onto the cross-beam of the loft above. It was as black as pitch up there; and every now and then soldiers, passing

by, would look in, and prod the loft matting above their heads with their long spears. Hearing no sound, they concluded it was empty. I lay up there all that day; during that time, about a score of persons were murdered in the room beneath me. Out in the street I could hear sounds of horsemen riding by, with shrieking women in their train. There was no rain that day, but the sky was overcast.

As the day drew to its close, there were fewer soldiers about, but the wailing of homeless refugees served to remind me of my two brothers' pitiful deaths. I wondered if my wife and son still lived and if so, where they might be hiding. As the night fell, I crept down from my loft and went out into the street. The road was full of people crouching in attitudes of despair, some stooping over corpses and calling them by name. Seeing torches moving toward me, I hurriedly made down a side lane toward the city wall. Here the piles of corpses made progress difficult, and I stumbled over them again and again. It took me three hours, from eight o'clock to eleven, to reach my eldest brother's house. He, with my wife and child, was there before me; I could not bear to tell them of the death of our two brothers. . . .

I then told them my experiences. While I was speaking, Mrs. Hung came in and brought some rice, but none of us could eat. Fires were again breaking out all over the city; by their light one could see a long distance. At the back of the Ho family's graveyard there were groups of people lying about under the trees, and the sound of wailing mothers and children was most pitiful to hear. My wife said she wished to kill herself; we talked together all through the night, and I dissuaded her for the present. In the morning she led me to the end of a winding passage, where there was a room full of coffins

awaiting burial. Here I crouched down in some straw and hid, after placing the child on one of the coffins and covering him with matting. My wife concealed herself in front. I dared not move hand or foot, and soon my limbs were completely numbed. All day we could hear the voices of soldiers cursing, and the pitiful entreaties of their victims. A southerner before a Manchu was like a sheep in the hands of the butcher; hardly any attempted even to escape. Toward evening I peeped out and counted over a hundred dead bodies in that one courtyard.

Little Peng'rh slept on the top of the coffin right through that terrible day, and never stirred but once, when I wetted his lips with water which I brought in a hollow tile from the ditch outside. As evening came on, Mrs. Hung came again, and with her we returned to the room in which we had passed the night. She told me that my sister-in-law had been carried off, together with my little nephew, an infant in arms. We counted them both for dead, which made four deaths in my family in two days.

I tried to procure a little rice, but without success. My brother and I talked together all that night. Thrice my wife attempted suicide, but each time Mrs. Hung prevented her. Then my brother said, 'We are not all likely to survive another day. I am still unhurt. Give me the child now and let me try to escape with him.' I agreed, and my brother left us.

Mrs. Hung advised my wife to hide in her cupboard, proposing to change places with her. However, we went back to our coffin room. A party of Manchu soldiers entered the house shortly afterwards, and discovering Mrs. Hung's hiding-place, beat her cruelly; but she told them nothing of our whereabouts, thereby earning my undying gratitude. Then more troops

appeared on the scene, but when they saw the coffins, came no farther in our direction. At last a party of ten ruffianly-looking Manchus entered the room, and one of them seized a pole and began poking at my feet. I rose and showed myself. Their guide was a Yang Chou man whom I knew by sight, and I begged him to ask them to spare me. They asked for money, and I gave them some. One of the soldiers shouted, 'Let's spare this fellow's life for the present'; and they all went away.

Then a young fellow in red clothes with a long sword entered, and began brandishing it in my direction. He too wanted money, and I gave him some. He was not satisfied and pointed at my wife. She was expecting her confinement very shortly, and now lay motionless on the ground. I deceived him by telling him that she had been injured. 'My wife is near her time,' I said, 'and yesterday she fell from a roof and injured herself. She cannot sit up and has to remain lying down.' The red-clothed man did not believe me at first; but he noticed that her lower garments were caked in blood (she had previously daubed it on) and so believed my story. He had with him a young woman and two little children; one of them, a boy, cried to his mother for food. This enraged the soldier who brained the poor child on the stone floor. He then departed with the mother and her little girl.

After this, I made for a neighbor's house, and implored him to let us take shelter there. He said he had no room. My wife again begged to commit suicide, and as I felt there was no longer any hope, I agreed: so we both proceeded to hang ourselves with one rope to the rafter. But the noose had been clumsily adjusted, and we fell with a crash to the ground. More soldiers entered the premises, but they marched

straight through and went their ways. My wife rushed out from the chamber into an outhouse, which was full of straw; here there were a number of countrywomen, who allowed her to enter, but they had no room for me. I ran as quickly as I could toward some straw which was piled in a heap in the southern corner, climbed up to the top of the stack, and covered myself completely with the straw. I thought I should be safe there, but in a little while there came a soldier who jumped up and began poking about with a long spear. I came forth from the straw and offered him money to spare my life. He searched about and discovered several other refugees, who all escaped by likewise tendering him silver.

After he had withdrawn, we all crept back into our hiding-place. Down in the middle of the straw I noticed a couple of long tables, which seemed to offer an excellent refuge for several persons. Unfortunately for my idea, part of the adjoining wall had collapsed, and there was a wide chink through which our movements could be seen from without. I had not noticed this and had just lain down, when a soldier began prodding at me with a spear; he succeeded in wounding me and my companions in misery. The lower part of my back received a nasty gash. We all scrambled out as best we could, and again I went to my wife's new quarters. All the women there were crouching on piles of firewood; they had smeared their faces and hair with blood and mud and cinders, so that they looked more like demons than women, and I only recognized my wife by her voice.

I implored them to allow me to get in among them, and they managed to find me a place right at the bottom of the straw, with the women all lying on top of me. I was nearly stifled, but my wife procured a long hollow bam-

boo, which I placed in my mouth, and through it inhaled a little fresh air from above. A soldier came to the door, murdered two women whom he had dragged thither, and then went off.

The day wore on; it grew dark and the women got up. I then came out of my hiding-place, soaking with perspiration, and my wife and I went back to the Hungs' house, where we found not only Mrs. Hung and her husband, but also my brother and little Peng'rh. He said he had been forced by some Manchus to load carts all day, but they had been kind to little Peng'rh. They had given him a string of cash at the end of his day's work besides a safe-conduct flag. The streets were piled high with corpses, and all the ditches choked with blood. A report was current that a certain Colonel Wang Shao-yang, on good terms with the Manchus, was providing relief for the homeless and destitute, and that his intercession had saved many from being murdered. In spite of all our misery I slept soundly that night; when morning broke we had entered upon our ninth day of tribulation.

So far we had marvelously escaped, but rumors were being noised abroad that all the survivors were to be massacred that day, so that many, at the risk of their lives, fled from the city by means of ropes let down from the wall. Meanwhile outlaws and cutthroats from the country had begun to make their way into the city, plundering whatever was left, or else, lying in wait outside, they would intercept the escaping town-people and despoil them. Under these circumstances I dared not make the attempt to quit Yang Chou, and my brother was unwilling to start forth alone; so that evening I concealed myself again under some straw; my wife and the child lay on top.

Many times did my wife owe her safety to her advanced pregnancy. Sol-

diers often came in, but we were able to buy them off with bribes. Finally a wolf-eyed, lantern-faced Manchu entered and glared at my wife ferociously. He pulled her about violently, but she lay still, and told him the same story about having fallen from a height. He did not believe her and compelled her to rise. She sank again immediately, whereupon the soldier took his sword and cut at her back, blood gushing from each stroke. My wife had previously begged me not to betray my presence, even to save her life, as there was a chance of their sparing the child, even if they killed her, and if I discovered myself the child would surely starve, for both its parents would be dead. So I remained hidden in the straw, and said nothing, expecting that each moment would be her last. The soldier finally caught her by the hair, twisted her long tresses round his arm and brutally pulled her along, belaboring her all the while. He dragged her from the pile of straw down the street for about fifty yards, pausing after every few paces to slash at her with his sword. At this moment a party of cavalry came up, and one of the horsemen spoke to the soldier in Manchu. He at once desisted and left my wife, who managed to crawl back, bleeding in seven or eight places, and covered with the marks of her terrible ill-treatment. She continued moaning all the rest of that day.

Toward dawn we crept out and lay awhile at the back of a grave-mound. We were caked all over with mud and filth and looked like anything but human beings. A fire close by spread to the trees by the graveside, and what with the roaring of the flames and the howling of the wind, we felt as if we were already in the infernal regions. Ghastly was the spectacle as the dawn broke, and a pallid sun appeared. On all sides we beheld gaunt fleeing

spectres of men and women, our fellow countrymen, while the Manchus, like so many Rakchas,¹ chased them up and down, as if they were already denizens of the nethermost hell. If we closed our eyes, our fevered brains conjured up visions of tortures worse than those we had already undergone.

Suddenly I heard the sound of rushing feet. Looking up, I was horrified to see that my brother had been seized by a Manchu soldier and was making desperate efforts to escape from his hold. At last he broke away, but the soldier was after him. For a few breathless moments, I gazed in horror; in the end my brother came tottering back, stark naked and with disheveled hair, in the firm grasp of the Manchu. He implored me to offer the man money to save his life. I had only one silver ingot left and this I offered to the man, but he furiously seized his sword and stabbed my brother in the neck. He fell to earth, blood gushing from his wounds. Poor little Peng'rh (aged five years) seized the soldier's knees and begged him with tears to spare his uncle's life. The soldier calmly wiped his blade on Peng'rh's coat and then stabbed my brother again, this time in the head, and as it seemed to me, mortally. Then he caught me by the hair and demanded money, belaboring me with the blunt side of his sword.

I told him that my money was all gone, but offered to get him other articles. So he dragged me to the Hungs' house, where I showed him my wife's silk clothes and jewelry which we had hidden in two water-jars. Everything was turned out on the doorstep, and he helped himself to whatever took his fancy. He removed all the pearls and gold ornaments, made a selection of the best clothes, and observing that little Peng'rh had a silver locket round

¹ Demons of the Buddhist inferno, which devour men.

his neck, wrenched it off with his knife. Then he turned to me and said, 'I won't kill you, but don't rejoice too soon. Others will kill you before very long.' This showed me that a general massacre was afoot, and I felt that our last hour had come. But my wife and I hurried back to see how it fared with our brother. The wound in his neck was fearful, — a gaping hole, several inches deep, — and from the gash in his head a portion of the brain was protruding. He had also a terrible wound in the breast. We took him to the Hungs' house and asked how he felt. 'No pain,' he replied, 'just drowsy. I want to sleep.' He was only half-conscious when we left him there, to go and hide ourselves close to a neighbor's house amidst a pile of corpses. As we lay there, suddenly we heard a voice cry, 'The general massacre is fixed for to-morrow. All who can escape had better do so.'

My wife urged me to fly the city, but I reflected that my brother was desperately wounded and could not find it in my heart to leave him. Besides, we had now no money left and if we left the city we should only be facing the certainty of death from starvation. We discussed our position miserably for a long time; by this time the fires had burned themselves out, and we could hear the booming of distant guns. There were not so many soldiers about, so I moved with my wife and child to an outhouse in which dry dung was kept. Mrs. Hung soon joined us.

A little later a young man of about thirty, wearing a Manchu hat, clad in red clothes and wearing black satin boots, came riding by. He had a breast-plate of the finest mail; his steed was beautifully caparisoned, and he was attended by a large suite. His features, though Tartar, were exceedingly handsome: he had a long protruding chin

and a lofty forehead. Amongst his retinue there were many Yang Chou people. This was Prince Yü, the Manchu commander-in-chief and uncle of their Emperor.

He looked closely at me, saying, 'You don't look like a common person: who and what are you?' I reflected that some of our people had escaped by saying that they were scholars by profession, while others of the *litterati* had been murdered on suspicion of anti-Manchu proclivities. I did not therefore reveal my identity, but concocted a plausible story. Then he asked about my wife and I told him the truth. He then said, 'I have given orders that all killing shall cease from to-morrow, so you will be quite safe.' He bade some of his retinue give me clothes and an ingot of silver. 'How long,' he asked, 'is it since you have had a good meal?' I answered, 'Five days.' He commanded us to follow him. My wife and I dared not disobey, though suspicious of his intentions.

We reached a mansion where preparations for a banquet were laid out on a most lavish scale. Victuals of all kinds were there in abundance. He called a woman, saying, 'Treat these people well,' and then departed. It was now twilight. My wife's younger brother had been carried off and we knew nothing of his fate; my wife was very sad at his loss. The woman soon came out with bowls of fish and rice, and as this mansion was quite near to the Hungs' house, I carried some food to my brother, but he could not eat it. I combed his hair and washed away the blood from his face, feeling all the time as though a sword were at my own heart. People's minds were more composed on hearing that massacres were to cease.

Next day was the first of the fifth moon; although the situation was much improved, looting and murder did not

cease entirely. All the well-to-do families had been stripped bare of everything; hardly any females over ten years of age had escaped outrage. To-day one of the Manchu generals, the Earl of Established Peace, reëntered Yang Chou and distributed some food to the people, over which they fought like ravenous tigers. On the second day proclamations were issued that the Manchus had established local officials in Yang Chou and the surrounding districts. The magistrates were sending out runners to tranquilize the people. The Buddhist temples received orders to burn all corpses: there were still many women hiding in their shrines, and many had died there of starvation. According to the official records of bodies found, the total number of persons who perished during these days was eight hundred thousand, but this does not include those who perished in the flames or who drowned themselves in the river.

On the third day a notice was circulated that relief offices were distributing grain and rice. I went with Mrs. Hung to the place, which was the former commissariat department of General Shih K'o-fa. There were tons of rice and grain stored in bins, but in a very short space of time the whole of it had been distributed to the famishing crowd. They presented a pitiful spectacle, most of them with maimed limbs and broken heads, and all in filthy apparel. But when the grain was distributed, each and all fought like wolves: children even forgot to consider their parents, and struggled only for themselves. Many aged and infirm persons waited all day without securing a mouthful.

On the fourth day, the sky cleared and the heat of the sun was great. The stench of the corpses was overpowering, and thousands were burned during the day. A mighty smoke was raised

and the smell of the burning bodies filled the air, tainting it for miles around. I burned some cotton-wool and human bone, and with the calcined ashes prepared ointment for my brother's wounds. He accepted it gratefully but could not utter a word.

On the fifth day, many people who had remained in hiding began to come forth; people's hearts were too full for speech. We five, including the Hungs, were still alive, but as yet we did not dare to spend the day in our own house. After breakfast we went out and sat by the roadside. No one dared to wash or dress his hair, for there were still robbers about, but these were only common footpads. They had no swords, only cudgels, with which they frightened people into giving them money. But even so they beat several people to death. We could not tell if these wretches were Manchus or Chinese soldiers, or merely local ruffians. To-day my brother died of his grievous wounds, which had mortified. My loss is not to be described. At the beginning of the trouble we were a party of eight brothers and sisters and their issue; now only three remained, I, my wife, and Peng'rh.

In all I have described the events of ten days, from the twenty-fifth of the fourth to the fifth of the fifth moon. I have only told of my own experiences and the things of which I have been an eye-witness. In all my story there is not one word of hearsay or rumor, and I have avoided all mention of events which did not come under my own observation. Hence I know that this record is true. Perchance, posterity, born in a happier age, may be interested in perusing this diary, and it may serve to point a moral for the unreflecting. It may even cause vindictive and cruel-minded men to reflect on the error of their ways, and thus be of some value, as a solemn warning.

Thus it was in China in the year 1645. Thereafter, for 265 years, the Manchus ruled over the Empire which they had won by the sword. Under the wise government of their earlier emperors the country rapidly recovered, as it always does, from the abomination of desolation wrought, first, by Li 'Tzû-ch'eng's rebellion, and then by the Manchus' ruthless war of conquest. New cities sprang up where not one stone had been left upon another to tell the story of the dead; once more the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose, until, in the fullness of time, the Manchus' course of empire was run and, as they lost their prestige as rulers, rebellion and anarchy once more laid waste the land.

In the events which have marked the passing of this once Imperial race, none display more vividly the pitiless irony of Fate and the innate savagery of Orientals, than the slaughter of the Manchu garrisons at cities like Sianfu in the recent revolution. Describing the sack of the Tartar quarter in that city in October, 1911, one who passed through it shortly afterwards wrote:¹

'Once the Chinese set about this business of destruction, the lust of blood, the madness of killing, possessed them. Old and young, men and women, little children, were alike butchered. The Tartar general, old, hopeless, cut off from his people at the critical moment, was unable to face the situation. The safety he had won for the moment, he felt not worth the keeping; he ended his life by throwing himself down a well. Houses were plundered and then burnt; those who would fain have lain hidden till the storm was past, were forced to come out into the open. The revolutionaries, protected by a parapet of the wall, poured a heavy, un-

ceasing, relentless fire into the doomed Tartar city. Those who tried to escape thence into the Chinese city were cut down as they emerged from the gates. At the western gates the Mohammedans cynically received them for their own purpose.

'In the darkness some managed to scale the city wall, descend the other side, wade through the moat, and escape to the open country. But not all who attempted this succeeded. The wall is thirty-six feet in height and at the top is some sixteen yards wide, and on it at various points clustered the Chinese soldiers. The fugitives, to escape, had to slip between these, avoid the flashing lanterns and find a means of affixing their ropes safely before descending. Some possibly escaped by venturing to leap from the height.

'In despair, many Manchus themselves set fire to their houses; at least they might cheat their murderers of the loot they sought. Into the English Hospital, days afterwards, when the first fury was passed, men were brought in a shocking condition — men who had attempted to cut their throats. Asked why they had done so, they answered simply, "The wells were full." And the Shensi wells are not the shallow ones of some parts of China; they are thirty-six feet deep. There is such a man in that hospital to-day. All his family, wife, daughters, sons, were slain or destroyed themselves, and he failed in his attempt to end his life by other means.

'There were many Manchus in the Chinese city at the time of the outbreak. Some escaped for the moment through taking shelter with friends. But even twenty days after the outbreak a Manchu detected on the street would be dragged off to instant execution. Hundreds were thus hunted through the streets and lanes of the city. They were known by their cloth-

¹ See *The Passing of the Dragon*, by J. C. Keyte. Hodder and Stoughton. 1913.

ing, by their cast of countenance, by their speech. . . .

'When the Manchus found that further resistance was useless, they in many cases knelt on the ground, laying down their weapons, and begged the soldiers for life. They were shot as they knelt. Sometimes there was a whole line of them. In one doorway a group of between ten and twenty was thus killed in cold blood.

'A girl came down the street; a girl of twenty, with hands bound. She had been hastily dragged before the "judges" in the Magazine, temporary headquarters of the Revolution, and was now being taken out a hundred yards or so to be beheaded. And in her face was that which once seen — by one passer-by at least — was never to be forgotten. It was not despair; ah, no! That anodyne had had no time in which to reach her. It was the full young life cheated of its days, going out into the dark, the path before her littered by fearful reminders of the fate in front. From the pallid lips no sound issued; they were held, as the girl's whole being was held, by utter terror. The shaking limbs, the stumbling gait, proclaimed it; but more than all, the awful haunting eyes.

'Along the route where the reek of blood made the very air bitter, acrid in the brilliant sunshine, where curses and sobs mingled with groans, and derisive raucous cries rent the air, they went. A woman, a very girl, caught within the enemy's gates, not dying with her own people, not able to save herself with them if only in a death she saw and chose: but hurried along thus, as to a shambles. And her crime? Her birth: a Manchu. The soldier muttered impatiently. He had other affairs to attend to when this was over. Time meant money, — meant sport, — in those days. He

stalked along behind her with naked sword held up. "Hurry," he snarled, "hurry."

'Days after the outbreak, an Englishman, passing down a side street, heard groans, heard the cry of pain, coming up with hollow sound from the depths. At the mouth of a well stood some Chinese. It was their day. The pitiful cries went on, the feeble moaning, varied with the sharp cries. A Manchu who had thrown himself, or been thrown down this well, lay there with broken limbs; lay there in agony, appealing almost unconsciously for pity.

'The men at the well-mouth picked up lumps of earth, stones, picked up what came to hand. There came up from the well's depths the thud of missiles on human flesh.'

And so the whirligig of Time brings on its merciless revenges; the butchers of to-day become the victims of to-morrow. Europe, with its reserves of inherited wealth, with outlets over-seas for its surplus millions, its organized philanthropy and scientific economics, has no conception of the realities of life in farthest Asia, the same now as they were in the days when 'The Lord commanded Moses to war against the Midianites, and they slew all the males, and burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt.' It is not possible for us, in our well-ordered materialism, to sympathize with the forces of atavism, the instinctive terrors and cruelties, that dwell forever deep-rooted in the soul of this people. The sack of Yang Chou-fu, and that of the Tartar city in Sian-fu, are in reality only typical and insignificant incidents, normal features in the life-history of a race which, since the beginning of recorded time, has learned 'to eat its bread with quaking and to drink its water with trembling.'

IN BELSHAZZAR COURT

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

OUR apartment house has all-night elevator service. We have grown accustomed to being awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of violent hammering on the iron door of the elevator shaft, the object of which is to attract the attention of the operator, who is in the habit of running up his car to the top floor and going to sleep in the hall, being roused only with the greatest difficulty. Tenants have complained of the inconvenience; especially when one comes home late from an after-theatre supper at a Broadway hotel. In deference to such complaints our elevator boys are constantly being discharged, but the tradition of going to sleep on the top floor seems to be continuous.

One of the reasons for this, I imagine, is that our landlord underpays his help and is consequently in no position to enforce discipline. However, I speak almost entirely on information and belief, my personal experience with the all-night elevator having been confined to a single instance. That was when we came back from our vacation last summer at an early hour in the morning and rang the bell without eliciting any response. Inasmuch as we live only two flights up, we walked up the stairs, I carrying a suit-case, a hand-bag and the baby, and Emmeline carrying another suit-case and leading by the hand our boy Harold, who was fast asleep.

During the day our elevator is frequently out of order. The trouble, I believe, is with the brake, which every

little while fails to catch, so that the car slides down a floor or two and sticks. It is quite probable that if our elevator boys remained long enough to become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of the machinery in Belshazzar Court such stoppages would come less often. But no serious accidents have ever occurred, to my knowledge, and personally, as I have said, I suffer little inconvenience, since it is no trouble at all to walk up two flights of stairs.

But it is different with Emmeline, who worries over the children. She will not allow the baby to be taken into the car. Instead, she makes the nurse ride up or down with the carriage, then has her fetch the baby by the stairs. Emmeline complains that in cold weather this necessitates her own going downstairs to tuck the child into her cart, a duty which cannot possibly be delegated. It also exposes the baby to draughts while she is being taken out of the cart in the hall, preparatory to being carried upstairs. But Emmeline would rather take that chance than have the elevator drop with baby, as happened twice during the first week after we moved in. I have sometimes argued with her on the subject, maintaining that there cannot be any real danger when the safety of the elevator is guaranteed by no less than three casualty companies; but Emmeline says that is a detached point of view which she cannot share. Our boy Harold is under strict injunctions to walk. He finds it a deprivation, after having twice tasted the joy of being marooned

between floors, whence he was rescued by means of a ladder.

It is on account of the large bedrooms that we selected this particular apartment house and cling to it in spite of certain obvious disadvantages. That is, there is really one bedroom only which can be called very large, but it has a fair amount of sunlight and it faces on an open court. Harold has the music-room, which landlords formerly used to call the back parlor. It faces on the avenue and makes an excellent sleeping-room and play-room for the boy. Such rooms are almost impossible to find in a tolerable neighborhood for the really moderate rent we pay; that is, my rent is just a little more than I can afford. Nevertheless you would think it reasonable if you saw what a fine appearance our apartment house makes. It has a façade in Flemish brick, with bay windows belted by handsome railings of wrought iron upon narrow stone balconies. It also has a mansard cornice painted a dull green, which is visible several blocks away over the roofs of the old-fashioned flats by which our house is surrounded.

Our friends, when they come to see us for the first time, are impressed with Belshazzar Court. You pass through heavy grilled doors into a marble-lined vestibule which is separated by a second pair of massive doors from the spacious main hall. This hall is gay with an astonishingly large number of handsome electroliers in imitation cut glass. There is also a magnificent marble fire-place in which the effect of a wood fire is simulated by electric bulbs under a sheet of red-colored isinglass. The heat is furnished by a steam radiator close by. The floor has two large Oriental rugs of domestic manufacture. There is a big leather couch in front of the fire-place. Everywhere are large, comfortable arm-chairs in which I have

often thought it would be pleasant to lounge and smoke, but I have never had the time. On a mahogany table, in the centre, the day's mail is displayed. I have sometimes glanced over the letters in idle curiosity and found that they consist largely of circulars from clothing firms and dyeing establishments. The chandeliers usually have a number of the crystal prisms broken or missing. The rugs are fairly worn, but doubtless the casual visitor does not notice that. The general effect of our main hall is, as I have said, imposing. Sunday afternoons there are several motor cars lined up in front of the house.

The number of young children in our apartment house is not large, a dozen or fifteen, perhaps. The house has six stories and there are nine apartments to the floor, so you can figure out for yourself the rate of increase for the population of Belshazzar Court. My own contribution to the infant statistics of our apartment house is apparently between one sixth and one eighth of the total number. Moreover, if you calculate not by mere number but by the amount of vital energy liberated, my own share is still larger. For there is no denying the justice of the hall boys' complaint that our Harold creates more disturbance in the house than any other three children. The missing prisms in the hall chandeliers are in considerable degree to be attributed to Harold. Not that he has a predilection for electroliers. He is just as hard on shoes and stockings. The former he destroys in a peculiar manner. As he walks upstairs, he carefully adjusts the upper of his shoe, just over the arch, to the edge of each step, and scrapes it toward the toe slowly but firmly. When in good form he can shave the toes from a new pair of shoes in a single afternoon, and I have known him to reduce his foot-

gear, within a week, to a semblance of degraded destitution that is the despair and mortification of his mother.

However, it must not be supposed that Harold is unpopular with the working staff of Belshazzar Court. The only apparent exception is the house superintendent, who is held responsible for all damages accruing to halls and stairways. His point of view is therefore quite comprehensible. But even the bitter protests of the house superintendent are not, I imagine, a true index to his permanent state of feeling with regard to Harold. At least I know that after the superintendent has called up Emmeline on the telephone to complain of Harold's fondness for tracing patterns on the mahogany hall table with a wire nail, the boy has been found in the cellar watching the stoking of the furnace with bated breath, a privilege conferred on but few. The superintendent has also given Harold the run of a great pile of cinders and ashes which occasionally accumulates near the furnace doors. From such excursions the boy returns with the knees of his stockings entirely gone, and only the blue of his eyes discernible through a layer of coal dust which lends him an aspect of extraordinary ferocity.

And yet I believe it is Harold's clamorous career through life that is the secret of his popularity with the people in our house. When he walks down the stairs it sounds like a catastrophe. He engages in furious wrestling bouts with the hall boys, whose life he threatens to take in the most fiendishly cruel manner. His ability to 'lick' the elevator boy and the telephone operator single-handed is an open secret to any one who has ever met Harold. But as I have said, there are very few children in the house, and I imagine that the sound of him engaging in mortal combat with the elevator

boy, and the clatter of his progress down the stairs, echo rather gratefully at times through the long, sombre hallways.

I am an eye-witness of Harold's popularity on Sunday mornings when Emmeline and I, with both the children, ride down in the elevator for our weekly stroll along the Boulevard. My bodily presence on Sunday so far removes my wife's apprehensions with regard to the elevator that she will consent to take the baby down in the car. On such occasions I have observed that our neighbors invariably smile at Harold. Sometimes they will ask him how soon and in just what way he intends to destroy the new hall boy, or they will reach out a hand and pluck at his ear. The women in the car content themselves with smiling at him.

Harold's friends, who thus salute him on Sunday morning, usually carry or lead a small dog or two which they are taking out for the daily exercise. There are a large number of small dogs in our apartment house. I don't pretend to know the different breeds, but they are nearly all of them winsome little beasts, with long, silky pelts, retroussé noses, and eyes that blink fiercely at you. Their masters are as a rule big, thick-set men, well advanced toward middle age, faultlessly dressed, and shaven to the quick. Or else the small dogs repose in the arms of tall, heavy women, who go mercilessly corseted and pay full tribute to modern requirements in facial decoration. They seem to lay great store by their pets, but they also find a kind glance for Harold. Sometimes I imagine it is a different glance which they turn from their little dogs to Harold, — a softer look, with the suggestion of wonder in it. From Harold and the baby they usually glance at Emmeline. I pass virtually unnoticed.

I have mentioned the baby. When

she is with us, Harold does not monopolize our neighbors' attention. It would be odd if it were otherwise. I am not so partisan as Emmeline in this matter, but I am inclined to think she is right when she says that our baby's eyes, of a liquid grayish-blue, staring in fascination out of the soft, pink swell of her cheeks, cannot help going straight to the heart of every normally constituted bystander. The women with small dogs in their arms smile at Harold, but they will bend down to the baby and hold out a finger to her and ask her name. Under such circumstances the behavior of Emmeline is rather difficult to explain. She is proud and resentful at the same time. Her moral judgments are apt to be swift and sharp, and when we are alone she has often characterized these neighbors of ours — the women I mean — in pretty definite terms. Her opinion of women whose interests are satisfied by a husband and a toy dog would please Mr. Roosevelt, I imagine. Yet she never fails to tell me of the extraordinary charm our baby exerts on these very people whose outlook upon life and æsthetic standards she thoroughly despises.

I have a confession to make. Sometimes, during our encounters in the elevator with our close-shaven, frock-coated neighbors and their fashionably dressed wives, I have looked at Emmeline's clothes and made comparisons not to her discredit but to my own. I should like Emmeline to cut as fine a figure as her neighbors, occasionally. Our neighbors' wives on a Sunday are dazzling in velvets and furs and plumes, whereas Emmeline has a natural disinclination for ostrich feathers even if we could afford to go in for such things. Her furs are not bad, but they are not new. They have worn well during the four years she has had them; nevertheless they are not new.

I am not hinting at shabbiness. That is the last thing you would think of if you saw Emmeline. An exquisite cleanliness of figure, a fine animation in the eyes and the cut of her lips, an electric youthfulness of gesture — I know that clothes are vanity, but sometimes, on Sundays, I am seized with an extraordinary desire for velvets and feathers and furs. I feel that there must be a certain, spiritual tonic in the knowledge of being splendidly overdressed. It is a plunge into outlawry which has its temptations to quiet people like myself who would never dare to put on a red tie. I sometimes wonder if the ancient Greeks, with all their inborn taste for simplicity in line and color, did not occasionally go in for a sartorial spree. I really do not regret the fact that I cannot afford to give Emmeline a sealskin coat and a hat with aigrettes. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred I should feel uneasy to see her thus arrayed. But occasionally, yes, occasionally, I should like it.

Frequently I catch myself wondering how the others can afford it. I take it that even when you make due allowance for the New York temperament it is fairly safe to assume that people living in the same apartment house occupy the same economic level. There are exceptions, of course. Tucked away in some rear-court apartment you will find people whose bank accounts would amaze their neighbors. But these are precisely the ones who make the least display. They are maiden ladies of native American descent and the last of their line; or the widows of Tammany contractors and office-holders who divide their time between works of piety and a cat; or prolific German families of the second generation living after the sober traditions of the race. Still, I feel sure that the majority of our neighbors in Belshazzar Court are in the same income class with myself.

How, then, can they afford it all — velvets, furs, the Sunday afternoon motor-car in front of the door? I put aside the obvious explanation, that there are no children. That would make a very considerable difference, but still — motor-cars, bridge three times a week for very considerable stakes, tables reserved at Shanley's for Election night and New Year's Eve —

'They *have* to afford it,' says Emmeline, with that incisive justice of hers in which I should sometimes like to see a deeper tincture of mercy. 'When you come to think of it, a little pink-nosed dog cannot fill up a woman's life. There must be other interests.'

'In other words, they can't afford it. Do these people pay their bills?'

We used to call this a rhetorical question at college. My information on the subject is probably as good as Emmeline's. Five minutes of pleasant gossip with one's newsdealer is illuminating. Not that I am given to hanging over shop-counters, or that my newsdealer would be reckless enough to mention names. But since we are by way of being in the same line of business, I writing for the newspapers while he sells them, — and incidentally makes the better income of the two, — we do pass the time of day whenever I drop in for cigars or stationery. On such occasions, without quoting names, he will state it as a regrettable economic puzzle that so many people who ride in motor-cars should find it hard to pay their newspaper bills. There was one account, running up to something over eight dollars, he told me, that he was finally compelled to write down to profit and loss. The figures are instructive. Eleven cents a week — for it is an odd fact that people who ride in motor-cars read only the penny papers — makes forty-four cents a month. Throw in an occasional ten-cent magazine and you have a total expenditure

of say seventy or eighty cents a month. An unpaid newspaper bill of eight dollars would therefore argue a condition of acute financial embarrassment extending over a period of nearly a year.

My newsdealer's explanation was that garage bills must be paid with fair promptness and dinners at Shanley's must be paid for in cash, seeing that the demand is always greater than the supply. Whereas the competition among newsdealers is so sharp, and literature is on the whole a luxury so easily dispensed with, that the news-vendor must be content to wait for his bill or lose his customer. And he went on to say that there is serious talk among men in his line of business of organizing a newsdealers' benevolent and protective association for the enforcement of collections from customers living in elevator apartments.

'And then again,' says Emmeline, 'why should n't they be able to afford it? They don't eat.'

She goes on to show that inevitably a house with no children in it is a house with very little good food in it. Emmeline has made a study of eugenics, and she has come to the conclusion that the purest milk and a lot of it, the juiciest steaks, and the freshest vegetables constitute the best preventive of a neurotic citizenship in the future. It is a principle which she lives up to so resolutely that our food bills would strike many people as staggering. Now appetite, Emmeline argues, is very susceptible to suggestion. People learn to eat by watching their young. It's like caviare. But where there are no children life may easily be sustained on soda crackers and a glass of milk.

And it is something more than that. (I am still paraphrasing Emmeline's views). A dining-room table with children's eager, hungry faces around it ceases to be a mere dining-room table

and becomes an altar. Dinner is not a mere replenishing of the physiological furnaces; it partakes of the nature of a sacrament, with the mother as the high priestess, and the father, — well, let us call him the tithe-gatherer. Eating in common is a form of primitive nature-worship which the purest religions have taken over and sanctified. To break bread together — well, all this is quite obvious. But now try to think of a sacrament as being administered with a can-opener and a chafing-dish.

‘That is what they live on,’ says Emmeline, ‘things that come out of tins and paper boxes. At the end of a year it means a fur coat.’ Which is n’t really very convincing. A single after-theatre supper on Broadway will easily swallow up a week’s frying-pan economies. But as an index of the attitude of those women who cook for their children to those women who have no children to cook for, Emmeline’s opinion has its value. I admit that, being a woman, she is prejudiced, my own prejudices being to a very great extent the reflection of hers.

Emmeline has a hatred for gossip that is quite extraordinary in one who is so closely confined to her home by household duties. Hence you will wonder where she obtains her information, sometimes so startlingly intimate, regarding our neighbors’ habits. Well, in the first place, Belshazzar Court is very much like those Russian prisons you read about, which hum and echo with news flashing along mysterious channels. The prison walls resound to ghostly taps in the still of the night. The water-pipes beat out their message. A handkerchief is waved at a window. A convict’s shackled feet, dragging along the corridor, send out the Morse code of the cell. So it requires no special gift of imagination to sit in one’s apartment and reconstruct the main outlines of the life about you.

The mechanical piano downstairs has its say. There is a scamper of young feet in the hallway above. A voice of exasperation rasps its way down the dumb-waiter. A sewing machine whirs its short half hour and is silent. Little yelping volleys announce meal-time for the silken-haired Pekinese. As night comes on, the lights begin to flash up, revealing momentary silhouettes, groups, bits of still life. The alarm clock in the morning and the heavy, thoughtful tread at midnight bespeak different habits and occupations. It is a world built up out of sounds.

There are the servants. They are the telegraph wires of apartment-house life. Like a good many telegraph wires in the great world outside, they are sadly overburdened with trivialities. Yet a healthy cook or nurse-maid will pick up during a ten minutes’ excursion to the roof an amazing mass of miscellaneous information. This information she insists upon imparting to you. At first Emmeline would refuse to listen, protesting that she did not care to be burdened with other people’s affairs. But we soon learned that the one form of class-distinction which domestic help will not tolerate is a refusal to meet them on the common level of gossip. What makes the problem all the more difficult is that as a rule the best servants have the keenest appetite for petty scandal. Presumably a robust interest in one’s own duties goes hand in hand with a healthy interest in the way other people are living up to their duty. Elizabeth, the only cook we have ever had who will not create a scene when somebody drops in unexpectedly for dinner, simply oozes information. When I think of the secrets into which Elizabeth has initiated us with regard to our neighbors whom we have never met, I feel an embarrassment which is only relieved by the thought that these neighbors

must be quite as well informed about ourselves.

Perhaps I should know more of our neighbors if the electric lights in our stately hallways did not burn so dimly. I have mentioned the handsome glass chandeliers in our main hall and vestibule. Unfortunately they give forth a faint, sepulchral light. Our elevator car, a massive cage of iron and copper, is quite dark. It may be that our landlord has artistic leanings and is trying to impart a subdued, studio atmosphere to his halls; very dim illumination being, I understand, the proper thing in advanced circles. Incidentally there must be a saving in electricity bills. At any rate if you will take into consideration the fact that I have a habit of staring at people, even in broad daylight, without recognizing them, and if you will add to that the fact that a day's fussing over proofs and exchanges in the office is followed by an hour in the Subway over the evening papers, it is quite plain why I have difficulty in remembering the faces of neighbors whom I occasionally run across.

Most of the neighbors are very much the same way. An hour in the dead atmosphere of the Subway wilts the social virtues out of a man. We manage to make our way listlessly into the upper air. We trudge wearily through the handsome iron doors of our apartment house. We take our places in opposite corners of the elevator car and stare up at the roof of the cage or count the floors as we pass. Three or four of us leave at the same floor and go our several ways, I to number 43 on the right, one man to number 42 straight ahead, one to the left, and so forth. As I have said, there are nine apartments to the floor.

Emmeline insists that I should not read in the Subway. She says I ought to lean back and close my eyes and

rest. But she forgets that the man you lean back upon is sure to protest. Lateral pressure enforces an attitude of extreme rigidity during the rush hour, and to stand up straight with one's eyes closed tight is obviously ridiculous. Even when I find a seat, I do not like to close my eyes. It gives people the impression that I am pretending to be asleep in order to avoid giving up my seat to a woman, and on that subject I have the courage of my convictions. An hour in the Subway can be made endurable only by some such narcotic as the evening papers afford; and when you have read through three or four papers, your eyes naturally show the strain.

Of course, if we stay long enough in Belshazzar Court, we shall make acquaintances. Accident will bring that about. For instance, there are a number of men in my line of work and the allied professions who meet every now and then in a little German café on the East side in the 'Eighties. It is not a club, since there are neither members nor bye-laws nor initiation fees, nor, worst of all abominations, a set subject for papers and discussion. People simply drift in and out. We keep late hours, and it is a well-known fact that in the early hours of the morning friendships are rather easily formed. That was the way I met Brewster.

Brewster (I don't know his first name) is a tall, thin, sallow-faced man of thirty-five who looks the Middle West he comes from. I had seen him at two of our meetings before we fell into talk. He spoke sparingly, not because he was shy, but because as a rule he had trouble in finding the right phrase. It was not until we were walking across town toward the Subway one night that I found out that Brewster is associate professor of mathematics at my old university. But he has ideas outside of Euclid. He is a Radical, he

detests New York, and he is looking forward to the time when he can get away. But I imagine that he is not looking forward very eagerly. Your Radical loves the city while he curses it. At any rate, the Subway trains make speed at night and I was at my station before I knew it. Had he passed his own? No, it appeared that this was his station, too. That was pleasant, I said. Living in the same neighborhood I hoped we would see more of each other in the future. He said it would be pleasant indeed; his own address was Belshazzar Court. He had been there more than two years now. He lived on the third floor, in 47.

'That would be directly across the court from 43?'

He thought it was.

That was two weeks ago. We have not yet found the time to drop in on Brewster. But sometimes I catch a glimpse of him through the window-curtains of his dining-room. Of course I had seen his figure pass across the window before, but naturally had never looked long enough to fix his face in my memory. He has his two children and his unmarried sister in the apartment with him. The mother of the children is dead. The elder is a boy of seven, and I think he must be the pleasant-faced lad who on several occasions has rung our bell and complained that our Harold has robbed him of various bits of personal property — a toy pistol, a clay pipe, and several college emblems of the kind that come in cigarette boxes.

That is all I know of Brewster directly. Emmeline knows a little more. She has it from our cook, who has it from Brewster's cook. He goes out very rarely. In the morning he escorts the little boy to a private school half a mile away. This he does on his way to the university. He comes home a little earlier than I do, usually with a

grip full of books. Our cook says that Brewster is invariably present when his sister gives the little girl her bath before putting her to bed; the child is only two years old. The boy has his supper with his father and aunt, and it is Brewster himself who superintends his going to bed. This process is extremely involved and is marked by a great deal of rough-and-tumble hilarity. Late at night, as I sit reading or writing, I catch a glimpse of him over his work at the big dining-room table, correcting examination papers, I suppose, though I believe he does some actuarial work for an insurance company. He will get up occasionally for a turn or two about the room, or to fill his pipe, or to fetch from the kitchen a cup of tea which he drinks cold. I see him at work long after midnight.

Have I gone into all this detail concerning Brewster merely because he happens to live in 47, which is just across the court from 43, or because our habits and our interests really do touch at so many points? If Brewster were writing down his impressions of Belshazzar Court at midnight, with myself as the central figure, his story would be very much like mine. A glimpse into the windows of our dining-room would show me, too, in a clutter of papers, rustling through my exchange clippings, dipping into a volume of 'Pickwick' for a moment's rest, striking innumerable matches to keep a reluctant pipe a-going, and drinking cold tea, — too much cold tea, I am afraid.

Yes, Brewster and I have something in common. But then I wonder, if I were living one floor above, in 53, and chance had made me acquainted with Smith who lives across the court in 57, would Smith and I discover that there are human ties between us other than our dependence on the same central

heating plant? For one thing, I know that the Smiths have a baby which frequently cries at night in unison with our own. Sometimes the Smith baby wakes up ours. Sometimes the initiative comes from our own side.

Because I drink so much cold tea before going to bed, I find it difficult to fall asleep. I lie awake and think of Belshazzar Court with a fondness that I cannot muster at any other time. The house offers me an extraordinary sense of security; not for myself, but for those who belong to me. It is a comfort to have one's wife and children snugly tucked away in one's own particular cluster of cells at the end of one's own obscure little passageway, where an enemy would need Ariadne's guiding thread to find them. The cave man must have felt some such satisfaction when he had stored his young and their mother into some peculiarly inaccessible rock cleft.

I suppose the dark is a favorable time for the recurrence of such primordial feelings. In the dark the need for human fellowship wells up to the surface. Athwart the partitions of lath and mortar, we of Belshazzar Court experience the warm, protective sensation which comes from huddling together against the invisible menaces of the night.

Decidedly, I must give up drinking so much cold tea. My eyes to-morrow will show the strain. But it is wonderful, too, this lying awake and feeling that you can almost catch the heart-throb of hundreds, above you, below you, on both sides. My neighbors

undergo a magic transformation. Deprived of individuality, — viewed, so to speak, under their eternal aspect, — they grow lovable. Belshazzar Court is transformed. In the day it is a barracks. At night it becomes a walled refuge, a tabernacle almost. The pulse of life beats through its halls with just enough momentum to make a solemn music which gradually overcomes the effects of the cold tea. Intermittent noises twist themselves into vague fugues and arabesques. Somewhere on the floor above, heavy footsteps go back and forth in leisurely preparation for bed. Somewhere across the court, people have returned from the theatre. Evidently they are still under the exhilaration of the lights and the crowd. They pass judgment on the play and their voices are thoughtlessly fresh and animated, considering how late it is; but somehow you are not disturbed. With utter lack of interest you hear a child's wail break out — it is the Smith baby — and you hear the mother's 'hush, hush,' falling into a somnolent, crooning chant. Outside, a motor-car starts into life with a grinding and a whir and a sputter, and you set yourself to follow its receding hum, which becomes a drone and then a murmur and then silence, but you are not sure whether it is yet silence. As you are still wondering there comes the end of things, except that now and then you stir to the clamor of the elevator bell, ringing indignantly for the boy who has run the car up to the top floor and gone to sleep in the hall.

PANAMA HYMN

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

We join to-day the east and west,
The stormy and the tranquil seas.
O Father, be the bridal blest!
The earth is on her knees.

Thou, Thou didst give our hand the might
To hew the hemisphere in twain
And level for these waters bright
The mountain with the main:

In freedom let the great ships go
On freedom's errand, sea to sea, --
The oceans rise, the hills bend low,
Servants of liberty.

The nations here shall flash through foam
And paint their pennons with the sun
Till every harbor is a home
And all the flags are one.

We join to-day the east and west,
The stormy and the tranquil seas.
O Father, be the bridal blest!
Earth waits it on her knees.

AT THE FEET OF MY TEACHERS¹

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

My intellectual history began in the school of my uncle, my mother's first and favorite cousin, Priest Michael, of the Holy and Apostolic Greek Orthodox Church. I could not have been much more than three years old when my mother led me to sit at the feet of the priest of my people and receive instruction. The 'Child Mind,' 'School Age,' 'Adolescence,' and the many other psychological zones were unknown to my people. I could say 'papa' and 'mamma,' and many other words at the age of three, and according to my parents' ideas I might just as well be saying the letters of the alphabet.

At that time the men who could read and write in El-Shweir were extremely few. Certain parish priests established what might be called reading circles for the purpose of fitting some of the youth of the parish with sufficient knowledge of reading to assist the priest at the mass. The course consisted of the alphabet, the Book of Psalms, writing, and a short exercise in mental arithmetic.

My recollections of my uncle's school are dim and meagre. His house consisted of two rooms, one of which was the schoolroom. Besides the door this room had one window, which had wooden shutters and no glass. It was opened when the weather permitted.

The pupils, who numbered about

¹ An account of the author's earlier years appeared in the November *Atlantic*.

twenty-five, sat on the straw mats on the floor with their legs crossed under them. In compliance with good manners, we took our shoes from off our feet upon entering the room, just outside the threshold in summer and just inside in winter. In the days of Moses that was done as a sign of reverence for holy places, as he did it before the 'burning bush'; and, as in ancient Syria every family had a household god, the shoes had to be removed from the feet upon entering the house in deference to the family god. The habit survives in the land 'unto this day' as a social grace.

But in my uncle's schoolroom another enterprise went hand in hand with education. Oriental parish priests, of whatever communion, marry, as did the priests of Israel. My uncle had a large family and a small income. Therefore, in order to keep the wolf from the door he betook himself to weaving cloth, on a hand-loom which stood in the schoolroom. The clerical weaver, with flowing hair, luxurious beard, and ample black garb, sat on the edge of the 'loom-pit,' dug in the floor to accommodate the treadles. He devoted his feet to the treadles, his hands to the shuttle, his eyes to the web, and his ears and tongue to the pupils. At significant moments he would come into living touch with his disciples through a long stick which lay conveniently near his hand.

The only reliable memory I have of my student life in my uncle's school is that he was more interesting to me as

a weaver than as an educator. When he was not looking at me, I was looking at him. That is all.

The second year of my school life found me in more auspicious circumstances. The foreign mission schools were far better equipped than the priests' schools. Therefore, as soon as the English missionaries opened a school in our part of the town, my uncle was compelled to give up his vocation as an educator and devote all his time to his loom and his clerical duties.

The new *Angleez* — English — school held out for me many compelling charms. I was told that there were benches in the schoolroom, a table that had a drawer in it, an iron stove, and a 'striking' clock! The teacher built fire *inside* the stove, and a long pipe carried the smoke out of the room. The clock 'told' the time. At two o'clock it struck two; at three, three, and so on. The reputation of the teacher was very satisfactory to the parents. He was a severe disciplinarian. 'He made the hairs of the pupils' heads stand on end from fear.' In a country where the authority of both Church and State inspired fear rather than confidence, this qualification won for the teacher the profound confidence of the people.

At about the age of four I was sent to the *Angleez* school. It was situated in one of the best residences in the town. The schoolroom was large and had two windows. The inventive genius of the English taught the native teacher in charge to put white muslin screens in the windows during the winter season, as substitutes for glass. Each boy had to bring a piece of wood or charcoal every morning to feed the wondrous stove. The clock — a world of mysteries beyond mysteries — told the time. The drawer in the teacher's table seemed an inexhaustible source

of dazzling wonders. Fancy pencils, glossy writing paper, chalks, new, clean little books — all from Beyrout — issued forth from it and enchanted my vision. A large Bible, the first I had seen, rested on the table. There were benches for the older pupils to sit not *on*, but *at*. They sat on the floor and rested their books and elbows on the benches. We, the little ones, had no supports for either our backs, books, or elbows. In a little corner close by the teacher stood an assortment of sticks — light, medium, and extra heavy — which he used with discrimination, according to the ages of the pupils, excepting when in a fit of anger he applied the wrong stick to the right boy. Girls also were permitted to come to the school, but only a few of them attended.

My first and second year in this school carried me through a small primer, a book of Bible stories called *The Bright Light for the Little Boy*, a few memory lessons in the Presbyterian catechism, and introduced me to the art of writing. The deepest impression which my teacher made upon me in those days, as a teacher and not as a disciplinarian, was through his conducting of the devotional service which took place at the beginning of every school day. I loved to hear and see him read the Scripture lesson. I felt his prayers reverently. It was inspiring to me to hear his opening sentence; one which he very frequently used was, 'O Thou Lord God Almighty, who art over all!' The impression made upon me at those services must have been strong and pleasant, because the whole scene remains with me a clear and delightful memory. I really longed to be like my teacher: to read the Bible with such power and dignity, and to address God in prayer.

That was the first touch of idealism my soul ever felt — the first incentive

to aspiration, the first glimpse I had of my higher self as reflected in the strong man who stood before me in the attitude of prayer.

The clearest and most unpleasant memory I have of that teacher, as a disciplinarian, is of a punishment he inflicted upon me which almost proved fatal to both of us. From my present point of view I consider that act to have been most cruel. I do not remember the offense for which my teacher decreed that I be locked up in the schoolroom alone, all night — a child not yet six. The pupils filed out of the room; the teacher, casting a last grim look at me, locked the door and departed. Horrible silence, disturbed only by the now oppressive ticking of the clock, filled the entire building. The shadows began to deepen. My eyes were fastened upon the clock, when an ugly, hairy, black spider sallied forth from some unknown crack, crawled up to the clock, encircled it a few times and retired behind it. I was rigid with fear. I had not enough life to cry. It grew dark; the shadows of death engulfed my soul. Presently I heard steps outside and the voice of my mother. Wondering why I had not come home when it was so late, she had gone out to seek me. Having learned of my plight from the other children, she went to the teacher and asked him to go down to the school without a moment's delay and release me. In what manner she addressed him I was not in a position to know. He instantly obeyed, and I was given my freedom. The next day I fell ill. My father was not at home. My cousins and uncles and second cousins heard of what had happened. Their boy was seriously ill, and the teacher was the cause. If the boy should die, then *life for life!* The teacher must die also. So was the teacher told by one of my uncles who spoke in clear accents.

Poor teacher! Twice a day did he visit me during that illness, bringing me many presents of things he knew I most longed to have. His gifts and caresses restored me to health, and, consequently, assured him of peace and length of days for himself.

The last event I remember of my school career in El-Shweir was the coming of the English missionary — the *khawaja* himself — to inspect our school. This was a gala day. The *khawaja* was to give prizes to deserving pupils. My teacher, partly because I was a 'bright boy' and partly because of my recent illness, which he was supposed to have caused, had taught me the Beatitudes by heart that I might repeat them on that occasion and perchance get a prize. The *khawaja* was the first man I had seen dressed in *effrenjee* — European costume. The native dress for men was the *shirwal* — ample bloomers — and the man in pantaloons was a great curiosity. I repeated the Beatitudes in the august presence of the *khawaja* and many of the parents and the school, and to my unspeakable delight received a pen-knife for a prize.

II

About this time, when I was six years old, my parents decided to move from El-Shweir to a town called Betater, situated about thirty miles to the south on the western slopes of Mount Lebanon. My father had been in charge for some years of all the building operations of a Frenchman who had a large silk-spinning factory in that town, and it was natural for him to desire to have his family with him.

To depart from one's kindred in Syria has always been a painful operation, from the time of the patriarch Abraham. The thought of being buried 'in the land of the stranger' is to a

Syrian especially hard to bear. But if the sepulchre of our fathers was not in Betater, our church — the Greek Orthodox — was there to give us spiritual kinsmen, and to give our bodies burial in its consecrated ground.

On a bright spring morning, late in April, I was awakened from sleep at early dawn. Coming out to the yard, I saw three mules and a donkey standing on the east side of the house. Two of the mules were heavily laden with our clothes-chests, bedding, and other movable furniture. The third mule was made ready for my mother and my baby sister to ride on, and the donkey was likewise fitted for my sister, next older, and my brother, next younger than myself, and me.

Was it possible that I was to have such a long donkey-ride? The very earth under my feet vibrated with joy. It was not at all painful to leave one's kindred if by so doing one might have such a ride!

Neighbors and friends stood around weeping and lamenting our departure. My mother, with streaming eyes, assured them that our sojourn in the 'strange country' would be short, and that by Allah's¹ will our return to our kindred was assured. Presently our neighbor's wife, casting a bewildered look skyward above the oak trees, crossed herself and in solemn accents said, 'God cast thee off, you evil presence! Off at the beginning of this momentous day!' She spat in the direction of the evil object; so did all those present, making the sign of the cross. It was a crow! The black navigator of the air was very gay on that spring morning, regardless of all solemn abjuration and vigorous spitting. But he was, nevertheless, a decidedly evil omen at the beginning of a journey.

¹ Allah, the familiar designation for the Deity in the Arabic language, is used by Christians as well as by Mohammedans. — THE AUTHOR.

This had been proved a thousand times. Presently one of the men said, 'I see another!' 'Kheir, kheir!' (good, good!) exclaimed the others. The crows, when traveling in pairs, brought no evil on those who saw them. They neutralized each other.

During all that time, however, my eyes were fixed on the donkey. His charms were enough to neutralize the evil of a thousand and one crows. Every movement of his ears carved a line in my heart. Life certainly became worth the living when my cousin turned around and said, 'Abraham, come; come on the donkey's back.' I do not believe I weighed more than ten ounces when I was being transferred from the ground to the cushioned back of the donkey. I floated in the ether. Amidst sobs and tears and 'Ma'essalamy' (go in safety), 'Allah be with you,' 'May no evil touch you,' 'Send back good news with the muleteer,' and so forth, the muleteer, after invoking the Holy Name, called, 'Dah, dah!' The mules, tossing their heads in the air, proceeded on their way; so did my donkey, to whose back I was tied with a rope to keep me from falling when he went up and down hills.

Miles of pine trees stretched along our way. Rough, rocky roads followed the slopes of the hills, dipping into deep valleys and climbing again to high summits. The world appeared to me delightfully new and immeasurably large. We arrived at our destination about dusk. The rope with which I had been tied to the donkey's back had entered into such intimate relations with my legs that when I dismounted I found them utterly unavailable for use. I was carried into the house, most deservedly.

Betater was inhabited by Christians and Druses, who were in the majority and the ruling class, and some Mohammedans. The Christians repre-

sented the Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, and Maronite churches. As usual, they lived at war with one another and united as 'Christians' only when attacked by the Druses. The clannish feuds also existed within the various sects. We, however, were 'strangers,' and, having no clan of our own in the town, were immune from attacks by any and all of the clans because of our weakness. 'Thou shalt not oppress a stranger' is a command which is universally observed in Syria. However, we were free to side with our fellow Greek Orthodox, as they were expected to defend us. My father, however, would participate in no fight. But in Betater we had a clan of Druse Shiekhs who were the noblemen and rulers of the community. The common people 'belonged' to the Shiekhs. Each Shiekh was the 'lord protector' of a certain number of families. As in El-Shweir we had no aristocracy of any kind, it was very strange to me that our family should 'belong' to a superior personage.

My father was known in the community as the Master (builder). Our family was designated as the Master's family, and I was addressed as 'Abraham, the Master's son,' just as 'Joshua' had been known as 'the son of Nun.' We were often called 'shweiriah,' from our birthplace, and in accordance with the ancient Syrian custom, as, 'David, son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite.'

The Shiekhs were to me a new human species. Their costly garments of choice Oriental fabrics, their richly inlaid swords and thoroughbred Arabian horses, were the visions of a new world for me.

I was carefully taught the etiquette of life among such dignitaries. When saluting a Shiekh I was to kiss his hand and call him 'My Lord.' I was not to engage in conversation in the presence of a Shiekh without first

having his permission. Coming into an assembly where a Shiekh was, I could not sit down until he had commanded me to do so. To these and other social graces I applied myself diligently.

It was among those Shiekhs that I first heard men swear by their heads. Swearing by one's head is an ancient Oriental custom, peculiar to aristocrats and inappropriately imitated at times by the common people. It always betrays such arrogance and haughtiness as to show why Jesus said, 'Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.' There also I first arrived at the realization that the priest was holier than myself; the Shiekh nobler. Why? It was a holy mystery. The priest explained it to me a few times thus: The Gospel said, 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers — the powers that be are ordained of God.' So the priests and aristocrats were those 'higher powers.' The explanation always seemed to me to be simple, authoritative, and fully satisfactory.

In the absence of a foreign school in Betater I resumed my studies under the Maronite priest. Our own priest kept no school. But my mother disliked the Maronites very much. Her reason for this was that they did not baptize in the right way; that in making the sign of the cross they touched the left shoulder before the right, and were the slaves of the Pope of Rome who shaved all his face.¹ Therefore

¹ The reader must remember that the Maronite priests who are subject to Rome cut the hair of their heads but not their beards, but the Greek Orthodox pride themselves on the fact that, after consecration, their priests never shave or cut the hair of their heads, thus conforming strictly to the law of the 'Nazirite,' or as Scripture has it, 'separated unto God.' Thus when Hannah, the mother of Samuel, asked a 'man child' of the Lord she vowed, saying, 'Then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head.' 1 Sam. 1 : 11. See also Num. 6 : 5,

when, the second year after our arrival in Betater, an American mission school was opened in the town, I was immediately transferred to it.

Both Protestants and Maronites were in error, but the Protestants were better teachers. In this school I stayed two years. I read a large part of the Bible, advanced in arithmetic up to 'long division,' had a few lessons in geography, and was supposed to have become efficient enough to write a letter. This, however, I always dreaded when called upon to do it by my father. It was not the business part of the letter which I dreaded, because that was dictated to me; but I had to write the 'preface,' a chapter of fulsome salaams and laudatory phrases, extolling the recipient, without which a letter was little short of an insult. Again, I had to ascertain 'the day of the month' which, in the entire absence of calendars, was known only to a few select minds. When the question, 'How much of the month is it?' was put to me, my face reddened with incredible swiftness. And when I was ridiculed by the men present for my inexcusable ignorance, being a 'school-boy,' my mother would come to the rescue by telling those men that they themselves did not know how much of the month it was, and they were of much larger dimensions than I was. I was often sent to the priest to ask him what day of the month it was. He usually counted on his fingers from the last saint's day, according to the Eastern calendar, and I ran home with the information lest I should forget it on the way.

When I was nine years old, it happened one day that my teacher punished me rather severely. I grabbed my books and ran to where my father was working, crying bitterly. Of course I told my father that the teacher was absolutely merciless. He seemed very

much distressed and concluded that I had had enough schooling anyway, and that it was time that I exchanged books for tools and began learning my father's trade. It was so ordered, and at the age of nine I began my career as a stone-mason.

III

Let now the story of my industrial evolution bide its time. The story of my earliest religious faith and life should have precedence.

In the absence of anything to the contrary, I have a reason to assume that my first Christian ancestors were among the converts of Paul and Barnabas in the ancient see of Antioch, and that a Christian ancestry spanning nineteen centuries lies behind me. Within the fold of the ancient Greek Orthodox Church I first learned to lisp the names of God, Christ, the Church, and the Gospel. Mary, the 'Mother of God,' and a host of saints also claimed my affectionate reverence. I was taught by my parents, more by example than precept, and most conscientiously, to observe the ordinances of my church.

And here I wish to speak of the church of my fathers and my childhood and youth, not according to my present knowledge of it as a student of church history, but as I knew it as a common worshiper, and as it is known to the large majority of its adherents all over the world.

To go to mass and to believe that my church was the one and only true church were my first lessons in the faith. No pews are allowed in the Eastern churches. The people stand with folded arms during the entire service. Two small groups of readers or singers, one to the right, the other to the left of the altar, assist the priest at the mass. When at church I always stood by the reading desk, where I had

a good view of the priest. At one time I was accorded the honor of reading the Epistle, which preceded the reading of the Gospel at the mass. I could not have been much more than eight years old at the time. One of the good old men taught me for about two weeks how to intone the Apostolic lines. The Epistle was from St. Paul and began with the word, 'Brethren.' When the solemn moment arrived, I was beckoned to stand before the anastasis — a partition which screens the altar from the congregation — immediately in front of the Royal Gate, through which only the priest is permitted to pass. My normal consciousness lasted until I reached the appointed spot and uttered the word, 'Brethren.' Then all was darkness. I could hear a hollow, sepulchral voice issuing from somewhere. I woke up again by the reader's desk. My father reached down and kissed me. The singer put his hand on my head and whispered, 'Bright boy!' That restored my soul.

An event which occurred about this time and which burned itself deeply into my memory, was a fight which took place in the church during mass. It is the custom in the Greek Church for a layman to lead the congregation in the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. An elderly man of a certain clan had been in the habit of leading in the Lord's Prayer for years. Certain men of another clan thought that old Sallume had enjoyed that honor long enough and concluded to wrest it from him. On one Sunday morning, as Sallume began to repeat the Lord's Prayer, a man of the opposing clan began to repeat the same at the reading desk on the left.

Sallume was greatly exasperated. Addressing both the Almighty and his saucy opponent, Sallume's wrathful version of the Prayer was thus: 'Our

Father' — ('Hush up, you wretch') — 'Hallowed be' — ('It is my heritage from my fathers, you dog') — 'thy name.' ('I will tread on your neck. Curse your entire clan,' and so on). The other man was no milder in his devotional language, and they met in combat in front of the Royal Gate. The men of their respective clans rushed forward from all parts of the church, and the fight became general. It was at that point of the mass when the priest was repeating what are called 'the mystic words,' and, according to his holy orders, he could not look back upon the congregation, even though the church were deluged with blood. But soon after he was done with the mystic rite, he pulled off his sacred robes from him, grabbed a heavy staff¹ and cleared the church. The fighting continued outside the building until the Turkish soldiers arrived.

The feasts and festivals of the Greek church filled my boyish heart with delight, so spectacular and so full of mystery were they. The Syrian churches do not make much of Christmas because originally it was not an Oriental holiday. New Year's, or 'Good-Morning Day,' as the Syrians call it, was the day when we exchanged presents and indulged in much gayety. But what was of absorbing interest to me as a boy, aside from the few coppers and sugar-plums that I got for presents, was the offering I carried to the fountain, early on New Year's morning. My older sisters went with their jars to carry water for the household, and I went with them. We brought with us a few handfuls of wheat and cereals and cast them reverently into the water, saying 'Good-morning, fountain! Bless and increase our grain!'

¹ In the absence of seats in the Greek churches, long T-shaped staves are provided for elderly men, on which they lean forward during mass.

So did we ignorantly practice the modes of worship of our remote Oriental ancestors, who poured their gifts to Astarte into the streams of Syria ages before Christianity was born. And who are you, child of but yesterday, to say it was all empty superstition?

But what was all that compared to the feast of Epiphany, which we celebrated in commemoration of the baptism of Jesus in the river Jordan, twelve days after Christmas? It is known to the people as *El-Gitas* — dipping in water. I was taught to believe, and most joyously did believe, that the rivers and fountains of the entire world became suddenly holy about sunset on the eve of Epiphany. Wild beasts left not their dens the entire night, and were all rendered harmless as doves, because the Christ was on his way to the Jordan. The trees 'knelt' before the passing Saviour, with the exception of the mulberry and the fig, which saucily remained standing. It was explained to me in this connection that the mulberry tree was too proud to kneel because it produced silk, and the fig tree had a grudge against the Master because he once cursed it. And how I would go out on that blessed night and peer into the darkness to see a 'kneeling' tree! But I was always told that only a saint could see such things.

'Baptizing' the sacred yeast was a delight to me. At every baking the Syrian housewife saves out a small lump of dough for a 'leaven' for the next baking. But at the last baking before Epiphany no leaven is saved. A new leaven, miraculously raised at this time, provided the yeast for the coming year. My mother would mix a small quantity of dough, just in cold water, and no yeast whatever, tie it up in a piece of white cloth and give it to me to hang up in a tree that 'knelt.' For three mornings I carried

the yeast to the fountain, immersed it three times, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, repeating the chant of my church: —

'By Thy baptism, O Lord, in the river Jordan was made clear the adoration of the Holy Trinity. The voice of the Father witnessed to Thee, calling Thee the beloved Son. And the Spirit in the form of a dove also witnessed to Thee. O Thou who hast appeared and enlightened the world, Thou Christ-God, glory be to Thee!'

The yeast hung in the tree for three days, then was taken into the house, and behold a miracle! The dough was raised without yeast! Did not my remote un-Christian ancestors so manifest their devotion when their sacred trees hung with votive gifts?

The Easter festival stands greatest among the festivals of the Greek church. Our priest often said that the picture of the Virgin looked very sad on Good Friday and smiled on Easter. On Good Friday I flew over the hills to gather wild flowers with which the cross was covered in a little coffin, in commemoration of the burial of Jesus. Soon after midnight, on Saturday, the church-bell pealed the glorious message of the Resurrection. I woke with the words, 'Christ is risen!' on my lips. 'Indeed he is risen!' was the answer. I kissed my parents' hands, and we all proceeded to the church to enjoy the glorious Easter ritual.

The supreme moment for me during the Easter mass came when Satan was vanquished by Christ. The entire congregation, following the priest, marched three times around the church, each carrying a lighted taper. Then all marched out of the church, only one man, who represented Satan, remaining inside. He closed the church door and stood close behind it, to prevent the risen Lord from entering into heaven.

The priest who represented Christ approached the door with the multitude behind him and in a most solemn voice chanted the words of the psalmist: 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!' The man inside said in a sneering tone, 'Who is this King of Glory?' 'The Lord of Hosts,' said the priest, 'he is the King of Glory!' Thrice was the chant repeated; then the hindering Satan, vanquished, barked like a dog, and the priest forced the door open and marched in with the multitude, chanting, 'Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered!'

In those days my mother church was all-sufficient for me. The so-called 'period of storm and stress' in religion is unknown to sacramental worship. I was born into my faith; and my faith was ready-made for me. The confessional, fasts, and sacraments of the church met my every need. Reasoning about religion was never known to my forefathers, and I was not supposed to go so far as to indulge in it. But I did, and that early in my youth. Early in my youth I felt the inward urgency to reason, not only *within* the tenets of my faith, but *about* and *beyond* them. But the atmosphere of my early life was not favorable to such modes of thinking. Therefore, my battling with the issues of religion had to be postponed to a later time.

IV

When I was taken out of school, at the age of nine, and put to work with my father, he was at the height of his prosperity. He employed from thirty to fifty men, and was sought from far and near as a builder. The men under his control were classified on religious lines, following the Syrian custom from time immemorial. They numbered so

many Druses, so many Greek Orthodox, so many Maronites, and so forth. The common laborer received five piastres (20 cents) a day, and the master mason from twelve to fifteen piastres. My social environment as an industrial worker afforded no strong incentives to progress. From the days of the Pyramids and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to this day no spark has ever disturbed the clod of the laboring masses of the East. Their lot gave no play to the imagination. They knew no common interest, no collective action, no citizenship, no political rights. Their day's work began at dawn and ended at dusk. The moral atmosphere I breathed among those men did not really blossom with lofty ideals. Owing to the complete segregation of the sexes in the Orient and the absence of education, male society is by no means 'holy in all manner of conversation.'

Of the hardships of my environment I also had my full share as a boy. The entire lack of machinery doubled the hardships of our work. The long hours of labor and the bad sanitation were a constant menace to both the soul and the body. When our work took us away from our home town, we generally traveled by night, 'to save time' and to escape the heat of the day. Sometimes we would travel all night, afoot, carrying our tools and other belongings on our backs. As the Master's son I was often relieved of carrying tools by the men, but it was hard enough for a tender youth to undergo even the ordinary hardships of such a life.

V

But my industrial career had a brighter side. As the Master's son I enjoyed privileges which seldom fall to an apprentice. I was second in command over the men, after my father, and for that reason they accorded me

the respect which my years did not really merit. The master masons under my father gave me every advantage to learn the trade. At the early age of fourteen I was allowed to 'mount the wall,'—to do actual building,—and, at the age of sixteen, I was classed and paid wages as a 'master.' I was very thorough, very conscientious in my work, and was, therefore, in great demand. My father was very much pleased with my progress and had no doubt but that I would continue the traditions of the family as a stone-mason. But the mysteries of life are so deep and so numerous that, even in a static society such as that into which I was born, no one could tell which direction the current of destiny might take.

Already at the age of fourteen I had become mysteriously discontented with my lot. I had begun to dream, in a very vague way, to be sure, of better things. I distinctly remember that the thought of being a stone-mason all my life, oppressed me at that early age. 'Am I to be only a toiler all my life?' was a question which often pressed in my mind for an answer. Life under such conditions seemed to me to possess no permanent significance. My restlessness greatly disturbed my father. To him it was the result of pride and vanity, and nothing else.

It was about this time, I believe, that I first heard of America. The news of that remote and strange country came to me simply as a bit of indifferent knowledge. Some Syrians had gone to America and returned with much money. Money in America was of very little value. But the country was so far away, so difficult of access, that those who reached it must have done so by accident. The American missionaries were known to us as English.

But at the age of fourteen something of much greater significance came into

my life. I made the acquaintance of a boy of about my age who was attending an American boarding-school, about ten miles away from our town. Iskander was the only boy of our town who had ever been sent to such a school, and was therefore very conspicuous in the community for his dignity and 'learning.'

How I became acquainted with Iskander and how he allowed himself to become the most intimate friend of such a boy as I was, I cannot tell. It was simply destiny. Iskander was a fine penman. He knew much poetry, arithmetic, geography, and English, many things about the Bible, and many other mysteries. He knew a great deal about America, and much about other countries. When he came home for his summer vacation of three months, we practically lived together. Iskander would read poetry to me and teach me words in the classical Arabic. Our conversations covered every phase of thought in which he was interested, and brought me treasures of knowledge. Not infrequently we would stay up the whole night, engaged in such conversations. Here certainly a revolution came into my life. I loved knowledge and craved more of its higher pleasures. Of a truth, as it seemed to me, I was never made to be an ignorant toiler. I was an idealist. But such a life as that of my friend Iskander seemed far beyond me. I never could hope to become so learned as he, and never had the remotest idea of going to school.

My father was glad that the 'learned' Iskander was my friend, but he had no patience with 'the frills of poetry' for a stone-mason. 'There is no bread in the foolishness of poetry; tools, tools only can feed our hunger,' was one of his answers to my pretentious remarks. My good father was right, inasmuch as he knew only of

one hunger to feed. At the age of sixteen I became decidedly averse to working at the mason's trade. My discontent began to beget wickedness in my mind. In the absence of my friend Iskander, at school, I fell into the company of certain idlers who were no more or less than highway robbers. The stories of their adventures greatly fascinated me, and I was in great danger of taking the wrong course in life. My parents were greatly alarmed at this, and strained every effort to ease my difficulties and lead me in the way in which I should go. But the pitiable fact was that neither they nor I had any definite object in view. It was discontent on my part and anxiety on their part, and little or nothing else.

One day one of the wise men of the town, who knew of our predicament, said to my father, 'Your son is the intimate friend of the "school-boy" Iskander, and I feel certain that if you offered to send your son to the same school which his friend attends, he would go. Try it.' My father came home, and, in a half-hearted manner, made the suggestion, and, for the moment, we all laughed. School? For me? My mother, who was somewhat more in sympathy with my aspirations, spoke more seriously of the proposition, and I became interested in it. The moment was of supreme importance. It was one of those moments in which there is much more of God than in the ordinary particles of time. It was the gate-way of my destiny, and, most unexpectedly to my parents as to myself, I faced my father and said, 'I will go to school.'

My decision brought great relief to the whole family, and we all concluded that it was God's will. But when some of our fellow Greek Orthodox heard of it they urged my father to send me to the clerical school of our bishop and

have me fitted for the priesthood, instead of sending me to the heretical Protestant school. That suggestion, of course, proved much more agreeable to my parents. A representative of the bishop resided in the same town, Suk-el-Gharb, in which the American school was situated, and, since it was necessary for us to go to Suk-el-Gharb early in the summer and make arrangements for my entering one of the two schools, my father decided that we should interview the representative of the bishop; which we did. My father was very favorably impressed by what he told us about the school. The 'holiness of the priestly office' and the spiritual security and certainty of salvation which 'the Holy Church of our Fathers' insured to us weighed very greatly with my father, but not so greatly with me. My friend Iskander was a Protestant, and I could not think that he would be damned for it. Besides, he knew a great deal more than our parish priest did. Of course, I had no thought of becoming a Protestant myself, but I craved more learning than the clerical school of our bishop could give.

Upon leaving the representative of the bishop, I decided that I would not go to the clerical school. Its twenty students looked to me 'as tame as girls' — Syrian girls. We proceeded to the home of the American missionary, discussed the matter with him, and, finding that I would be accepted as a student if I came in the autumn, I decided to enter the American school.

When it became known in Betater that I was to forsake my father's trade and become a 'scholar,' the news created a sensation among all classes. It was the 'talk of the town' for several days. 'Just think of it, Abraham, the Master's son, is going to school, at the advanced age of seventeen!'

(To be continued.)

NAIVE PSYCHOLOGY

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

I

THE scientific psychologists started on a new road yesterday. For a long time their chief interest was to study the laws of the mind. The final goal was a textbook which would contain a system of laws to which every human mind is subjected. But in recent times a change has set in. The trend of much of the best work nowadays is toward the study of individual differences.

The insight into individual personalities was indeed curiously neglected in modern psychology. This does not mean that the declaration of psychological independence insisted that all men are born equal, nor did any psychologist fancy that education or social surroundings could form all men in equal moulds. But as scientists they felt no particular interest in the richness of colors and tints. They intentionally neglected the question how men differ, because they were absorbed by the study of the underlying laws which must hold for every one.

It is hardly surprising that the psychologists chose this somewhat barren way: it was a kind of reaction against the fantastic flights of the psychology of olden times. Speculations about the soul had served for centuries. Metaphysics had reigned, and the observation of the real facts of life and experience had been disregarded. When the new time came, in which the psychologists were fascinated by the spirit of scientific method and exact study of

actual facts, the safest way was for them to imitate the well-tested and triumphant procedures of natural science. The physicist and the chemist seek the laws of the physical universe, and the psychologist tried to act like them, to study the elements of which the psychical universe is composed and to find the laws which control them.

But while it was wise to make the first forward march in this one direction, the psychologist finally had to acknowledge that a no less important interest must push him on an opposite way. The human mind is not important to us only as a type. Every practical aim reminds us that we must understand the individual personality. If we deal with children in the classroom or with criminals in the courtroom, with customers in the market or with patients in the hospital, we need not only to know what is true of every human being; we must above all discover how the particular individual is disposed and composed, or what is characteristic of special groups, nations, races, sexes, and ages. It is clear that new methods were needed to approach these younger problems of scientific psychology, but the scientists have eagerly turned with concerted efforts toward this unexplored region and have devoted the methods of test experiments, of statistics, and of laboratory measurements to the examination of such differences between various individuals and groups.

But in all these new efforts the psychologist meets a certain public re-

sistance, or at least a certain disregard, which he is not accustomed to find in his routine endeavors. As long as he was simply studying the laws of the mind, he enjoyed the approval of the wider public. His work was appreciated, as is that of the biologist and the chemist. But when it became his aim to discover mental features of the individual and to foresee what he can expect from the particular groups of men, every layman told him condescendingly that it was a superfluous task, as instinct and intuition and the naïve psychology of the street would be more successful than any measurements with chronoscopes and kymographs. Do we not know how the skillful politician or the efficient manager looks through the mind of a man at the first glance? The life-insurance agent has hardly entered the door before he knows how this particular mind must be handled. Every commercial traveler knows more than any psychologist can tell him, and even the waiter in the restaurant foresees when the guest sits down how large a tip he can expect from him.

In itself it would hardly be convincing to claim that scientific efforts to bring a process down to exact principles are unnecessary because the process can be performed by instinct. We all can walk without needing a knowledge of the muscles which are used, and can find nourishment without knowing the physiology of nutrition. Yet the physiologist has not only brought to light the principles according to which we actually eat, but he has been able to make significant suggestions for improved diet, and in not a few cases his knowledge can render services which no instinctive appetite could replace. The psychological study of human traits, too, may not only find out the principles underlying the ordinary knowledge of men, but

may discover means for an insight which goes as far beyond the instinctive understanding of man, as the scientific diet prescribed by a physician goes beyond the fancies of a cook. The manager may believe that he can recognize at the first glance for which kind of work the laborer is fit; and yet psychological analysis by the methods of exact experiments may easily demonstrate that his judgment is entirely mistaken. Moreover, although such practical psychologists of the street or of the office may develop a certain art of recognizing particular features in the individual, they cannot formulate the laws and cannot lay down those permanent relations from which others may learn.

Yet even this claim of the psychological scholar seems idle pride. Had the world really to wait for his exact statistics and his formulæ of the correlation of mental traits in order to get general statements and definite descriptions of the human types and of the mental diversities? Are not the writings of the wise men of all times full of such psychological observations? Has not the consciousness of the nations expressed itself in an abundance of sayings and songs, of proverbs and philosophic words, which contain this naïve psychological insight into the characters and temperaments of the human mind? We may go back thousands of years to the contemplation of Oriental wisdom; we may read the poets of classic antiquity, or Shakespeare, or Goethe; we may study what the great religious leaders and statesmen, the historians and the jurists, have said about man and his behavior; and we find a superabundance of wonderful sayings with which no textbooks of psychology can be compared.

This is all true. And yet, is it not perhaps all entirely false? Can this naïve psychology of the ages, to which

the impressionism and the wisdom of the finest minds have so amply contributed, really make superfluous the scientific efforts for the psychology of groups and correlations and individual traits? It seems almost surprising that this overwhelmingly rich harvest of pre-scientific psychology has never been examined from the standpoint of scientific psychology, and that no one has sifted the wheat from the chaff. The very best would be not only to gather such material but to combine the sayings of the naïve psychologists in a rounded system of psychology. In all ages they surely must have been among the best observers of mankind, as even what is not connected with the name of an individual author, but is found in proverbs or in the folk-epics of the nations, must have originated in the minds of individual leaders. My aim here is more modest; I have made my little pilgrimage through literature to find out in a tentative fashion whether the supply of psychology, outside of science, is really so rich and valuable as is usually believed. What I wish to offer, therefore, is only a first collection of psychological statements, which the pre-scientific psychologists have proclaimed, such as they surely will go on proclaiming and ought to go on proclaiming, — as they do it so beautifully, — where we scientists have nothing but tiresome formulæ.

II

Let us begin at the beginning. There has never been a nation whose contemplation was richer in wisdom, whose view of man was subtler and more suggestive, than old India. The sayings of its philosophers and poets and thinkers have often been gathered in large volumes of aphorisms. How many of these fine-cut remarks about man contain real psychology?

The largest collection which I could discover is that of Boehtlinck, who translated seventy-five hundred Indian sayings into German. Not a few of them refer to things of the outer world, but by far the greater number of them speak of man and of man's feeling and doing. But here in India came my first disappointment, a disappointment which repeated itself in every corner of the globe. After carefully going through those thousands of general remarks, I could not find more than a hundred and nine in which the observation took a psychological turn. All those other thousands of reflections on men were either metaphors and comparisons of distinctly æsthetic intent, or rules of practical behavior, with a social or moral or religious purpose. Yet even if we turn to this one and a half per cent which have a psychological flavor, we soon discover that among those hundred and nine, more than half are simply definitions of the type of this: 'Foolish are they who trust women or good luck, as both like a young serpent creep hither and thither'; or this, 'Men, who are rich are like those who are drunk; in walking they are helped by others, they stagger on smooth roads and talk confusedly.' It cannot be said that any psychological observations of the fool's or of the rich man's mind are recorded here.

If I sift these maxims more carefully, I cannot find more than two score which, stripped of their picturesque phrasing, could really enter into that world-system of naïve psychology. And yet even this figure is still too high. Of these forty, most are after all epigrams, generalizations of some chance cases, exaggerations of a bit of truth, or expressions of a mood of anger, of love, of class spirit, or of male haughtiness. The analysis of woman's mind is typical. 'Inclination to

lies, falsehood, foolishness, greediness, hastiness, uncleanness, and cruelty, are inborn faults of the woman'; or, 'Water never remains in an unbaked vessel, flour in a sieve, or news in the mind of women'; or, 'The mind of a woman is less stable than the ear of an elephant or the flash of lightning.' On the other hand we read, 'True women have twice as much love, four times as much endurance, and eight times as much modesty as men'; or, 'The appetite of women is twice as large, their understanding four times as large, their spirit of enterprise six times as large, and their longing for love eight times as large, as that of men.' Again we read, 'The character of women is as changeable as a wave of the sea, their affection, like the rosy tint of a cloud in the evening sky, lasts just for a moment'; or, 'When women have a man's money, they let him go, as he is no longer of any use to them.' The same one-sidedness and epigrammatic exaggeration can always be felt where whole groups are to be characterized. 'The faults of the dwarf are sixty, of the red-haired man eighty, of the humpback a hundred, and of the one-eyed man innumerable.'

But let us rather turn to certain sayings in which the subtlety of psychological observation deserves admiration. 'The drunkard, the careless, the insane, the fatigued, the angry, the hungry, the greedy, the timid, the hasty, and the lover, know no law.' 'If a man commit a crime, his voice and the color of his face become changed, his look becomes furtive, and the fire is gone from his eye.' 'The best remedy for a pain is no longer to think of it; if you think of it, the pain will increase.' 'A greedy man can be won by money, an angry man by folding the hands, a fool by doing his will, and an educated man by speaking the truth.' 'The wise man can recognize the inner thoughts of

another from the color of his face, from his look, from the sound of his words, from his walk, from the reflections in his eyes, and from the form of his mouth.' 'The good and bad thoughts, however much they are hidden, can be discovered from a man, when he talks in his sleep or in his drunkenness.' 'The ignorant can be satisfied easily, and still more easily the well educated, but a man who has become confused by a little knowledge cannot be won over even by Brahma.'

'Good people are pacified by fair treatment, even if they have been very angry, but not common people; gold, though it is hard, can be melted, but not grass.' 'By too great familiarity we produce low esteem, by too frequent visits, indifference: in the Malayan mountains a beggar woman uses the sandalwood tree for firewood.' 'The silly man steps in without being invited, talks much without being questioned, and trusts him who does not deserve confidence.' 'New knowledge does not last in the mind of the uneducated any more than a string of pearls about the neck of a monkey.' 'The inner power of great men becomes more evident in their misfortune than in their fortune; the fine perfume of aloes wood is strongest when it falls into the fire.' 'The anger of the best man lasts an instant, of the mediocre man six hours, of the common man a day and a night, and the rascal will never get rid of it.' 'The scholar laughs with his eyes, mediocre people show their teeth when they laugh, common people roar, and true men of wisdom never laugh.' 'Truthfulness and cleverness can be found out in the course of a conversation, but modesty and restraint are visible at the first glance.' 'Grief destroys wisdom, grief destroys scholarship, grief destroys endurance; there is no perturbation of the mind like grief.'

Often we hardly know whether a psychological observation or a metaphor is given to us. In any case we may appreciate the fineness of a saying like this: 'Even as a most translucent, beautiful, perfectly round and charming pearl can be strung on a thread as soon as it has been pierced; so a mind which longs for salvation, perfectly pure, free from quarrel with any one and full of goodness, will nevertheless be bound down to the earthly life as soon as it quarrels with itself.' On the borderland of psychology, we may find sayings like these: 'As a tailor's needle fastens the thread in the garment, so the thread of our earthly life becomes fastened by the needle of our desires.' 'An elephant kills us, if he touches us, a snake even if he smells us, a prince even if he smiles on us, and a scoundrel even if he adores us.' But there is one saying which the most modern psychologist would accept, as it might just as well be a quotation from a report of the latest exact statistics. The Indian maxim says, 'There is truth in the claim that the minds of the sons resemble more the minds of the fathers, those of the daughters most those of the mothers.'

III

We may leave the banks of the Ganges and listen to the wisdom of Europe. Antiquity readily trusted the wonderful knowledge of men which Homer displays. He has instinctively delineated the characters with the inner truth of life. How far was this art of the creative poet accompanied by the power of psychological abstraction? I do not think that we can find in the forty-eight books of Homer even a dozen contributions to our unwritten system of the naïve psychology of the nations. To be sure we ought not to omit in such a system the fol-

lowing reflections from the *Odyssey*. 'Wine leads to folly, making even the wise to love immoderately, to dance, and to utter what had better have been kept silent'; or, 'Too much rest itself becomes a pain'; or still better, 'The steel blade itself often incites to deeds of violence.' We may have more doubt whether it is psychologically true, when we read, 'Few sons are equal to their sires, most of them are less worthy, only a few are superior to their fathers'; or, 'Though thou lovest thy wife, tell not everything which thou knowest to her, but unfold some trifle, while thou concealest the rest.'

From the *Iliad* we may quote: 'Thou knowest the over-eager vehemence of youth, quick in temper but weak in judgment'; or, 'Noblest minds are easiest bent'; or, 'With everything man is satiated, sleep, sweet singing, and the joyous dance; of all these man gets sooner tired than of war.' Some may even doubt whether Homer's psychology is right when he claims, 'Even though a man by himself may discover the best course, yet his judgment is slower and his resolution less firm than when two go together.' And in the alcohol question he leaves us a choice: 'Wine gives much strength to wearied men'; or, if we prefer, 'Bring me no luscious wines, lest they unnerve my limbs and make me lose my wonted powers and strength.'

It is not surprising that the theoretical psychology of the Bible is no less meagre. Almost every word which deals with man's mind reflects the moral and religious values, and is thus removed from pure psychology into ethics. Or we find comparisons which suggestively illuminate the working of the mind without amplifying our psychological understanding. We approach empirical psychology most nearly in verses like these: 'Foolishness is bound in the heart of the child, but

the word of correction should drive it far from him'; or, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much'; or, 'Stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant'; or, 'The full soul loatheth an honeycomb, but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet'; or, 'For if any man be a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like a man beholding his natural face in a glass, for he beholdeth himself and goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was'; or, 'Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.' But here we have almost overstepped the limits of real psychology; we are moving toward ethics. Nor can we call metaphors like this, psychology: 'He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls.'

Let us turn for a moment to the greatest knower of men in mediæval days, to Dante. How deeply his poetic eye looked into the hearts of men, how living are the characters in his *Divine Comedy*; and yet he left us hardly any psychological observations. Some psychology may be acknowledged in words like these: 'The man in whose bosom thought on thought awakes is always disappointed in his object, for the strength of the one weakens the other.' 'When we are wholly absorbed by feelings of delight or of grief, our soul yields itself to this one object, and we are no longer able to direct our thoughts elsewhere.' 'There is no greater grief than to remember our happy time in misery.' It is hardly psychology if we hear, 'The bad workman finds fault with his tools'; or, 'Likeness ever gives birth to love'; or, 'The wisest are the most annoyed to lose time.'

From Dante we naturally turn to

Shakespeare. We have so often heard that he is the greatest psychologist, and yet we ought not to forget that such a popular classification does not in itself really mean that Shakespeare undertakes the work of the psychologist. It does mean that he creates figures with the temperament, character, thought, and will so similar to life, and so full of inner mental truth, that the psychologist might take the persons of the poet's imagination as material for his psychological studies. But this by no means suggests that Shakespeare phrased abstract judgments about mental life; and as we seek his wisdom in his dramatic plays, it may be taken for granted that, in this technical sense, he must be a poor psychologist, because he is a great dramatist. Does not the drama demand that every word spoken be spoken not from the author's standpoint, but from the particular angle of the person in the play? And this means that every word is embedded in the individual mood and emotion, thought and sentiment, of the speaker. A truly psychological statement must be general, and cannot be one thing for Hamlet and another for Ophelia. The dramatist's psychological sayings serve his art, unfolding before us the psychological individuality of the speaker, but they do not contribute to the textbooks of psychology, which should be independent of personal standpoints. And yet what a stream of verses flows down to us, which have the movement of true psychology!

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such sharp fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Never anger made good guard for itself.

Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Strong reasons make strong actions.

The whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs.

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius; he reads much;
He is a great observer.

And so on. We all know it, and we know it so well and feel so much with Cæsar or with Lear or with Othello or with Macbeth, that we instinctively take it all for true psychology, while it after all covers just the exceptional cases of the dramatic situation.

No! If we are to seek real generalities, we must not consult the playwright. Perhaps we may find the best conditions for general statement where we do not even have to deal with an individual, but can listen to the mind of the race and can absorb its wisdom from its proverbs. Let us take the word proverb in its widest sense, including popular sayings which have not really the stamp of the proverb. There is surely no lack of sharply

coined psychology. This is true of all countries. I find the harvest richest in the German field, but almost as many proverbs in the field of the English; and a large number of sayings are common to the two countries. Very characteristic psychological remarks can be found among the Russian proverbs, and not a few among those in Yiddish. But this type of psychology is sufficiently characterized, if we confine ourselves here to the English proverbial phrases. Often they need a commentary in order to be understood in their psychological truth. We hear in almost all countries, 'Children and fools speak the truth.' As a matter of fact, we all know that their chance of speaking the objective truth is very small. What is psychologically tenable is only that they are unable to hide the subjective truth. Many such phrases are simply epigrams where the pleasure in the play of words must be a substitute for the psychological truth,—for instance, 'Long hair and short wit.'

Not a few contradict one another, and yet there is not a little wisdom in sayings like these: 'Beware of a silent dog and still water.' 'Misery loves company.' 'Hasty love is soon hot and soon cold.' 'Dogs that put up many hares kill none.' 'He that will steal an egg, will steal an ox.' 'Idle folks have the least leisure.' 'Maids say no and take.' 'A boaster and a liar are cousins german.' 'A young twig is easier twisted than an old tree.' 'Imitation is the sincerest flattery.' 'Pride joined with many virtues chokes them all.' 'Offenders never pardon.' 'The more wit the less courage.' 'We are more mindful of injuries than of benefits.' 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' 'An idle brain is the devil's workshop.' 'Anger and haste hinder good counsel.' 'Wise men change their minds, fools never.' 'Sudden joy kills sooner than excessive grief.' 'Lazy folks

take the most pains.' 'Nature passes nurture.' 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' 'We are apt to believe what we wish for.' 'Where your will is ready, your foot is light.'

All these proverbs and the maxims of other nations may be true, but can we deny that they are on the whole so trivial that a psychologist would rather hesitate to proclaim them as parts of his scientific results? So far as they are true, they are vague and hardly worth mentioning; and where they are definite and remarkable, they are hardly true. We shall, after all, have to consult the individual authors to gather the subtler observations on man's behavior, even though they furnish only semi-naïve psychology. But the English contributions are so familiar to every reader that it may be more interesting to listen to foreigners.

Every nation has its thinkers who have the reputation of being especially fine knowers of men. The French turn most readily to La Rochefoucauld, and the Germans to Lichtenberg. Certainly a word of La Rochefoucauld beside the psychologizing proverb looks like the scintillating, well-cut diamond beside a moonstone. 'We imitate good actions through emulation, and bad ones through a malignity in our nature which shame concealed and example sets at liberty.' 'It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those that follow.' 'While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, it is more susceptible to a new one than when entirely at rest.' 'Women in love more easily forgive great indiscretions than small infidelities.' 'The reason we are not often wholly possessed by a single vice is that we are distracted by several.' But is this not ultimately some degrees too witty to be true, and has our system of pre-scientific psychology the right to open the door to such glittering epigrams,

uttered simply to tickle or to whip the vanity of man?

Or what psychologist would believe Lichtenberg when he claims that, 'All men are equal in their mental aptitudes, and only their surroundings are responsible for their differences'? He observes better when he says, 'An insolent man can look modest when he will, but a modest man can never make himself look insolent'; or when he remarks, 'Nothing makes a man old more quickly than the thought that he is growing older'; or, 'Men do not think so differently about life as they talk about it'; or, 'I have always found that intense ambition and suspicion go together'; or, 'I am convinced that we not only love ourselves in loving others, but that we also hate ourselves in hating others.' Often his captivating psychological words are spoiled by an ethical trend. For instance, he has hardly the right to say, 'In the character of every man is something which cannot be broken: it is the skeleton of his character.' But he balances such psychological rashness by fine observations like these: 'The character of a man can be recognized by nothing more surely than by the joke he takes amiss'; and, 'I believe that we get pale from fright also in darkness, but I do not think that we would turn red from shame in the dark, because we are pale on our own account, but we blush on account of others as well as on account of ourselves.' And we are in the midst of the up-to-date psychology when we read what he said a hundred years ago: 'From the dreams of a man, if he report them accurately enough, we might trace much of his character, but one single dream is not sufficient; we must have a large number for that.'

I add a few characteristic words of distinctly psychological temper from the great non-psychological authors of modern times.

Lessing says, 'The superstition in which we have grown up does not lose its power over us when we see through it; not all who laugh about their chains are free'; or, again, 'We are soon indifferent to the good and even to the best, when it becomes regular.' 'The genius loves simplicity, while the wit prefers complexity.' 'The characteristic of a great man is that he treats the small things as small and the important things as important.' 'Whoever loses his mind from love would have lost it sooner or later in any case.' But on the whole Lessing was too much of a fighter to be truly an objective psychologist.

We may put more confidence in Goethe's psychology. 'Where the interest fades away, the memory soon fails, too.' 'The history of man is his character.' 'From nature we have no fault which may not become a virtue, and no virtue which may not become a fault.' 'A quiet, serious woman feels uncomfortable with a jolly man, but not a serious man with a jolly woman.' 'Whatever we feel too intensely, we cannot feel very long.' 'It is easy to be obedient to a master who convinces when he commands.' 'Nobody can wander beneath palms without punishment; all the sentiments must change in a land where elephants and tigers are at home.' 'A man does not become really happy until his absolute longing has determined its own limits.' 'Hate is an active displeasure, envy a passive one, and it is therefore not surprising that envy so easily turns into hate.' 'No one can produce anything important, unless he isolates himself.' 'However we may strive for the general, we always remain individuals whose nature necessarily excludes certain characteristics, while it possesses certain others.' 'The only help against the great merits of another is love.' 'Man longs for freedom, woman for

tradition.' 'A talent forms itself in solitude, a character in the stream of the world.' 'The miracle is the dearest child of belief.' 'It is not difficult to be brilliant, if one has no respect for anything.'

Whoever falls into the habit of looking for psychologizing maxims in his daily reading will easily bring home something which he picks up in strolling through the gardens of literature. Only we must always be on our guard lest the beautifully colored and fragrant flowers that we pluck are poisonous. Is it really good psychology when Vauvenargues writes, 'All men are born sincere and die impostors'? or when Brillat-Savarin insists: 'Tell me what you eat and I shall tell you who you are'? Or can we really trust Mirabeau: 'Kill your conscience, as it is the most savage enemy of every one who wants success'? or Klopstock: 'Happiness is only in the mind of one who neither fears nor hopes'? or Gellert: 'He who loves one vice, loves all the vices'? Can we believe Chamfort: 'Ambition more easily takes hold of small souls than great ones, just as a fire catches the straw roofs of the huts more easily than the palaces'? or Pascal: 'In a great soul, everything is great'? or the poet Bodenstedt when he sings: 'A gray eye is a sly eye, a brown eye is roguish and capricious, but a blue eye shows loyalty'? And too often we must be satisfied with opposites. Lessing tells us: 'All great men are modest'; Goethe, 'Only rascals are modest.' The psychology of modesty is probably more neatly expressed in the saying of Jean Paul: 'Modest is he who remains modest not when he is praised, but when he is blamed'; and Ebner-Eschenbach adds, 'Modesty which comes to consciousness, comes to an end.'

But in our system of naïve psychology, we ought not to omit such distinctly true remarks as Rabelais's much

quoted words: 'The appetite comes during the eating'; or Fox's words: 'Example will avail ten times more than precept'; or Moltke's: 'Uncertainty in commanding produces uncertainty in obedience'; or Luther's: 'Nothing is forgotten more slowly than an insult, and nothing more quickly than a benefaction.' It is Fichte who first said, 'Education is based on the self-activity of the mind.' Napoleon coins the good metaphor, 'A mind without memory is a fortress without garrison.' Buffon said what professional psychologists have repeated after him: 'Genius is nothing but an especial talent for patience.' Schumann claims that, 'The talent works, the genius creates.' We may quote from Jean Paul: 'Nobody in the world, not even women and princes, is so easily deceived as our own conscience'; or from Pascal: 'Habit is a second nature which destroys the original one.' Nietzsche says, 'Many do not find their heart, until they have lost their head'; Voltaire, 'The secret of *ennui* is to have said everything'; Jean Paul, 'Sorrows are like the clouds in a thunderstorm; they look black in the distance, but over us hardly gray.' Once more I quote Nietzsche: 'The same emotions are different in their rhythm for men and women; therefore men and women never cease to misunderstand each other.'

IV

This leads us to the one topic to which perhaps more naïve psychology has been devoted than to any other psychological problem, the mental difference between men and women. Volumes could be filled — and I think volumes have been filled — with quotations about this eternal source of happiness and grief. But if we look into those hundreds of thousands of crisp sayings and wise maxims, we

find in the material of modern times just what we recognized in the wisdom of India. Almost all is metaphor and comparison, or is practical advice and warning, or is enthusiastic praise, or is maliciousness; but among a hundred, hardly one contains psychology. And if we really bring together such psychologizing observations, we should hardly dare to acknowledge that they deserve that right of generality by merit of which they might be welcomed to our psychological system.

Bruyère insists: 'Women are extreme: they are better or worse than men'; and the same idea is formulated by Kotzebue: 'When women are good they stand between men and angels, when they are bad, they stand between men and devils.' Rousseau remarks, 'Woman has more *esprit* and man more genius; the woman observes, and the man reasons.' Jean Paul expresses the contrast in this way: 'No woman can love her child and the four quarters of the globe at the same time, but a man can do it.' Crabbe thinks: 'Man looks widely, woman deeply; for man the world is the heart, for woman the heart is the world.' Schiller declares, 'Women constantly return to their first word, even if reason has spoken for hours.' Karl Julius Weber, to whom German literature has to credit not a few psychological observations, says, 'Women are greater in misfortune than men, on account of the chief female virtue, patience; but they are smaller in good fortune than men, on account of the chief female fault, vanity.' Yet as to patience, a German writer of the seventeenth century, Christophe Lehmann, says, 'Obedience and patience do not like to grow in the garden of the women.'

But I am anxious to close with a more polite German observation. Seume holds: 'I cannot decide whether the women have as much reason as the

men, but I am perfectly sure that they have not so much unreason.' And yet, 'How hard it is for women to keep counsel,' and how many writers since Shakespeare have said this in their own words. The poets, to be sure, feel certain that in spite of all these inner contradictions, they know better than the psychologists, and where their knowledge falls short, they at least assure the psychologist that he could not do better. Paul Heyse in his booklet of epigrammatic stanzas writes a neat verse which, in clumsy prose, says, 'Whoever studies the secrets of the soul may bring to light many a hidden treasure, but which man fits which woman, no psychologist will ever discover.' To be sure, as excuse for his low opinion of us psychologists, it may be said that when he wrote it in Munich thirty years ago there was no psychological laboratory in the university of his jolly town and there were only two or three in the world. But to-day we have more than a hundred big laboratories in all countries, and even Munich has its share, so that Heyse may have improved on his opinion since then.

But in any case we psychologists do not take our revenge by thinking badly of the naïve psychology of the poets and of the man in the street. Yet we have seen that their so-called psychology is made up essentially of picturesque metaphors, or of moral advice, of love and malice, and that we have to sift big volumes before we strike a bit of psychological truth; even then, how often it has shown itself haphazard and accidental, vague and distorted!

The mathematical statistics of the professional students of the mind, and their test experiments in the laboratories, are certainly less picturesque, but they have the one advantage that the results are true. Mankind has no right to deceive itself with the half-true naïve psychology of the amateur, when our world is so full of social problems which will be solved only if the aptitudes and the workings of the mind are clearly recognized and traced. The naïve psychology is sometimes stimulating and usually delightful, but if reliable psychology is wanted, it seems after all that only one way is open — to consult the psychologists.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE GREEN TIE

BY LUCY PRATT

EZEKIEL, with Archelus on his right and Tiberius and William Henry on his left, stood outside the big Assembly Hall and watched a mysterious, swaying conclave of people pour in.

'It's de conf'e'nce,' he explained briefly. 'It's de conf'e'nce where's 'bout de culled people.'

'W'at yer mean, 'bout de culled people?' questioned Archelus irritably. 'W'at yer mean, it's de conf'e'nce, anyway?'

'W'y, it's where dey all *talks* 'bout 'em. Doan't yer know, it's where dey talks 'bout uplif'in' de culled people, 'n' 'bout how dey's gwine help

'em.' Ain't yer nuver hyeah 'bout it?'

'Shuh! Ain' dey talk 'bout nuth'n' 'cep' de culled people?' demanded Archelus with a certain fine scorn, unquestionably effective. 'Doan' look like it's sense ter talk 'bout 'em *all* time, is it?'

'I doan' know ef it's sense or not,' ruminated Ezekiel dryly, 'but it's de onlies' thing dey does, anyway.'

'Ain' dey say nuth'n' 'bout de w'ite people?' ventured Tiberius politely.

'W'y, no, dey ain' tekken no time fer de w'ite people. cuz ef dey given *all* dey time ter de culled people, w'y, co'se 't ain' *no time* lef' fer nuth'n' else, is dey?'

Archelus looked decidedly gloomy over the situation.

'Well, look ter me like dey oughter tekken *some* time fer 'em, anyway,' he muttered.

'Look so, too,' agreed Ezekiel broadly.

'I s'pose *somebody* tekken de time fer 'em, doan' dey?'

'I ain't r'ally sho' ef dey is or not. Trouble is, look like de w'ite people is all time thinkin' 'bout uplif'in' de culled people — 'n' de culled people —'

Archelus appeared to be waiting in something like suspense.

'Well, de culled people ain' thinkin' 'bout nuth'n'.'

All three listeners glanced about in brief concern.

'Cert'nly is true,' continued Ezekiel, 'sometime look like dey doan' do nuth'n' but trifle. W'y, yer ain' nuver seen 'em start no conf'e'nce ter talk 'bout uplif'in' de w'ite people or nuth'n' else, is yer?'

They all appeared to be searching their memories diligently.

'Well, I doan' reckon yer is, anyway. 'N' trouble is dey's ser *triflin'* dey doan' wanter was'e dey time on it.'

'T ain' right fer 'em ter be like

dat, anyway,' ventured Tiberius once more.

'No, 't ain' right fer 'em, 'n' co'se ef dey stop 'n' putten dey mines on it dey kin see 't ain' right. 'N' yit dey'll se' down on a cheer, 'n' 't ain' nary one uv 'em where's gwine was'e no time uplif'in' nuth'n'.'

Archelus hardly seemed to feel in sympathy with the subject from any standpoint.

'Well, ef yer *is* gotten de time fer it, w'at yer gwine do 'bout it, anyway?' he inquired somewhat testily.

'Well, I doan' know —' Ezekiel pondered. 'Co'se yer wanter think all time 'bout w'at yer *kin* do — 'n' mos' eve'y time yer see anybody comin' 'long, yer wanter stop 'n' putten yer mines on 'em, 'n' ef it's any way dey *is* need uplif'in', w'y, dey's mos' sho' ter show it right off.'

'W'at yer mean, dey's mos' sho' ter show it right off?' put in William Henry, who, up to this point, had been but a modest listener.

Ezekiel glanced out into the broad walk where two belated persons approached the conference hall with rapid steps.

'Well, jes' looker de gen'leman wid de green tie, where's comin' 'long wid de lady right now,' he suggested easily. He gave a second glance at the door leading into the hall. 'Ef dey eider one uv 'em needs uplif'in', w'y, dey's mos' sho' ter show it 'fo' dey gits ter dat do' yonder.'

Every eye fixed itself conscientiously on the two in question, and the pair came bravely on, quite unconscious of the ordeal to be passed or the judgment to be meted out.

'We're late, you see,' began the man irritably, 'it's ridiculous to go in at this hour.'

The little woman at his side hurried on with an anxious face.

'I'm afraid so,' she agreed timidly,

'but I had to get the things into the suit-case. We shan't have much more than time to get the boat, as it is.'

The man pulled out his watch.

'Half-past three,' he mumbled. 'I'm supposed to address this meeting.'

'It's too bad,' apologized the other, her nervous glance hovering uneasily on his face, 'but you weren't waiting for me, were you? You did n't seem to have finished dinner.'

'Please don't talk to me, Harriet!' snapped the man, the ugly line between his eyes deepening visibly; 'I've got enough on my mind, without listening to you.'

The other murmured something indistinctly, and they both walked up the steps and into the hall of the conference.

The corps of judges glanced briefly at each other for a moment, without comment. Then Archelus disburdened himself briefly.

'Shuh! Dat ain' no way ter speak.'

'Look like he ain' spoke ve'y nice to 'er, anyway,' agreed Tiberius unservedly.

'Ain' I tole yer so?' broke out Ezekiel, conscious of a certain triumph, perhaps difficult to define. 'I reckon fum de way he spoke she's de lady wherè's ma'ied to 'im,' he added philosophically.

They strolled in silence across the grass and stopped again under one of the big wings of the same far-reaching building.

'Yer kin see fer yerselfs he ain' spoke to 'er jes' right,' continued Ezekiel, 'n' it's jes' ez I tole yer. Ef anybody needs uplif'in', w'y, dey's mos' sho' ter show it.'

'W'at yer gwine do wid 'im?' questioned Archelus gloomily.

His entire effect bespoke unquestionable extermination of some sort. It was apparently only a question of the most desirable method.

'I dunno w'at yer *is* gwine do wid 'im,' pondered Ezekiel. 'Look ter me like oughter somebody git talkin' wid 'im.'

'Shuh! I ain' gwine git talkin' wid 'im!' objected Archelus, in something like wrathful panic at the notion.

'Well, I ain' say yer *is*. But I s'pose ef he spoke ter yer 'n' ax yer *'pinion* on de sub'ic', w'y, I s'pose yer kin answer 'im, cyan't yer?'

The possibility of such a request had evidently not occurred to Archelus.

'Well, w'at's I gwine answer 'im ef he *is* ax me?' he demanded, his jaw dropping weakly with fear alone.

'Ef he *is* ax yer —' Ezekiel paused thoughtfully. The subject was certainly worthy of consideration. 'Ef he *is* — w'y, 't ain' nuth'n' ter be skyeered 'bout, is it? Jes' 'splain' to 'im yer seen 'im w'en he spoke de way he did, 'n' co'se 't wan' a ve'y nice way ter speak, 'n' yer's s'prise ter see he done it. 'N' den co'se ef he ax yer w'at he *is* ought-er say, well — w'at's yer gwine answer 'im den?'

'I dunno,' replied Archelus feebly.

'Well, I s'pose yer wanten given 'im a good answer den, anyhow, doan't yer?'

Archelus appeared either unable or unwilling to respond. Ezekiel looked plainly worried.

'Look ter me like yer ain' tekken no int'res', he commented. 'But ef yer'll stan' up dere jes' a minute — 'n' mek b'lieve yer's de gen'leman wid de green tie, w'y, I'll 'splain to yer de way yer oughter answer a lady w'en she speak to yer.'

Archelus, standing to impersonate the gentleman with the green tie, looked so inadequate to the part that Ezekiel's anxiety increased.

'Seem like p'raps I kin tell yer better ef I'se de gen'leman wid de green tie, myself,' he declared finally.

Archelus merely nodded assent.

'Well, dat's w'at I is, anyway. G'long now, you kin ax me a question, Archelus.'

And chosen, apparently, for the difficult and delicate rôle of the helpmate of the gentleman in question, Archelus rose with sudden brilliancy to the emergency.

'I s'pose we's late,' he hinted politely, 'but yer's eatin' yer dinner, ain't yer?'

Ezekiel regarded him with a rare, tolerant smile.

'W'y, I s'pose we *is* late, Ha'iet, ef yer ax me,' he agreed, 'but 't ain' nuth'n' wuth mentionin', is it? 'N' mo'n all dat, ef yer's ter given me my choice, I mos' gen'ly rudder be late, anyway.'

The impersonator of Harriet sat down comfortably and looked at the view.

'Yer ain't rudder be late ter school, is yer?' put in William Henry, not entirely grasping the situation. 'Miss No'th's gwine git after yer ef yer is.'

'Hush yer noise, William Henry,' admonished the acting gentleman with the green tie. His eye fixed itself on the seated Harriet again.

'I tole yer 't ain' nuth'n' ter wo'y 'bout, Ha'iet,' he repeated pleasantly, 'n' mo'n all dat, ef yer gitten anywhere right on time, w'y, p'raps it's gwine mek trouble, too. Yer cyan' be r'ally sho' 'bout it. Anyway, it's a gen'leman I hyeah 'bout once where start out to a confe'nce, 'n' he say he ain' gwine be late nudder. But trouble wuz he gotten dere *too* early. W'y, he gotten dere ser early, he se' down on de steps ter wait, 'n' he set dere waitin' ser long he gotten feelin' kine o' po'ly. 'N' time de res' come dey seen he feel ser po'ly he ain' sca'cely know 'em by sight.

'“W'at mek yer come ser early?” dey say.

“I dunno,” he answer 'em, “I wisht I ain't.”

'N' he spoken de trufe, cuz he ain't nuver feel de same sence it happen.

'N' it's a lady I hyeah 'bout once where start out to a confe'nce, 'n' she gotten dere right on time, too. Only she trip ez she's gwine up de steps, 'n' reach out ter cetch 'erself, 'n' twis' 'er wris' a li'l', so it r'ally disable 'er fer mos' all summer.

'N' it's anudder lady I hyeah 'bout where start out to a confe'nce, 'n' she gotten dere *jes* on time. Only she slip ez she's openin' de do', 'n' stump 'er toe, so she's 'blige walk lame fer mo'n fo' five weeks.

'N' it's anudder gen'leman I hyeah 'bout where start out to a confe'nce, 'n' he gotten der *jes* *zackly* on time. Only he wrench 'is knee ez he's a-*shettin'* de do', so it r'ally cripple 'im twell 'bout Chris'mas time.'

'Ain' dey nobuddy gotten fru de do' 'thout gittin' injure?' put in Tiberius anxiously.

'W'y, ya'as, Tibe'ius, I tole yer de gen'leman wrench 'is knee *jes* ez he's a-*shettin'* de do'. But he stay ter de confe'nce *jes* same, only he limpe ez he's gwine up de aisle.'

Ezekiel paused.

'Well, co'se yer kin see,' he continued, 'it's better ef de gen'leman wid de green tie's spoke some sech a way's *dat*, w'en de lady ax 'im ef dey ain't late. He oughter 'a' 'splain it to 'er like dat. 'N' den co'se w'en she kin see 't ain' r'ally safe ter git nowhere *right* on time, w'y, co'se she's gwine feel better 'bout it. But ef she *ain't*, w'y, I s'pose he kin tell 'bout how he knowed 'bout a confe'nce once, 'n' dey *all* uv 'em gotten dere on time, 'n' dey come up a kine o' rough sto'm 'n' blown 'em all ter pieces. 'N' ef *dat* ain' 'nough fer 'er, w'y, he better change de subjjic' 'n' talk 'bout sump'n' else.'

The seated Harriet was looking up at him with something like real admiration.

'How yer mean change de sub'ic?'" she inquired with interest.

'Well, sump'n' like dis.'

Ezekiel glanced about till his eye chanced to fall on a small, brown sparrow, perched on a bush opposite. Then he looked down benignantly.

'Yer see dat spa', I s'pose, Ha'iet?'" he suggested politely.

Harriet grunted a meek affirmative.

'Well, she ain' set ve'y strong on dat branch anyhow, is she?'"

'I ain' see but she set strong enough,' mumbled Harriet, with an evident effort after the truth.

'No, she ain't,' came the cheerful objection, 'she ain' set strong — or easy nudder, 'n' reason is she's 'fraid de branch ain' gwine hole 'er.'

Harriet, and all the others, in fact, made a hasty examination of the sitting attitude of the small, brown bird on the branch.

'Oh, she ain' no cause fer wo'y,' put in Tiberius; 't ain' nuth'n' de matter wid dat branch.'

'Mebbe 't ain', Tibe'ius, but she's a-wo'yin' 'bout it jes' same. Look ter me like she's 'fraid ter set dere, 'n' she's 'fraid ter fly erway. Cuz ef she set dere she know de branch's gwine bus' 'n' let 'er down — 'n' ef she fly erway, w'y, prob'ly somebody's gwine shoot 'er.'

Beset by danger upon every side, however, the unfortunate bird still retained her hold upon the branch.

'Is yer like birds, Ha'iet?'" came the graceful query.

Harriet nodded.

'I s'pose yer ain't like 'em well 'nough ter let 'em peck yer eyes out, is yer?'"

Harriet was evidently weighing the arguments both for and against such a possibility.

'I s'pose ef yer like 'em well 'nough, yer would n' cyare. Somebody hyeah 'bout a boy once where like 'em ser well he 'low 'em ter peck bofe 'is eyes out.'

'Look ter me like he ain' shown sense,' put in Tiberius smoothly.

But at just this point, the harrowed bird on the branch, apparently considering anything better than a tormenting uncertainty of fate, had to all appearances decided to choose the lesser of two evils. At any rate she feebly cocked her eye and flapped her wing, and then she deliberately left her uncertain perch for dangers new. They watched her as she circled bravely up into the air and disappeared from view.

'I jes' spoke 'bout 'er,' concluded Ezekiel easily, 'ter show 't ain' de leas' trouble ter change de sub'ic'.

But the voice of William Henry broke warmly on the stillness.

'Look! Dey's comin' outen de conf'nce!' he cried. 'Jes' look at 'em all a-comin'!'"

Archelus rose hastily from the ground, and Ezekiel advanced a step toward the rapidly increasing company which poured out through the big door. Hurriedly they were striking off in different directions, the majority coming on, their eyes fixed on the wharf, which showed just beyond the long stretch of grass. The small group under the wing of the big building looked up, hardly noticed, and regarded the hurrying, passing faces.

'Looker where's comin'!' whispered Tiberius excitedly. 'Looker de gen'leman wid de green tie!'"

Archelus retreated rapidly into the shadow of the building, his threatening task of uplifting the white race looming large before him.

'Oh, w'at yer skyeered 'bout, Arche-lus?'" mumbled Ezekiel. 'He ain' got no time fer askin' nuth'n'.'

He came striding on and passed

them, while the little, nervous woman still hurried by his side. Suddenly she stopped. He glanced over his shoulder irritably.

'Go on, go right on to the boat,' she urged, with an effort at great cheerfulness. 'I'll be with you in a minute.'

'You have n't much time to lose,' he returned quickly, and strode ahead while she stood there looking about her with the distressed, glancing eyes.

'I — forgot — to *leave word* about the suit-case!' she whispered mechanically to his retreating figure. 'It won't be at the wharf!'

She turned and moved swiftly out into the broad road, looking like a small, hunted thing which only sought escape.

'She fergot it, 'n' she's 'fraid he's gwine kill 'er, I reckon,' announced Archelus pleasantly; 'look ter me like he oughter 'ten' to it 'isselt, anyway.'

Ezekiel balanced uncertainly for a moment, his eyes moving rapidly from the wharf and the bright, trembling water, in the distance, to the little retreating figure flitting along in just the opposite direction in the broad road. Then he slowly followed her.

'Yer cyan't cetch 'er,' declared Archelus easily, and Ezekiel broke into a comfortable run.

As the little person in the road heard the steps behind her, she turned and her glancing, nervous eyes looked down at him.

'Oh, I wonder if you could help me!' she began. It was the faint cry of hopelessness reaching out for anything.

Ezekiel looked back with slow, steady eyes.

'Yas'm — I'll help yer,' he declared in protecting tones, 'I'll help yer!' he assured soothingly. 'I'll — git yer bag fer yer!'

She glanced down at a small watch.

'The boat goes in eight minutes,' she whispered, 'and it's more than half a

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mile just to get there.' She pointed to a high, familiar roof, showing dimly in the distance. 'I — could n't possibly do it. My heart — is n't very strong. There could n't anybody do it!'

Ezekiel looked up, his breath coming with soft, rapid sounds.

'I know where 't is!' he broke in, 'n' I — I'll git it fer yer!'

She put something into his outstretched hand. 'They'll understand. It's my card.'

Then she put her hands lightly up before her face. 'But you could n't possibly do it!' she broke out. 'Oh, it was so careless of me!'

'I tell yer I'll git it fer yer!' persisted Ezekiel, his eyes damp and eager, 'yer jes' go back ter de boat now — 'n' I'll — *git it fer yer!*'

He swung suddenly away from her, and as her hands came down from her face, she gazed after him for a moment disconsolately. Then she turned and moved slowly back again toward the wharf and the bright, trembling water.

She was still moving slowly, her feet hardly lifting themselves from the ground. The boat was coming. Her eyes rested on it almost passively. It was sweeping majestically on, white and clean. In two minutes more it would have swept up to the little wharf and stopped there for a moment. Her tired eyes turned backwards again. But there was no one to be seen in the broad road.

'I told him he could n't,' she murmured, 'I shall have — to go on — and tell Edgar. I don't really see — how I could have forgotten — anything like that!' Then suddenly she walked straight on with firm steps.

The boat was pointing its clean, white prow toward the little wharf and the waiting crowd — about to dock. She turned just once more, and her breath came faintly in her throat. That small, bending thing off there —

just swinging round the corner of the big road — what was it?

‘Oh! If he could only — *only* get here!’ she choked weakly.

She ran down to the wharf with confused steps, and then she ran back to the grass, waving her thin, little arms excitedly. The people stepping on the boat turned and looked back at her curiously, and a man with a green tie stepped back on the grass.

‘Come, come, Harriet,’ he commanded, ‘what are you *waiting* for? You’re going to be left!’

But the crowd still poured on to the rocking boat, and she hardly looked at him.

‘*Don’t you see!*’ she whispered, ‘I — I *forgot* about it — are they *going* to wait?’

The man gave one swift look across the long, green stretches of grass, and then he darted back to the wharf with quick, loud tones of explanation and command.

And still the white boat rocked on the water and the small, bending figure, staggering wildly under its load, came lurching on.

On the decks, people leaned over and gazed curiously — while once again a man with a green tie dashed across the gang-plank to the grass.

‘Wait — *jes*’ a — *minute!*’ came a faint, hoarse cry.

Then there was one final, reckless spurt of desperation across the last green stretch, — and he was there, dropping with a dull thud to the grass, while his burden was snatched swiftly from his hands and there were rapid footsteps rattling on the wharf.

‘Oh — it’s killed you! It’s killed you!’ came a faint sob in his ear.

He looked up dully. ‘Yer’ll miss — yer boat — doan’t yer — cry, —’ he whispered confusedly.

He half heard the little sob again — and the footsteps once more — and then the boat swung round with a long, slow swish. He looked up. It was a hushed, intent line of faces that leaned over the deck; there was one small and haggard one, with tears still upon it — but it tried to smile, and a handkerchief waved down to him. Then — was it a whole line of handkerchiefs? And did he hear something else — like cheering? But he was only looking at the small, haggard face, and with his eyes never moving, he struggled slowly to his feet, and with a wan but determined smile, he waved his hand.

‘Doan’t — yer — cry, —’ he was whispering mechanically.

But something dropped from his hand. He looked down with puzzled eyes at a large and shining piece of silver on the grass. Then he seemed to remember.

‘He given it ter me — w’en he tuk-ken de bag,’ he mumbled weakly. ‘I s’pose — he given it ter me cuz — he’s tryin’ ter — uplif’ — de culled people.’

He stopped, still looking down uncertainly at the shining piece of silver.

‘Shuh! *He* ain’ fit ter uplif’ nuth’n!’

He raised his head, and his eyes rested on the retreating boat. Then the smile crept back to his face again, and with a brave, almost gay, little gesture, he once more waved his hand.

MARGARITA SINGING BALLADS

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

DARK her eyes of tranquil wonder;
Dark her smoothly banded hair;
Broad and calm her brow and bosom
Rising white in shadow where
Tall she stands by the valley window
Singing soft to the evening air.

Hush! 't is the tune of sweet *Ben Lomond*,
Poignant sweet and timbrel clear.
Now when falls her wistful cadence,
O that forest and field could hear!
Thrilling rise and tender cadence,
Low and long in the dreaming ear.

Pause not yet: the sands are fleeting;
Fast, too fast, the moments run.
Lo the strains of *Allan Water*;
(Amber tears in April sun.)
She breathes; and sings *The Bailiff's Daughter*,
The wayside lover of Islington.

Yield the charm, melodious hour!
Distant valley chimes, forbear!
Hark the rainbow shower of grace-notes,
Fall of sounds how light, how fair!
Is it a voice of earth or elf-land
Singing *The Lass with the Delicate Air*?

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER¹

III. THE STORY OF CORA BELLE

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, *April 15.*

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

... Grandma Edmonson's birthday is the thirtieth of May, and Mrs. O' Shaughnessy suggested that we give her a party. I had never seen Grandma, but because of something that happened in her family years ago which a few narrow-heads whom it did n't concern in the least cannot forgive or forget, I had heard much of her. The family consists of Grandma, Grandpa, and little Cora Belle, who is the sweetest little bud that ever bloomed upon the twigs of folly.

The Edmonsons had only one child, a daughter, who was to have married a man whom her parents objected to solely because he was a sheep-man, while their sympathies were with the cattle-men, although they owned only a small bunch. To gain their consent the young man closed out his interest in sheep, at a loss, filed on a splendid piece of land near them, and built a little home for the girl he loved. Before they could get to town to be married Grandpa was stricken with rheumatism. Grandma was already almost past going on with it, so they postponed the marriage, and as that winter was particularly severe, the young man took charge of the Edmonson stock and kept them from starving. As soon

as he was able he went for the license.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and a neighbor were hunting some cattle that had wandered away and found the poor fellow shot in the back. He was not yet dead and told them it was urgently necessary for them to hurry him to the Edmonsons' and to get some one to perform the marriage ceremony as quickly as possible for he could not live long. They told him such haste meant quicker death because he would bleed more; but he insisted, so they got a wagon and hurried all they could. But they could not out-run death. When he knew he could not live to reach home he asked them to witness all he said. Everything he possessed he left to the girl he was to have married, and said he was the father of the little child that was to come. He begged them to befriend the poor girl he had to leave in such a condition, and to take the marriage license as evidence that he had tried to do right. The wagon was stopped so the jolting would not make death any harder, and there in the shadow of the great twin buttes he died.

They took the body to the little home he had made, and Mrs. O' Shaughnessy went to the Edmonsons' to do what she could there. Poor Cora Jane did n't know how terrible a thing wounded pride is. She told her parents her misdeeds. They could n't see that they were in any way to blame. They seemed to care nothing for her terrible sorrow nor for her weakened condition. All they could think of was that the child they had almost wor-

¹ These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. Earlier adventures of the writer, with some account of her antecedents, will be found in the October and November numbers. — THE EDITORS.

shipped had disgraced them; so they told her to go.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy took her to the home that had been prepared for her, where the poor body lay. Some way they got through those dark days, and then began the waiting for the little one to come. Poor Cora Jane said she would die then, and that she wanted to die, but she wanted the baby to know it was loved, — she wanted to leave something that should speak of that love when the child should come to understanding. So Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said they would make all its little clothes with every care, and they should tell of the love. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is the daintiest needleworker I have ever seen; she was taught by the nuns at St. Catherine's in the 'ould country.' She was all patience with poor, unskilled Cora Jane, and the little outfit that was finally finished was dainty enough for a fairy. Little Cora Belle is so proud of it.

At last the time came and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went after the parents. Long before, they had repented and were only too glad to go. The poor mother lived one day and night after the baby came. She laid the tiny thing in her mother's arms and told them to call her Cora Belle. She told them she gave them a pure little daughter in place of the sinful one they had lost.

That was almost twelve years ago, and the Edmonsons have lived in the new house all this time. The deed to the place was made out to Cora Belle, and her grandfather is her guardian. . . .

If you traveled due north from my home, after about nine hours' ride you would come into an open space in the butte lands, and away between two buttes you would see the glimmer of blue water. As you drew nearer you would be able to see the fringe of willows around the lake, and presently a low, red-roofed house with corrals and

stables. You would see long lines of 'buck' fence, a flock of sheep near by, and cattle scattered about feeding. This is Cora Belle's home. On the long, low porch you would see two old folks rocking. The man is small, and has rheumatism in his legs and feet so badly that he can barely hobble. The old lady is large and fat, and is also afflicted with rheumatism, but has it in her arms and shoulders. They are both cheerful and hopeful, and you would get a cordial welcome. . . .

When you saw Cora Belle you would see a stout, square-built little figure with long flaxen braids, a pair of beautiful brown eyes and the longest and whitest lashes you ever saw, a straight nose, a short upper lip, a broad, full forehead, — the whole face, neither pretty nor ugly, plentifully sown with the brownest freckles. She is very truly the head of the family, doing all the housework and looking after the stock, winter and summer, entirely by herself. Three years ago she took things into her own hands, and since that time has managed altogether. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, however, tells her what to do.

The sheep, forty in number, are the result of her individual efforts. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy told her there was more money in raising lambs than in raising chickens, so she quit the chickens as a business and went to some of the big sheep men and got permission to take the 'dogie' lambs, which they are glad to give away. She had plenty of cows, so she milked cows and fed lambs all day long all last year. This year she has forty head of nice sheep worth four dollars each, and she does n't have to feed them the year round as she would chickens, and the wolves are no worse to kill sheep than they are to kill chickens. When shearing time came she went to a sheep man and told him she would help cook for his men one week if he would have her sheep

sheared with his. She said her work was worth three dollars, that is what one man would get a day shearing, and he could easily shear her sheep in one day. That is how she got her sheep sheared. The man had her wool hauled to town with his, sold it for her, and it brought sixty dollars. She took her money to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. She wanted some supplies ordered before she went home, because, as she gravely said, 'the rheumatiz would get all the money she had left when she got home,'—meaning that her grandparents would spend what remained for medicine.

The poor old grandparents read all the time of wonderful cures that different dopes accomplish, and they spend every nickel they can get their hands on for nostrums. They try everything they read of, and have to buy it by the case,—horrid patent stuff! They have rolls of testimonials and believe every word, so they keep on trying and hoping. When there is any money they each order whatever medicine they want to try. If Mrs. Edmonson's does n't seem to help her, Grandpa takes it and she takes his,—that is their idea of economy. They would spend hours telling you about their different remedies and would offer you spoonful after spoonful of vile-looking liquid, and be mildly grieved when you refused to take it. Grandma's hands are so bent and twisted that she can't sew, so dear old Grandpa tries to do it.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy told me that she helped out when she could. Three years ago she made them all a complete outfit, but the 'rheumatiz' has been getting all the spare money since then, so there has been nothing to sew. A peddler sold them a piece of gingham which they made up for Cora Belle. It was broad pink and white stripes and they wanted some style to 'Cory's' clothes, so they cut a gored skirt. But

they had no pattern and made the gores by folding a width of the goods biasly and cutting it that way. It was put together with no regard to matching the stripes, and a bias seam came in the centre behind, but they put no stay in the seam and the result was the most outrageous affair imaginable.

Well, we had a large room almost empty and Mr. Stewart liked the idea of a party, so Mrs. Louderer, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and myself planned for the event. It was to be a sewing bee, a few good neighbors invited, and all to sew for Grandma. . . . So Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went to Grandma's and got all the material she had to make up. I had saved some sugar-bags and some flour-bags. I knew Cora Belle needed underwear, so I made her some little petticoats of the larger bags and some drawers of the smaller. I had a small piece of white lawn that I had no use for, and of that I made a dear little sunbonnet with a narrow edging of lace around, and also made a gingham bonnet for her. Two days before the time, came Mrs. Louderer, laden with bundles, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, also laden. We had all been thinking of Cora Belle. Mr. Stewart had sent by mail for her a pair of sandals for every-day wear and a nice pair of shoes, also some stockings. Mrs. Louderer brought cloth for three dresses of heavy Dutch calico, and gingham for three aprons. She made them herself and she sews so carefully. She had bought patterns and the little dresses were stylishly made, as well as well made. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy brought a piece of crossbar with a tiny forget-me-not polka dot, and also had goods and embroidery for a suit of underwear. My own poor efforts were already completed when the rest came, so I was free to help them.

Late in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth a funny something showed up.

Fancy a squeaky, rickety old wagon without a vestige of paint. The tires had come off and had been 'set' at home. That is done by heating the tires red-hot and having the rims of the wheels covered with several layers of burlap, or other old rags, well wet. Then the red-hot tire is put on and water hurriedly poured on to shrink the iron and to keep the burlap from blazing. Well, whoever had set Cora Belle's tires had forgotten to cut away the surplus burlap, so all the ragtags were merrily waving in the breeze.

Cora Belle's team would bring a smile to the soberest face alive. Sheba is a tall, lanky old mare. Once she was bay in color, but the years have added gray hair until now she is roan. Being so long-legged she strides along at an amazing pace which her mate, Balaam, a little donkey, finds it hard to keep up with. Balaam, like Sheba, is full of years. Once his glossy brown coat was the pride of some Mexican's heart, but time has added to his color also, and now he is blue. His eyes are sunken and dim, his ears no longer stand up in true donkeystyle, but droopdejectedly. He has to trot his best to keep up with Sheba's slowest stride. About every three miles he balks, but little Cora Belle does n't call it balking, she says Balaam has stopped to rest, and they sit and wait till he is ready to trot along again. That is the kind of lay-out which drew up before our door that evening. Cora Belle was driving and she wore her wonderful pink dress which hung down in a peak behind, fully six inches longer than anywhere else. The poor child had no shoes. The winter had tried the last pair to their utmost endurance and the 'rheumatiz' had long since got the last dollar, so she came with her chubby little sunburned legs bare. Her poor little scarred feet were clean, her toe-nails full of nicks almost into the quick,

broken against rocks when she had been herding her sheep. In the back of the wagon, flat on the bottom, sat Grandma and Grandpa, such bundles of coats and blankets I can't describe. After a great deal of trouble we got them unloaded and into the house. Then Mrs. Louderer entertained them while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I prepared supper and got a bath ready for Cora Belle. We had a T-bone steak, mashed potatoes, hominy, hot biscuits and butter, and stewed prunes. Their long ride had made them hungry and I know they enjoyed their meal.

After supper Cora Belle and I washed the dishes while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy laid out the little clothes. Cora Belle's clothes were to be a surprise. The post-mistress here also keeps a small store and has ribbon, and when she heard of our plans from Mr. Stewart she sent up a couple of pairs of hair-ribbon for Cora Belle. Soon Mrs. O'Shaughnessy called us, and Cora Belle and I went into the bedroom where she was. I wish you could have seen that child! Poor little neglected thing, she began to cry. She said, 'They ain't for me, I know they ain't. Why, it ain't my birthday, it's Granny's.' Nevertheless, she had her arms full of them and was clutching them so tightly with her work-worn little hands that we couldn't get them. She sobbed so deeply that Grandma heard her and became alarmed. She hobbled to the door and pounded with her poor twisted hands, calling all the while, 'Cory, Cory Belle, what ails you?' She got so excited that I opened the door, but Cora Belle told her to go away. She said, 'They ain't for you, Granny, and they ain't for me either.' . . .

People here observe Decoration Day faithfully, and Cora Belle had brought half a wagon-load of iris which grows wild here. Next morning we were all up early, but Cora Belle's flowers had

wilted and she had to gather more, but we all hurried and helped. She said as she was going to see her mother she wanted to wear her prettiest dress, so Gale and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy helped her to get ready. The cemetery is only about two miles away, so we were all down quite early. We were obliged to hurry because others were coming to help sew. Cora Belle went at once to the graves where her parents lie side by side, and began talking to her mother just as though she saw her. 'You didn't know me, did you, Mother, with my pretty new things? But I am your little girl, Mama. I am your little Cora Belle.' After she had talked and had turned every way like a proud little bird, she went to work. And, oh, how fast she worked! Both graves were first completely covered with pine boughs. It looked like sod, so closely were the little twigs laid. Next she broke the stems off the iris and scattered the blossoms over, and the effect was very beautiful. Then we hurried home and everybody got busy. The men took Grandpa off to another part of the ranch where they were fanning oats to plant, and kept him all day. That was good for him because then he could be with the men all day and he so seldom has a chance to be with men. Several ladies came and they all made themselves at home and worked like beavers, and we all had a fine time. . . .

Sedalia was present and almost caused a riot. She says she likes unusual words because they lend distinction to conversation. Well, they do — sometimes. There was another lady present whose children are very gifted musically, but who have the bad name of taking what they want without asking. The mother can neither read nor write, and she is very sensitive about the bad name her children have. While we were all busy some one made a

remark about how smart these children were. Sedalia thought that a good time to get in a big word so she said, 'Yes, I have always said May was a progeny.' Mrs. McCarty did n't know what she meant and thought that she was casting reflections on her child's honesty, so with her face scarlet and her eyes blazing she said, 'Sedalia Lane, I won't allow you nor nobody else to say my child is a progeny. You can take that back or I will slap you peaked.' Sedalia took it back in a hurry, so I guess little May McCarty is not a progeny.

Every one left about four except Gale, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Loudner and the Edmonsons. They had farthest to go so they stayed over night again. We worked until ten o'clock that night over Grandma's clothes, but everything was thoroughly finished. Every button was on, every thread end knotted and clipped, and some tired workers lay down to rest, as did a very happy child and a very thankful old lady.

Every one got away by ten o'clock the next morning. The last I saw of little Cora Belle was when they had reached the top of a long slope and Balaam had 'stopped to rest.' The breeze from the south was playfully fluttering the rags on the wheels. Presently I heard a long 'hee-haw, hee-haw,' and I knew Balaam had rested and had started.

I have been a very busy woman since I began this letter to you several days ago. A dear little child has joined the angels. I dressed him and helped to make his casket. There is no minister in this whole country and I could not bear the little broken lily-bud to be just carted away and buried, so I arranged the funeral and conducted the services. I know I am unworthy and in no way fitted for such a mission,

but I did my poor best, and if no one else is comforted, I am. I know the message of God's love and care has been told once, anyway, to people who have learned to believe more strongly in Hell than in Heaven.

Dear friend, I do hope that this New Year will bring you and yours fuller joys than you have ever known. If I had all the good gifts in my hands you should certainly be blessed.

Your sincere friend,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYO., Dec. 28.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, — Our Thanksgiving affair was the most enjoyable happening I can remember for a long time. Zebulon Pike¹ came, but I had as a bait for him two fat letters from home. As soon as I came back from his place I wrote to Mrs. Carter and trusted to luck for my letter to reach her. I told her all I could about her brother and how seldom he left his mountain home. I asked her to write him all she could in one letter as the trips between our place and his were so few and far between. So when she received my letter she wrote all she could think of, and then sent her letter and mine to Mothie and Phœbe, who are widows living in the old home. They each took turns writing, so their letters are a complete record of the years 'Zebbie' has been gone. The letters were addressed to me along with a cordial letter from Mrs. Carter asking me to see that he got them and to use my judgment in the delivering. I could n't go myself but I wanted to read the letters to him and to write the answers, so I selected one piece of news I felt would bring him to hear the rest without his knowing how much there was for him.

¹ The writer's introduction to Zebulon Pike Parker was described in the October installment of these letters. — THE EDITORS.

Well, the boys brought him, and a more delighted little man I am sure never lived. I read the letters over and over, and answers were hurried off. He was dreadfully homesick but could n't figure on how he could leave the 'critters,' or how he could trust himself on a train. Mr. Stewart became interested, and he is a very resourceful man, so an old Frenchman was found who had no home and wanted a place to stay so he could trap. He was installed at Zebulon Pike's with full instructions as to each 'critter's' peculiarities and needs. Then one of the boys who was going home for Christmas to Memphis was induced to wait for Mr. Parker and to see him safe to Little Rock. His money was banked for him and Mr. Stewart saw that he was properly clothed and made comfortable for the trip. Then he sent a telegram to Judge Carter who met Zebulon Pike at Little Rock and they had a family reunion in Yell County. I have had some charming letters from there, but that only proves what I have always said, that I am the luckiest woman in finding really lovely people and having really happy experiences. Good things are constantly happening to me. I wish I could tell you about my happy Christmas, but one of my New Year's resolutions was to stop loading you down with two-thousand-word letters.

From something you wrote I think I must have written boastingly to you at some time. I have certainly not intended to, and you must please forgive me and remember how ignorant I am and how hard it is for me to express myself properly. I felt after I had written to Mr. Parker's people that I had taken a liberty, but luckily it was not thought of in that way by them. If you only knew how far short I fall of my own hopes you would know I could *never* boast. Why, it keeps me busy making over mistakes just like some

one using old clothes. I get myself all ready to enjoy a success and find that I have to fit a failure. But one consolation is that I generally have plenty of material to cut generously, and many of my failures have proven to be real blessings.

I do hope this New Year may bring to you the desire of your heart and all that those who love you best most wish for you.

With lots and lots of love from baby and myself,

Your ex-Washlady,

ELINORE STEWART.

[Undated.]

It was just a few days after the birthday party and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was with me again. We were down at the barn looking at some new pigs, when we heard the big corral gates swing shut, so we hastened out to see who it could be so late in the day.

It was 'Zebbie.' He had come on the stage to Burnt Fork and the driver had brought him on here. . . . There was so much to tell, and he whispered he had something to tell me privately but that he was too tired then; so after supper I hustled him off to bed. . . .

Next morning . . . the men went off to their work and Zebbie and I were left to tell secrets. When he was sure we were alone he took from his trunk a long, flat box. Inside was the most wonderful shirt I have ever seen; it looked like a cross between a night-shirt and a shirt waist. It was of homespun linen. The bosom was ruffled and tucked, all done by hand, — such tiny stitches, such patience and skill. Then he handed me an old daguerreotype. I unfastened the little golden hook and inside was a face good to see and to remember. It was dim, yet clear in outline, just as if she were looking out from the mellow twilight of long ago. The sweet, elusive smile, — I could n't

tell where it was, whether it was the mouth or the beautiful eyes that were smiling. All that was visible of her dress was the Dutch collar, just like what is being worn now. It was pinned with an ugly old brooch which Zebbie said was a 'breast-pin' he had given her. Under the glass on the other side was a strand of faded hair and a slip of paper. The writing on the paper was so faded it was scarcely readable, but it said: 'Pauline Gorley, age 22, 1860.'

Next he showed me a note written by Pauline, simply worded, but it held a world of meaning for Zebbie. It said, 'I spun and wove this cloth at Adeline's, enough for me a dress and you a shirt, which I made. It is for the wedding, else to be buried in. Yours, Pauline.' The shirt, the picture, and the note had waited for him all these years in Mothie's care. And now I will tell you the story.

Long, long ago some one did something to some one else and started a feud. Unfortunately the Gorleys were on one side and the Parkers on the other. That it all happened before either Zebbie or Pauline was born made no difference. A Gorley must hate a Parker always, as also a Parker must hate a Gorley. Pauline was the only girl, and she had a regiment of big brothers who gloried in the warfare and wanted only the slightest pretext to shoot a Parker. So they grew up, and Zebbie often met Pauline at the quiltings and other gatherings at the homes of non-partisans. He remembers her so perfectly and describes her so plainly that I can picture her easily. She had brown eyes and hair. She used to ride about on her sorrel palfrey with her 'nigger' boy Cæsar on behind to open and shut plantation gates. She wore a pink calico sunbonnet and Zebbie says, 'she was just like the pink hollyhocks that grew by mother's window.' Is n't that a sweet picture?

Her mother and father were both dead, and she and her brothers lived on their plantation. Zebbie had never dared speak to her until one day he had driven over with his mother and sisters to a dinner given on a neighboring plantation. He was standing outside near the wall when some one dropped a spray of apple blossoms down upon him from an upper window. He looked up and Pauline was leaning out smiling at him. After that he made it a point to frequent places where he might expect her, and things went so well that presently Cæsar was left at home lest he should tell the brothers. She was a loyal little soul and would not desert although he urged her to, even promising to go away, 'plumb away, clean to Scott County if she would go.' She told him that her brothers would go even as far as that to kill him, so that they must wait and hope. Finally Zebbie got tired of waiting and one day he boldly rode up to the Gorley home and formally asked for Pauline's hand. The bullet he got for his presumption kept him from going to war with his father and brother when they marched away.

Some time later George Gorley was shot and killed from ambush, and although Zebbie had not yet left his bed the Gorleys believed he did it, and one night Pauline came through a heavy rain-storm, with only Cæsar, to warn Zebbie and to beg him, for her sake, to get away as fast as he could that night. She pleaded that she could not live if he were killed and could never marry him if he killed her brothers, so she persuaded him to go while they were all innocent.

Well, he did as she wished and they never saw each other again. He never went home again until last Thanksgiving, and dear little Pauline had been dead for years. She, herself, had taken her little gifts for Zebbie to Mothie to keep for him. Some years

later she died and was buried in the dress she mentioned. It was woven at Adeline Carter's, one of the bitterest enemies of the Gorleys, but the sacrifice of her pride did her no good because she was long at rest before Zebbie knew. He had been greatly grieved because no stone marked her grave, only a tangle of rose-briers. So he bought a stone, and in the night before Decoration Day he and two of Unc Buck's grandsons went to the Gorley burying ground and raised it to the memory of sweet Pauline. Some of the Gorleys still live there, so he came home at once, fearing if they should find out who placed the stone above their sister they would take vengeance on his poor, frail body.

After he had finished telling me his story I felt just as I used to when Grandmother opened the 'big chist' to air her wedding clothes and the dress each of her babies wore when baptized. It seemed almost like smelling the lavender and rose-leaves, and it was with reverent fingers that I folded the shirt, the work of love, yellow with age, and laid it in the box. . . .

Well, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy returned, and early one morning we started with a wagon and a bulging mess-box for Zebbie's home. We were going a new and longer route in order to take the wagon. Dandelions spread a carpet of gold. Larkspur grew waist-high with its long spikes of blue. The service bushes and the wild cherries were a mass of white beauty. Meadow larks and robins and bluebirds twittered and sang from every branch, it almost seemed. A sky of tenderest blue bent over us and fleecy little clouds drifted lazily across. . . . Soon we came to the pineries, where we traveled up deep gorges and cañons. The sun shot arrows of gold through the pines down upon us and we gathered our arms full of columbines. The little black squir-

rels barked and chattered saucily as we passed along, and we were all children together. We forgot all about feuds and partings, death and hard times. All we remembered was that God is good and the world is wide and beautiful. We plodded along all day. Next morning there was a blue haze that Zebbie said meant there would be a high wind, so we hurried to reach his home that evening.

The sun was hanging like a great, red ball in the smoky haze when we entered the long cañon in which is Zebbie's cabin. Already it was dusky in the cañons below, but not a breath of air stirred. A more delighted man than Zebbie I never saw when we finally drove up to his low, comfortable cabin. Smoke was slowly rising from the chimney, and Gavotte, the man in charge, rushed out and the hounds set up a joyful barking. Gavotte is a Frenchman, and he was all smiles and gesticulations as he said, 'Welcome, welcome! To-day I am rejoice you have come. Yesterday I am despair if you have come because I am scrub, but to-day, behold, I am delight.'

I have heard of clean people, but Gavotte is the cleanest man I ever saw. The cabin floor was so white I hated to step upon it. The windows shone, and at each there was a calico curtain, blue and white check, unironed but newly washed. In one window was an old brown pitcher, cracked and nicked, filled with thistles. I never thought them pretty before, but the pearly pink and the silvery green were so pretty and looked so clean that they had a new beauty. Above the fireplace was a great black eagle which Gavotte had killed, the wings outspread and a bunch of arrows in the claws. In one corner near the fire was a wash-stand, and behind it hung the fishing tackle. Above one door was a gun-rack on which lay the rifle and shotgun, and

over the other door was a pair of deer antlers. In the centre of the room stood the square, home-made table, every inch scrubbed. In the side room, which is the bedroom, was a wide bunk made of pine plank that had also been scrubbed, then filled with fresh, sweet pine boughs, and over them was spread a piece of canvas that had once been a wagon sheet, but Gavotte had washed it and boiled and pounded it until it was clean and sweet. That served for a sheet.

Zebbie was beside himself with joy. The hounds sprang upon him and expressed their joy unmistakably. He went at once to the corrals to see the 'critters,' and every one of them was safely penned for the night. 'Old Sime,' an old ram (goodness knows *how* old!), promptly butted him over, but he just beamed with pleasure. 'Sime knows me, dinged if he don't!' was his happy exclamation. We went into the cabin and left him fondling the 'critters.'

Gavotte did himself proud getting supper. We had trout and the most delicious biscuit. Each of us had a crisp, tender head of lettuce with a spoonful of potato salad in the centre. We had preserves made from canned peaches, and the firmest yellow butter. Soon it was quite dark and we had a tiny brass lamp which gave but a feeble light, but it was quite cool so we had a blazing fire which made it light enough.

When supper was over Zebbie called us out and asked us if we could hear anything. We could hear the most peculiar, long-drawn, sighing wail that steadily grew louder and nearer. I was really frightened, but he said it was the forerunner of the wind-storm that would soon strike us. He said it was wind coming down Crag cañon, and in just a few minutes it struck us like a cold wave and rustled, sighing,

on down the cañon. We could hear it after it had passed us, and it was perfectly still around the cabin. Soon we heard the deep roaring of the coming storm and Zebbie called the hounds in and secured the door. The sparks began to fly up the chimney. Jerrine lay on a bear-skin before the fire, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I sat on the old blue 'settle' at one side. Gavotte lay on the other side of the fire on the floor, his hands under his head. Zebbie got out his beloved old fiddle, tuned up and began playing. Outside the storm was raging, growing worse all the time. Zebbie played and played. The worse the tumult, the harder the storm, the harder he played. I remember I was holding my breath, expecting the house to be blown away every moment, and Zebbie was playing what he called 'Bonaparte's Retreat.' It all seemed to flash before me — I could see those poor, suffering soldiers staggering along in the snow, sacrifices to one man's unholy ambition. I verily believe we were all bewitched. I should n't have been surprised to have seen witches and gnomes come tumbling down the chimney or flying in at the door, riding on the crest of the storm. I glanced at Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. She sat with her chin in her hand, gazing with unseeing eyes into the fire. Zebbie seemed possessed, he could n't tire.

It seemed like hours had passed and the tumult had not diminished. I felt like shrieking, but I gathered Jerrine up into my arms and carried her in to bed. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came with us. She touched my elbow and said, 'Child, don't look toward the window, the banshees are out to-night.' We knelt together beside the bed and said our beads; then, without undressing save pulling off our shoes, we crawled under our blankets and lay on the sweet, clean pine. We were both per-

fectly worn out but we could not sleep. There seemed to be hundreds of different noises of the storm, for there are so many cañons, so many crooks and turns, and the great forest too. The wind was shrieking, howling, and roaring all at once. A deep boom announced the fall of some giant of the forest. I finally dozed off even in that terrible din, but Zebbie was not so frenzied as he had been. He was playing 'Annie Laurie,' and that song has always been a favorite of mine. The storm began gradually to die away and 'Annie Laurie' sounded so beautiful. I was thinking of Pauline and, I know, to Zebbie, Annie Laurie and Pauline Gorley are one and the same.

I knew no more until I heard Zebbie call out, 'Ho, you sleepy heads, it's day.' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy turned over and said she was still sleepy. My former visit had taught me what beauty the early morning would spread before me, so I dressed hastily and went outdoors. Zebbie called me to go for a little walk. The amber light of the new day was chasing the violet and amethyst shadows down the cañons. It was all more beautiful than I can tell you. On one side the cañon walls were almost straight up. It looked as if we might step off into a very world of mountains. Soon Old Baldy wore a crown of gleaming gold. The sun was up. We walked on and soon came to a brook. We were washing our faces in its icy waters when we heard twigs breaking, so we stood perfectly still. From out the undergrowth of birch and willows came a deer with two fawns. They stopped to drink, and nibbled the bushes. But soon they scented strangers, and looking about with their beautiful, startled eyes, they saw us and away they went like the wind. We saw many great trees upturned by the storm. High up on the cliffs Zebbie showed me where the eagles built every year. . . .

We turned homeward and sat down upon the trunk of a fallen pine to rest and take another look at the magnificent view. Zebbie was silent, but presently he threw a handful of pebbles down the cañon wall. 'I am not sorry Pauline is dead. I have never shed a tear. I know you think that is odd, but I have never wanted to mourn. I am glad that it is as it is. I am happy and at peace because I know she is mine. The little breeze is Pauline's own voice; she had a little caressing way just like the gentlest breeze when it stirs your hair. There is something in everything that brings back Pauline: the beauty of the morning, the song of a bird or the flash of its wings. The flowers look like she did. So I have not lost her, she is mine more than ever. I have always felt so, but was never quite sure until I went back and saw where they laid her. I know people think I am crazy, but I don't care for that. I shall

not hate to die. When you get to be as old as I am, child, everything will have a new meaning to you.'

At last we slowly walked back to the cabin, and at breakfast Zebbie told of the damage the storm had done. He was so commonplace that no one ever would have guessed his strange fancy. . . .

I shall never forget Zebbie as I last saw him. It was the morning we started home. After we left the bench that Zebbie lives on, our road wound down into a deeper cañon. Zebbie had followed us to where a turn in the cañon should hide us from view. I looked back and saw him standing on the cliffs, high above us, the early morning sun turning his snowy hair to gold, the breeze-fingers of Pauline tossing the scanty locks. I shall always remember him so, a living monument to a dead past.

ELINORE STEWART.

(To be continued.)

A VISION OF THINGS TO COME

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

CURIOUSLY enough, when I think of Bombay, there is one picture which always comes first and most vividly to my memory. It is not a Parsee palace amid flowering gardens. It is not a Hindu temple with mysterious Yogees meditating in secluded shrines. It is no monument of British valor or of Asian art. Nor is it the ceaseless surge of the many-colored, bright-turbaned multitude along the bazaars and through pic-

turesque native streets. It is not the awed, remote resting-place of the towers of silence. My preferred memory is something far simpler, more primitive than any of these, an old-world idyl of uncorrupted life.

An early-morning stroll had brought us, Mem-Sahib in a white felt helmet, and the recorder of these things similarly crowned, to an open space not far from our hotel, a reach of red earth and

pebbles shaded by groups of trees with wide green leaves, which made ample isles of purple coolness in the golden welter of heat. In one of these pools of shade lay half a dozen buffaloes, blue-black huge antediluvian bodies, big awkward heads, with recurved corrugated horns and small eyes full of immense aboriginal peace.

Had these blinking, sniffing buffaloes not been so full of unshamed, unperturbed laziness, I should have fancied that they ruminated thus: 'We know nothing of the ancient *Vedas* and the *Upanishads*; we are far older than they; we were old before they were invented. We cared nothing for them then. We care nothing for them now. We never shall care for them. We know nothing of Rama and the *Mahabharata* heroes, though they all knew us. Had we known them, it would not have mattered. Moslem conquerors, Arab, Persian, Mongol, are nothing to us. We dislike the British, and all foreign barbarians, but not enough to disturb our own repose. In fact, we are deeply happy, the one thing inviolably serene in this historic land, and we do not care for anything at all, except to lie here in the shadow, blinking our little eyes, snuffing the dust, and ruminating slowly, sleepily, in the rapture of supreme laziness.'

They lie there, basking in my memory, a wordless rebuke to human fever and fret, large, undisturbed, of tranquil spirit, the very Nirvana of four-footed things. But we were not destined, on that day at least, to share their restfulness, for good friends of ours, Tookaram Tatya, Rustumji the Parsee, Bhavani Rao the young Brahman from the north, and others of their company, had hospitably planned to carry us across the blue waters, to visit the antique caverns of Elephanta. They had chartered a curtained launch, and loaded her with many-col-

ored exotic fruits: little cream bananas no larger than one's finger, custard-apples, papaws, green and red and yellow mangoes, and I know not what else; and presently we were puffing and bubbling through the shipping of the harbor, passing junks more ancient than Noah, then skimming alongside an English liner, then twisting through a group of fishing-craft with strong-smelling tarry rigging and strange gear piled in the bows.

Tookaram Tatya was far the most notable of the company, — a Hindu, but of no high caste, close to the soil, as his rugged dark face showed. He was all in white, with a turban, as I remember, altogether too small for him. Mr. Tookaram, as Rustumji, our Parsee fellow voyager, called him, was a merchant, active, skilled, successful, but with a dream in his heart that flamed out over the sordid matters of his trade. He spoke of it even then, as we skimmed across the blue, sparkling waters.

'India is needed,' he said, in that deep, intense voice of his, which so perfectly answered to the fire of his eyes. 'The whole world needs India, though the world does not know it. What has India to give? Commerce, inexhaustible raw materials, finer things like silk and enamel and bronze? Or temples and palaces and shrines? Or armies that shall go forth and win new lands? No; none of these things, I think. India has been the mother of nations and armies and wealth and arts, but far more was she the mother of inspiration, of the things that dwell in the light of the soul. You have forgotten the soul, you of the Western world, and we ourselves have almost forgotten. But the soul does not forget us or you. Even now, I think, the great spiritual powers are watching, waiting for the hour to strike, when once more the things of the soul shall be remembered and known.'

'I have read of your Western world, your anxious, feverish struggle, your toiling millions, your immense fear of death. Why are you gathered in struggling throngs, battenning on the fat things of the world, flying from death, feverishly seeking sensations, filling your hearts and thoughts with excitement? Why do you so dread inevitable death? Because you have forgotten the soul. Why are your lives so small and mean and feverish, no larger than a coffin even while you are alive, finally ending in the coffin, when death takes you? Because you have no vision of real life, of the great wide reaches of spiritual power and light and life that encompass you about. It is as if we, on this launch, could not see the bright waters around us, and drove through darkness, hemmed about, shut in, beclouded, rushing forward, we know not whither. What a bewildering fever that would be! And life for most of you, in your western lands, is a bewilderment and a fever. You would cry out in terror, were you not so drugged by your dreams. You would see the darkness that encompasses you, and from very fear of it, you would seek the light. But your mirages fill your eyes, and you dream on, through the fretful fever you call life. It is no life, but a nightmare of fears and wild desires; while all about you are the great, luminous spaces of divine peace.'

'But, Mr. Tookaram,' objected Mem-Sahib, a little startled at the old man's impetuous ardor, 'I don't think India is so much better off, at least what I have seen of it. Take the workers in the spinning-mills that Mr. Rustumji showed us yesterday: surely they toil as hard as our western workers, and I suppose even then they are far poorer and have fewer of the good things of life. And everybody has heard of the famines of India.'

'Ah, that was not so in the olden

time,' interjected the young Brahman, Bhavani Rao, whose clear, handsome face and large, dark eyes contrasted so markedly with Tookaram Tatya's dusky, rugged features. 'It is because India is under foreign conquerors, because we have had century after century of invaders from the mountains, from the sea, from Central Asia; that is why we have famines and pestilences. That is why India has fallen!'

'No, no, no!' Tookaram's deep voice replied, slowly. 'Let us speak the truth. India has had invaders and conquerors because she had already fallen. And she fell because her leaders lost their faith. We had our old, ideal realm, Brahman and Kshattriya, Vaishya and Shudra. The Brahmins were the priests and lawgivers; the Kshattriyas were the princes and warriors; the Vaishyas were the bulk of the people, farmers and merchants; the Shudras were the serfs, but well-guarded, well-tended serfs. And, while each caste held its ideal, all went well. Those were born into each caste whose souls needed that experience, and by rightly fulfilling his caste-work, each could gain salvation, each could find his own soul. The Brahman was to be a true Brahman, wise, pure, unworldly, seeking to preserve the spiritual science, working for the welfare of all, seeing beyond the barrier of death into the still, sunlit sea of everlasting life. The Kshattriya was to be brave, valorous, generous, a fearless soldier and king, all his life devoted to the good of the people, a giver of gifts, a just judge, a ruler of armies. The Vaishya should be honest, sober, clean, busy about his tasks, contributing food for the other castes. The Shudra, limited in thought, in imagination, in capacity, learned by serving the others, who had these things, and in the fullness of time he, too, was born into a share of them.'

'But,' again objected Mem-Sahib,

'do you really mean that such a wonderful condition of things actually existed in India?'

'The ideal was everywhere,' answered Mr. Tookaram. 'The approach to the ideal, the effort to reach it, was everywhere. And all men and women, forgetting themselves, lived for their souls, the body of to-day being but the serf, the Shudra, as it were, or the food-providing Vaishya, for the enduring man within, who was the Brahman, the Kshattriya, the priest and king of spiritual life. But faith waned and India fell. And indeed, I think,' Tookaram went on, fixing his keen eyes on Bhavani Rao's bright, intelligent face, 'I think that you, the Brahmans, are most greatly to be blamed. You should have been a spiritual caste, dwelling in the unseen, leading others thither, living already in the immortal, conquerors over this world; you fell from purity, and became a priestcraft, greedy for presents, telling fortunes for hire!'

Bhavani Rao flushed deeply under his golden-brown skin, and, for a moment, his eyes grew dark with anger and a sharp retort was on his lips. But he loved the elder man, and had within himself also the hidden monitor of justice, who adjured him that the old man spoke truth.

'You are not offended, I hope?' Tookaram said, gently smiling at Bhavani Rao. 'It is the loss of all of us, and you know well that I believe you will rise again; that India will once more live, that the light will shine as of old.'

What might have grown to a dispute was checked, perforce, as we were slowing down now, at the landing on Elephanta Island. The hood of the launch had hidden our approach, and the eager old man's words had absorbed our thoughts, but now, looking forth, we saw the huge green pyramid rising from the waves, a pointed hill

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heavily draped with leafy greenery, from which rose date-palms, like red pillars crowned with green, and waving ferns. An ancient pathway of red stone led up the hillside from the landing, and, struggling ashore from the launch, we began to toil upward in the sunshine, whose fervor was but slightly mitigated by the cotton umbrellas of our hosts.

Here again, by the caprice of memory, what remains most vividly in my thought is not the splendid old temple carved from the living rock, but a little detail of the journey, quite detached and unimportant. As we began to climb the long, abrupt pathway up the hill, Mem-Sahib going ahead with Rustumji, and Tookaram accompanying the recorder of these doings, we were suddenly beset by a swarm of small boys, magnificently dight in polished brown skins to which the scant added loin-cloth seemed a mere impertinent adjunct, and with shiny eyes and teeth. Chattering like monkeys, they struggled round us, exhibiting to us the most wonderful golden beetles, scarab-shaped and gleaming like golden bronze. Others were variations on the theme of the Spanish fly from which, they say, our hair-washes are compounded, — emerald-coated fellows, newly burnished; yet others — and these both Mem-Sahib and I particularly gloated over — were exactly like crawling little golden tortoises, the size of one's thumb-nail.

The small, brown, chattering monkeys who swarmed about us, and who were the owners, probably the collectors, of all this living jewelry, burned with zeal to transfer their property in it to our humble, barbarian selves, for the merest dross of small silver or even copper coins; and it seemed to me a hardship, when the old prophet of India's regeneration began to poke

them in the ribs with his green cotton umbrella, and to command them, as I suppose, in fluent Gujarati, to carry their wares to other markets. Nevertheless Mem-Sahib and I purchased some beetles. Later, in Madras, we saw the wings of these same insect-jewels made into embroidery, stitched on black veiling set off with gold thread; very frail, but very beautiful.

This, then, remains the outstanding picture, as foreground for the great, reverent caves. I overheard Rustumji telling Mem-Sahib about his master, Sir Dinshaw Petit, whose mills we had visited under Rustumji's tutelage, and whose palace on Malabar hill we were to see on the morrow: a notable, benignant old man, with a face carved of ivory and eyes like black opals. Like all the Parsees, he wore a shiny black mitre, that gave him something the air of a bishop at chess; but there was no mistaking his power, his keenness, his benevolence.

'Sir Dinshaw Petit,' Rustumji was saying, 'built his great fortune on the ruins of Manchester, when the American Civil War stopped the export of cotton from the Southern States. He sent quickly to England, bought machinery at a bargain, drew on the great cotton fields of the Dekkan and the cheap labor market of Bombay, and within a few years his fortune was made. I have been told,' went on Rustumji, with deep pride in the munificent head of the Parsee community, 'that Sir Dinshaw Petit has given in charity, for hospitals and good works, not less than five million pounds sterling.'

On the morrow, we had the pleasure of calling on Sir Dinshaw. The two curios of his house were a fine alabaster model of the Taj Mahal, and his little grandson, a living porcelain baby, preternaturally dainty and grave, with a crimson cap woven in

the famous mills, and having, as pattern, the name Petit endlessly repeated. I never saw children so charming as these little Parsee babies: Dresden china figures, in Oriental drapery. One longed, then and there, to make a collection of them, as one might collect old vases from Japan. It is inconceivable to me that they should ever pout or howl.

By this time, we had mounted the long stairway to the caves, halfway up the big pyramid hill. Part of the portico, as I suppose one must call it, has been chipped and broken away by vandals, but one can clearly perceive the magnificence of the whole design: a bold attempt to carve, in the red volcanic rock, an exact model of one of the great Indian temples, with hall after hall entering the one into the other. The figures in high relief are admirable, very Egyptian in form and feature, as it seemed to me, the red rock increasing the resemblance.

At this point there was a diversion. From a kind of cottage or hut entered, to the company already enumerated, a Kala Sahib, which is the satirical native appellation for a Eurasian. It is as who should say, 'A black European, a black gentleman of Europe.' This particular Kala Sahib was dusky yellow rather than black, and I apprehend that he was the offspring of a cockney soldier and some enamored sweeping-woman of the barracks. He had something of the air of both. His suppositious parent, or some one else, had had influence enough to get him the position of curator-in-ordinary of the Elephanta caves and expositor of their mythological significance; the which significance, with a jaunty swagger, and aided in his demonstrations by a natty little cane, he proceeded to set forth in some such fashion as this.

'Look 'ere, lydies and gentlemen!'

he said, waving his cane at a fine relief carving of the Ramayana heroes, 'this 'ere is Rammer and Seater; the lydy is Seater, you understand. And this 'ere is Ravanner; 'e was a terror, 'e was! Oh, my eye!' And here he leered understandingly at us, as if to intimate that he himself, the Kala Sahib, was something of a terror, too. 'This 'ere joker, Ravanner, an' a bloomin' good name for 'im, too, cast 'is heye on Seater . . .'

I looked round at our native friends. Bhavani Rao's handsome face was dark with suppressed indignation. Rustumji was visibly perturbed. But Tookaram Tatya, the sturdy old Mah-ratta, rose instantly to the occasion.

'Look here, my man,' he said, adding financial doings to his little speech, 'we know all about these things. It is too hot for you here. Go home, and rest in the shade! Go!' And he waved the formidable green umbrella at the Kala Sahib with such good effect that we were presently left alone. Yet there was a certain wild charm about the Kala Sahib's extempore translations from Valmiki.

In one of the cool cavern halls, there is a notable group of figures carved in high relief on the red rock wall. It represents the Hindu Trinity, the Tri-murti, to use the Sanskrit name—the three forms of the one Divinity. Bhavani Rao, who was a fine Sanskrit scholar, and, like so many Brahmans, knew all his sacred books by heart, undertook to set forth for us the significance of the great triune figure.

'Brahman, the unmanifest Deity,' he said, 'is held to be embodied in a three-fold form, Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Shiva the destroyer-regenerator. Brahma the creator is the God of beginnings, the Father; Vishnu the preserver is the God of the present manifest world,

he who watches over all mankind, he who sends his spirit forth, in divine incarnations, Avatars, like Rama and Krishna and Buddha, who live and suffer for mankind.'

'What is the exact meaning of Avatar?' queried Mem-Sahib.

'In ancient times,' answered Bhavani Rao, 'we had few or no bridges over our great rivers, and those who would cross had to seek a ford —'

'Like Oxford and Wallingford, on the Thames,' interposed Mr. Tookaram, who was a great student of Western things.

'And the word for fording the river is the root *tar*. From the same root comes *tirtha*, a shrine at a ford. With the prefix, *Ava*-*tar* means one who, having already forded the great river, the river of death, crosses back again through the flood, to take others by the hand, to lead them also through. That is what Krishna did, and Buddha, and so many others. That is what the great Masters of Compassion forever do.'

'A wonderful word, and a wonderful thought, but you were telling us about the Tri-murti.'

Bhavani Rao continued:—

'Yes. There is a passage in the *Harivansha*'; and he began to intone Sanskrit verses in his fine, resonant voice:—

'Yo vai Vishnuh sa vai Rudro, yo Rudrah sa
Pitamahah
Eka murtis trayo devah Rudra-Vishnu-Pita-
mah.

'It is where Brahma, the great Father, finding Shiva in contest with Krishna, who is Vishnu, reproves the God, telling him that he is fighting against himself: "When thou showest me this auspicious vision, I perceive thereby no difference between Shiva who exists in the form of Vishnu, and Vishnu who exists in the form of Shiva. I shall declare to thee that

form composed of Vishnu and Shiva combined, which is without beginning or middle or end, imperishable, that passes not away. He who is Vishnu is Shiva; he who is Shiva is Brahma, the Father; the substance is one, the Gods are three, Shiva, Vishnu, and Brahma, the great Father. Vishnu, the highest manifestation of Shiva, and Shiva, the highest manifestation of Vishnu, this God, one only, though divided into twain, moves continually in the world. Vishnu exists not without Shiva, nor Shiva without Vishnu, hence these two Gods, Shiva and Vishnu, dwell in oneness.”

Bhavani Rao became silent, evidently pondering over the great trine mystery. Then, after a time, he spoke again: —

‘There is another passage in the *Mahabharata*, which exactly describes this statue here: “This is the glorious God, the beginning of all existences, imperishable, who knows the formation of all principles, who is the Supreme Spirit; who (the Lord) created Brahma from his right side, originator of all worlds, and from his left side Vishnu, preserver of the universe, and, when the end of the age had come, that mighty Lord created Shiva destroyer and regenerator.” In our scriptures,’ he went on, his face glowing with the high inspiration of those old days, ‘all things teach of the great divine Unity. It is the same in the *Bhagavad Gita*, the sermon of God Krishna, just before the battle of the Great War. The war is life, the great struggle for the soul, for immortality. Krishna is the Higher Self, Arjuna is the personal self, the mortal man, struggling under the burden of the immortal. The two are one. “Arjuna

is the soul of Krishna, and Krishna is the soul of Arjuna.” And again, “This Narayana is Krishna, and Nara, Man, is called Arjuna. Narayana and Nara are one being, divided into twain. They are born at different places, at the time of the great battle, again and again.”’

We stood there, in the entrance of the great, sacred cave-temple, a place of pilgrimage for one knows not how many ages. Behind us was cool shadow, gathering into darkness in the receding temple-chambers of the venerable cave. Before us was the glistening sunshine, with green undergrowth and date-palms, pillar-like, in the foreground; and, behind and below them, the hillside falling away in terraces of descending greenery to the sparkling turquoise of the sea. Above all was the sky, too radiant, too fervent, too brilliant for our eyes to bear, shining like the glory of the soul over this our human life.

“They are born again, at the time of the great battle,” repeated Tookaram, taking up the young Brahman’s words. ‘The mystery is not in the past alone, but in the future also. Behind us, shadows; but before us, light. So will India be born again, rising, after many days, in a new vigor and youth, for the inspiring of the nations; bringing the superb spiritual light that shines over life and death alike, in serene splendor, hallowing, blessing, sanctifying all mortal things; illumining all, and showing all as the handiwork of the great Father, for the training and teaching of our souls. India will rise again, in the fullness of time, for the whole world needs India and the luminous, age-old lore of our divinity.’

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

THE following is an extract from a letter I recently received from an American friend :—

‘It is a curious phenomenon, and a phenomenon I believe to be based on fact, that Americans are a more law-abiding people than the English. This never seemed to me possible till Mafeking night. Since that memorable ebullition there have been numerous indications of an excitability of English character which seems to me to transcend the unsteadiness of my own people. It is profoundly difficult for Americans to understand the Ulster difficulty. That *impasse* stands to us as a negation of all principles of popular government.’

Now, although I have chosen this American criticism as a text for my article it must not be supposed that we have not seen much the same phenomena ourselves. The increasing impatience of English people under law, evidenced in many ways and culminating in this threat of a rebellion in Ulster, has been clear to us for some time. It has been remarked upon frequently. It has been called a sign of degeneration in our people, it has been deplored, and heads have been shaken over it. But there has been no attempt so far as I know to analyze it, to get down to the deep-seated causes of the general discontent that is visible in England. It has simply been recognized, wept over, and accepted. No one has cared to make a diagnosis.

Yet no one will doubt that if possible a diagnosis should be made. When the

people of a country show an increasing impatience of law, an increasing contempt for the governments which pass and enforce this law, it is a very dangerous symptom. Nothing could be more significant and more dangerous than that a great nation should look on with hardly concealed approval at preparations for armed rebellion against a government presumably representative of that nation at large. Yet that is what is happening now about Ulster. There is something very wrong somewhere, something that has its roots much deeper than the Irish question. There is some great fault somewhere, it may be in the people or it may be in the government, or it may be in both. In any case it urgently calls for explanation.

And in the first place let me explain my own attitude of mind, not only toward the Ulster question, but toward the whole state of England; for circumstances have made it an unusual state, and it must be understood so as to make clear what I have to say.

I lived in Ireland and England for the first twenty years of my life; then I was in India and elsewhere for twenty-six years, broken by visits to England on leave, so that I never lost touch; and now I have been back seven years. Thus the contrast between the England of the sixties and seventies and the England of to-day is to me far more vivid than to those who have lived in England all the time. I can recall the England of forty years ago quite clearly. I have not been accus-

tomed slowly to the changes; they have been sprung upon me.

Again, I have no inclination toward any party. The influences which oblige most residents in England to identify themselves with one party or another have not existed for me. Further, I have been accustomed to watch the signs of discontent in peoples, and to try to analyze their causes, and humanity in essentials is always the same.

The changes in England in the last forty years or so are twofold, social and political. They are indeed very closely connected, but in this article I have no room for more than a few words on the social side of the question. I must almost entirely omit it and keep to the political.

The social England I knew as a boy was still in that darkness that spread over us as a reaction against the French Revolution. In dress, in literature, in art, in social matters, we suffered from an exaggerated Puritanism and despair of life. Our principal literature consisted of sermons, and to doubt that Jonah was really swallowed by a whale rendered you unfit for society. A girl might not appear in the streets alone, and if a man wanted to smoke he had to do it in seclusion. Well, in such matters we are gradually working ourselves free.

Where the municipality or the individual has liberty, we have obtained more light. But politically the reverse is true. In those days Parliament still commanded a great deal of respect. To be a Member of the House of Commons was considered a high honor, and it presupposed a certain ability and personality in the holder. Although of course there were many exceptions, a candidate was usually a man well known in his constituency, a man of standing, elected because he was trusted. Such an one I remember well was Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle. They

might be party men, but they were more than that. They had a certain power and independence because they were men of affairs, not mere talkers, and because they had their towns or counties behind them. Therefore ministers were still afraid of Parliament.

And ministers themselves were in even a greater degree well-known and trusted men. Gladstone and Bright and Cobden, Lords Salisbury, Hartington, Carnarvon, Derby, and many others, were known and respected as men, not merely as speakers. They had dignity and personality, and inspired even in opponents a strong respect. Debates in Parliament were still widely read because of their educative value and their high level. There had been a fall from twenty or thirty years before, but England was proud of its public institutions and of its public men.

Now I find all this altered.

In the first place there are no more real constituencies. The towns and counties have been split up. A parliamentary division now exists simply *ad hoc*. It has no life of its own, no individuality, no will, no purpose. It is really only an amorphous herd of voters.

Members are frequently not local men at all, but in any case they are elected not on their merits, but because the party machine nominates and gets them elected. They are mainly lawyers and talkers. Their duties are to record their votes, to keep the party in power, and nothing else. They have no independence and no personality. No one cares anything about them. They are generally despised. And this feeling is not confined to the middle or upper classes. It is in fact stronger, I think, in the lower strata of voters. Here is a story in illustration.

A candidate was trying to ingratiate himself with some workingmen, chat-

ting to them about various matters, and one said to him, 'Now, Mr. Dash,' — and was interrupted.

'Call me Charlie,' said the candidate.

The man did n't, he kept silent, and when Mr. Dash was gone he said to the others, 'Call *'im* Charlie, indeed. 'Im a pal of mine! Either he's a gentleman and deserves the Mr. or he's nothing. Yah!'

And the others agreed with him.

Yet Mr. Dash was elected — by the machine.

And a large proportion of members representing English constituencies in the House of Commons consists of lawyers, Jews, and Scotch. Now in England we do not care for any of these classes to represent us.

Members are now paid, whereas in the old days it would have been held as a truism that men who have so failed in their own walk of life that they could not afford to be members, were not suitable representatives of able, industrious, and wealthy constituencies. If this be so with the rank and file of the House of Commons, it is even more so in regard to ministers. Again we have lawyers, Scotchmen, and Jews on both sides, and men who are for the most part 'on the make.' They are able talkers, they are able managers of the party machine, but they are not men of character and experience and judgment. Their own personalities seem submerged, and they do things that no former leaders would have done. Take for instance the two party leaders.

The one who is now in power is opposed to woman suffrage. He has declared that it would, in his opinion, mean disaster. He knows that the whole mass of the people, men and women, are opposed to it. He knows that the present House of Commons was elected by the machine on totally other grounds. Yet he declared himself ready

to use all the power his sovereign had entrusted him with, to bring into law a woman's franchise bill if the House of Commons passed it by no matter what majority — and so bring what he was convinced was irretrievable disaster on his country.

The leader of the other party not long ago made a decisive speech on a most important point of policy — and ate his words a few days later.

What respect have men generally for ministers of this sort? There is but one opinion in every smoking-room, in every railway carriage, in every village public-house, and the reader can judge what that is.

Nor is even this the worst.

It has long been growing increasingly evident that neither ministers nor Parliament are the real government of the country. It would be something if even such men as they are were really responsible: the country would know whom to approach, whom to try to persuade, whom to hold responsible. At least we should be in the open. But it is not so.

The country is becoming increasingly conscious that both ministers and members on both sides are puppets of a secret caucus, which determines policies, rejects candidates, arranges their election, and appoints ministers. We are governed by a Star Chamber whichever party is in.

Now we have never liked Star Chambers. Neither do we like the laws better than their makers. A man may respect a law for either or both of two reasons: because it is composed by men whom he knows and trusts as men of understanding; or because he may be able to understand that it is necessary and good.

Neither reason has obtained in England for many years now. The first condition I have already dealt with. I will now briefly deal with the second.

The last forty years has been a period of very active social legislation. Hardly any department of life has escaped. The Education acts, the Liquor legislation, the 'Social Evil' legislation, have been rendered increasingly stringent. That the Education machine does more harm than good has been evident to all classes for long, and its tyranny has become insufferable. We are a cheerful people who like a glass of beer in due season, and we like it under comfortable and reasonable conditions which are not now possible. And the 'Social Evil' legislation is in its Pharisaism, its cruelty, its utter wickedness and folly, revolting to every one who sees it in its working. It makes men's blood boil to see the things they see.

Then there are the Workmen's Compensation acts, the Insurance acts, and others.

Moreover, there is the increasing tyranny of castes, of creeds, of lawyers, of doctors, of trade-unions, both to the public and to their members, which the government is utterly unable to control. On the contrary, they influence and control the government openly or secretly.

There are monopolies, — as, for instance, of all the roads of the country by the motor-using class, — which exasperate.

Thus the average Englishman now, rich or poor, is bound hand and foot in a maze of laws and prohibitions. He is preyed upon by government officials innumerable, and by powerful secret organizations. His house used to be his castle once, his private life was his own, but he is now the inmate of a vast reformatory and his house is but a cell in it.

We don't like this. To us in all our history the first necessity has been personal liberty, not merely liberty to do right, but liberty within certain limits

to do wrong and if necessary pay for it, and so learn wisdom. We have never believed in machine-made men or machine-made moralities. We would, for instance, rather be free and drunk than slave and sober. Temperance that comes from self-control is good, most excellent, but temperance that comes from prohibition is degrading, — have they not such temperance in jails?

Therefore there is now throughout all classes in England a feeling of restiveness and rebellion. Life under present conditions is daily becoming less worth living because its freedom has departed. There is a dejection and a pessimism evident on all sides. And we see no way to mend it. An independent candidate has no chance at the polls against the organism of parties. Were he by chance elected he would not even be allowed to speak in the House. Parliament does not represent us. Government is a secret tyranny no matter which party is in, and that it masquerades as popular government only makes the mockery worse. We see quite clearly that popular election does not in the least result in popular representation.

Now, if you clearly understand all this explanation, several matters before obscure become apparent.

Mafeking night was an outburst and a protest against the stringent social prohibitions that bind us on all sides. It was not a seemly exhibition, but freedom when pent up too much is violent in its revolt. The same argument applies in many ways.

And now take Ulster.

Into the merits of the question I cannot enter. I left Ireland as a child, and I have no first-hand knowledge. I have heard a great deal on both sides, but on hearsay only I would never form an opinion on any matter. I have a strong sympathy with people wishing to be free because I believe in freedom

as the only eventual cure for all ills, but I do not know whether an Irish parliament would mean freedom for Ireland, even for the South. It might or might not; I cannot assume either. Neither can I absolutely assume that the Irish members really represent Ireland. They may or may not. I know the English members do not represent England, for all the apparent freedom of election.

The question of Ireland and Ulster then resolves itself for me, as for the great bulk of Englishmen, into the following:—

We cannot ourselves decide on the merits of the question.

The very object of having members at all and ministers is to have men to decide such questions for us. That is what they are there for. We do not keep dogs to bark and then do the barking ourselves. We expect ministers to keep our interests in view and do the best they can. Did we believe they did that, we should back them up through thick and thin.

But the whole of my preceding argument is to show that we do not believe that ministers do anything of the sort. They do not represent us, they do not understand us, they do not consider our interests. They are swayed by secret councils and consider themselves alone. We are in fact sick of Government. It is our enemy, not our friend. Therefore about Ulster we say this. We do not know if Ulster be right or wrong. But we see quite clearly that Ulster believes sincerely and truly that it will be deeply wronged by being handed over to a Nationalist government in Dublin. It feels this so strongly that it will fight sooner than submit. It has no other way of influencing Government and saving itself. Ulster's appeals to Government have been useless simply because Government has pledged itself to the Nationalists. It

cannot listen to any reason. It has beforehand debarred itself from this possibility.

Ulster cannot appeal to England because England has no voice. Even a general election would not decide the matter. The English voter would cast his vote, not according to whether Ulster should be under Nationalist government or not, because he neither knows nor cares anything about it, but according to bribes offered him by the parties, or according to pressure brought upon him in one way or another.

Therefore if Ulster has made up her mind that to be under a Nationalist parliament would be slavery, she has no alternative but to fight. And we in England generally are in sympathy with such an attitude. We do not in the least consider that Ulster is flouting the English nation, but only a secret caucus. And we like men who are ready to fight for freedom. We have done so too often not to admire it. We are disillusioned as to election meaning representation, and we are ourselves all more or less 'agin the government.'

That is, I think, more or less the general attitude. It is not of course what men actually admit at once. In England it has become the custom to have fixed opinions about everything, and the less you know about a subject the more fixed your opinions should be. This is inculcated by our systems of education and politics. Therefore you will generally get at first a violent denunciation of either Dublin or Belfast. But, after all, these opinions are only clothes men wear to hide their nakedness of knowledge, and presently they will admit about what I have written above,—that they really know nothing as to the rights of the case, but that if Ulster feels that she is going to be made a slave of, she is right to fight.

That is the state of affairs now as I

write. But if actual fighting begins, of course this attitude of mind will change. Then it will be necessary to take sides effectually, still not from any knowledge of the Irish question, but either to support Government because it is Government, or to destroy it for having brought on a revolution and therefore being unfit to govern.

What will be the result no one knows.

Therefore are we in England now becoming restive under law as we have done often before in our history. We are beginning to be quite sure that the tyranny of caucus-made majorities may be as unendurable as that of tyrants, and even more dangerous to freedom. We do not approve either our

lawgivers or the laws they make. And this unrest is universal. It is not confined to a class or classes; it is strongest, I think, among the working people, because they suffer more than those above them. Whether, as my correspondent suggests, we are less law-abiding than the American people, I cannot say. I have never been in America, and all I know of her is from friends and books and papers. But there are certain laws I have read, both of Congress and of States, that I do not think any English ministry would try to pass and enforce in England. Or if they did, they would within six months be running for their lives.

What is real representation? That is the question.

THE CONTENTED HEART

BY LUCY ELLIOTT KEELER

Cœur Content, grand Talent, runs the motto of one of my friends; which early led me to dub her, Contented Heart. Is it not human nature, such easy assumption of an interesting aspiration as a fact to be posted? As logical as to expect Mr. Short to check his stature at five feet two; as humanly contrary as for the Blacks to name their girls, Lily, Blanche, and Pearl. They usually do. I remember a Bermudian rector, leaning down to inquire the name of the black baby to be christened, suddenly quickened into audibility by the mother's reply: 'Keren-Happuck, sir, yes, sir, one of the Miss Jobs, sir.' Now Job's daughters were fairest among the daughters of men.

Contented Heart has obsessed my mind of late. I like to take the other side: everybody does. Does like to and does; and because the air to-day is redolent of unrest and discontent, I put in the assertion that, nevertheless, the great majority of my acquaintances possess that great talent, — translate it knack, or translate it acquirement, — a contented heart. I seldom talk intimately with anybody but I hear something like this: —

'I have been visiting at the X's. What a superb place! but I do not envy them. Think of the care and expense and the servant question. Simple as my cot is, I honestly prefer it.' Or, 'What a fortune the H's appear to

have. It would be comfortable to get what one wants and go where one wishes; not to worry at tax-paying time and new-suit time. Still I doubt if they get half the enjoyment from their acquisitions that we do who have to save and plan for ours.' Or, 'You do not use eye-glasses? How fortunate! they are such a nuisance. But hush — such a boon. I should be helpless without them. I am not sure but it is even a good thing to be born with them on, so to speak. My contemporaries who are beginning to use them are most unhappy, while glasses are just a part of my face.' Or, 'It is a great affliction to be deaf in even one ear. The person on that one side of you thinks you prefer the conversation of the person on the other side. Yet, as my brother said when he saw me struggling to make out a dull speaker's words, "Why abuse your natural advantage?"'

How do people with two good ears sleep? They cannot bury them both in the pillow. Suppose our ears were so sensitive that we noticed every footstep on the street! Being deaf is merely to enjoy some of the advantages that the society to prevent unnecessary noises seeks to confer on a normal public. We admire a beautiful face and then add, 'But how she must hate to grow old; a tragedy of the mirror that we homely souls are spared.' All my life I envied persons with straight noses till I began to observe that with age the straight nose droops into a beak, whereas the youthful tip-tilt and concavity kind straightens its end to a fair classicism. Thus others than the Vicar of Wakefield draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Of course content is dilemma enough to have its two horns: the double peaks of taking life too easily, and of taking it too hard. In his statue of Christ, Thorvaldsen expressed his conviction that he had reached his culminating

point, — since he had never been so satisfied with any work before, — and was 'alarmed that I *am* satisfied.' That 'the people ask nothing better' is the slogan of the grafter. No reform comes without its preceding period of discontent; dissatisfaction is the price to be paid for better things; a revolutionary attitude must be maintained. Stevenson knew a Welsh blacksmith who at twenty-five could neither read nor write, at which time he heard a chapter of *Robinson Crusoe* read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance; but he left the kitchen another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy, only one in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length with entire delight read *Robinson*.

As there is a noble way of being discontented, so there is an ignoble content. The Contented Heart is not a phrase to soothe us, but a power to work results. It must constantly emerge upon a higher plane, or it will fall. Few of us would be willing to retain just the personal habits that we have now. Sir Gilbert Elliot drove his sister out of her literary inertia when he bet gloves to ribbons that she could not write a modern ballad on the *Flowers of the Forest*. The result is one of the most popular songs of Scotland. There is also a sham content whose practitioners often get their 'cum-uppances' as effectively as did Thomas Raikes. The Duchess of York led him about her garden, where was a menagerie crowded with eagles and some favorite macaws. A herd of kangaroos and ostriches appeared and a troop of

monkeys. Next morning a kangaroo and a macaw strolled into Raikes's bedroom. He was too much of a courtier to tell his terror. At breakfast he said, 'If I like one creature more than another it is a kangaroo, while there is nothing so good for a bedroom sentinel as a strong-legged macaw.' The good Duchess smiled pleasantly and put Raikes down in her will for two macaws.

A certain kind of content enlivens us with the bliss of others' ignorance. Tacitus was one of the first historians in our modern sense, yet he described a motionless frozen sea in the north from which a hiss is heard as the sun plunges down into it at night; and Pliny noted that the reflection of mirrors is due to the percussion of the air thrown back upon the eyes. Kipling laughed slyly at the traveler in India who spent his time gazing at the names of the railway stations in Baedeker. When the train rushed through a station he would draw a line through the name and say, 'I've done that.' Satisfaction with our learning is confined to no age or nation. Two Frenchmen in a restaurant showing off their English opined, 'It deed rain to-morrow.' 'Yes, it was.' Satisfaction with virtue was rebuked by Francis de Sales when he told the nuns, who asked to go barefoot, to keep their shoes and change their brains. Satisfaction with our importance recalls Harlequin, who when asked what he was doing on his paper throne replied that he was reigning. Satisfaction with our future is the satisfaction of the eighth square of the chessboard where we shall all be queens together, and it's all feasting and fun.

I would not, as advocate of the Contented Heart, go so far as Walt Whitman when he said that whoever was without his volume of poems should be assassinated; but his remark suggests

that extreme measures are frequently curative. Stanislaus of Poland did not hesitate to recall to his daughter the bad days they had undergone. 'See, Marie, how Providence cares for good people: you had not even a chemise in 1725, and now you are Queen of France.' To take up Dante and read about devils boiled in pitch must by comparison cheer morbid humans. The spectacle of tragedy in the lives of kings and favorites of the gods such as the Greek stage presented was believed to be wholesome because beholders thereby faced a scale of misfortune so much exceeding anything in their own lives that their mishaps appeared of slight importance in comparison. I know that after seeing *Œdipus Rex* given by the three Salvini's and others in the old amphitheatre in Fiesole, I went off murmuring, 'What does it matter if my trunk is lost!' a state of mind to which no slighter argument had sufficed to bring me. Surely life is too interesting to spend it all knocking off its pretty scallops by aimless exaggeration of small troubles, or hanging out our large ones to flap the passer-by. Besides which, we get no more sympathy from the passer-by than did Giant Despair who sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits.

Captivating as a 'born,' a fortuitous, untrained content may be, trained content is of a finer type. One is quantity content, the other quality content. Not to smash things up and make them over just as we want them, which we should like to do but cannot; not to waste our time fighting against conditions, but to take up those conditions, that environment, and out of them forge the *æs triplex* of a contented heart — that, I take it, is to be an adept in the fine art of living, and I for one am votary.

That the most restless heart can train itself to find content in simple, com-

monplace things, like work, nature, health, books, meditation, and friends, — illustrations are bewilderingly abundant. Burne-Jones said he would like to stay right in his own house for numberless years, the hope of getting on with his painting was happiness enough. Macaulay would 'rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading'; and King James said that if he were not a king he would be a university man, and if it were so that he must be a prisoner he would desire no other durance than to be chained in the Bodleian Library with so many noble authors. Carlyle's chief luxury was 'to think and smoke tobacco, with a new clay pipe every day, put on the doorstep at night for any poor brother-smoker or souvenir-hunter to carry away.'

All Diogenes wanted was that Alexander and his men should stand from between him and the sun. Goethe found content in Nature and earnest activity; and the happy Turk told Candide that he had twenty acres of land which he cultivated with his children, work which put them far from great evils: ennui, vice, and need, — 'Il faut cultiver notre jardin.' Diocletian, one of the cleverest of the Roman emperors, reigned twenty-two years and then retired to private life in Dalmatia, building, planting, and gardening. Solicited by Maximian to resume the imperial purple, he replied that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands he would no longer be urged to relinquish his enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power. Fanny Kemble lived all summer in the Alps, the guides describing her exquisitely as the lady who goes singing over the mountains. Pedareus, being left out of the election of the three hundred, went home merry, saying that it did him

good to find there were three hundred better than himself in the city. St. Augustine on his thirty-third birthday gave his friends a moderate feast followed by a three days' discussion of the Happy Life. Bunyan wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress* not to please his neighbors, but his own self to satisfy; in prison, too.

Catherine of Siena, whatever her sufferings, was always jocund, 'ever laughing in the Lord.' The blind Madame du Deffand rejoiced that her affliction was not rheumatism; Spurgeon's receipt for contentment was never to chew pills, but to swallow the disagreeable and have done with it; Darwin's comfort was that he had never consciously done anything to gain applause; and Jefferson never ceased affirming his belief in the satisfying power of common daylight, common pleasures, and all the common relations of life. Essipoff, when commiserated on the smallness of her hands, insisted that longer ones would be cumbersome. Robert Schaffler's specific for a blue Monday is to whistle all the Brahms tunes he can remember. Dr. Cuyler, when very ill, replied to a relative's suggestion of the glorious company waiting him above, 'I've got all eternity to visit with those old fellows; I am in no hurry to go'; and old Aunt Mandy, when asked why she was so constantly cheerful, replied, 'Lor', chile, I jes' wear this world like a loose garment.'

Acts, all these, the flinging out of hand or tongue against adverse fortune. The brain can do it, too. One of the most remarkable statements I ever heard is Mary Antin's that she never had a dull hour in her life. Now, outside things, doings, could not so have thrilled her days. Her spirit kept dullness distant. On the rafters of Montaigne's tower-room was written in Greek, 'It is not so much things that

torment man as the opinion that he has of things.' Our opinions then make the contented or the discontented heart. Coleridge affirmed the shaping power of imagination to be so vitally human that the joy of life consists in it. Haydon's chief pleasure was 'feeding on his own thoughts.' 'Make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts,' Ruskin urged. 'Whether God gave the Venetians St. Mark's bones does not matter,' he says elsewhere, 'but he gave them real joy and peace in their imagined treasure, more than we have in our real ones.' Lord Rosebery urges people to garden in winter in the imagination. Stevenson writes of the ease and pleasure of travels in the calendar and a voyage in the atlas; and Keats thought that a man might pass a very pleasant life by reading certain pages of poetry and wandering with them and musing and dreaming upon them.

It is the mood that makes the contented heart, just as the eye makes the horizon, and we ourselves make the light that we see things by. Clothes warm us only by keeping our own heat in. 'Everyone is well or ill at ease,' says Epictetus, 'according as he finds himself; not he whom the world believes but himself believes to be so is content.' To be concrete, take riches. 'Greedy fools,' sings the modern poet,

'Measure themselves by poor men never;
Their standard being still richer men
Makes them poor ever.'

The rich man is merely one who has something to spare; and the really poor one he who has nothing over. If you can give anything you are rich. Try it. An old man tells me how Mark Hopkins used to examine the boys in the Westminster Catechism: 'What is the chief end of man?' 'To glorify God and enjoy him forever.' 'Well,' he burst forth, 'why don't you do it then?' It is not conceit, but hygiene of the soul,

to 'enjoy one's self,' taking the conventional phrase literally. The trick of happiness, says Walt Whitman, is to tone down your wants and tastes low enough; and Stevenson puts in his say that the true measure of success is appreciation: 'I stand more in need of a deeper sense of contentment with life than of knowledge of the Bulgarian tongue.' What would the possession of a thousand a year avail, asks Thackeray, to one who was allowed to enjoy it only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails in it?

Take knowledge, not to be confounded with wisdom, — 'I have none,' sang Keats's thrush, 'and yet the evening listens.' It did not hurt Horace

if others be
More rich or better read than me,
Each has his place.

Montaigne would rather be more content and less knowing; and there is Lessing's great confession of faith: that if God in his right hand held all truth, and in his left the striving for truth, 'if he should say to me, "Choose," I would say, "Father, give me this striving, pure truth is for thee alone."'

Take work. Do you complain of it? Try doing more, of a productive sort. An engine-builder received complaint that his engine burned too much coal. 'How many cars on the train?' was the telegraphed query, with the reply, 'Four.' 'Try twelve,' went the prescription, and the train drew twelve with economy of fuel. 'Your brain tired?' William James echoed a student. 'Never mind, work straight on and your brain will get its second wind.' I myself do not know of any anodyne surer and quicker than that found in the garden. When all the world is askew, dibbling in seedlings in straight rows is a wonderful solace. Why do so many women treat domesticity as drudgery? Its infinite variety, so unlike the monotonous tasks of men,

often wearies the mind, but like Chertton I do not see how it can narrow it. And socialism, with its cry of arm-chairs for workingmen! Arm-chairs, as Creighton nobly says, will bring no lasting happiness; but to quicken a human being, even one's self, into a sense of the meaning of his life and destiny, that is a real happiness.

Take sorrow. Is it not infinitely better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? Are there not many good moments in life which outweigh its greatest sorrows?

Take overpressure. Luther advised Melancthon to stop managing the universe and let the Almighty do it; and Dr. Trumbull preached 'the duty of refusing to do good.'

Take the grief caused by others. One of the bravest women I know used in times of anxiety to gather her little children about her and say gayly, 'Now I will make some graham gems, and open some marmalade, and we will take a little comfort.' Solomon or Aristotle could have done no more.

Take, for a smile's sake, the weather. It may be bad, but as we cannot change it, the thing is our attitude toward it; and as dark enshrouds us, 'The sun is set,' said Mr. Inglesant, cheerfully; 'but it will rise again. Let us go home.'

In such ways as these the right-minded person will meet his discontents face to face, and one by one eliminate them. He will also take stock of his assets. St. Teresa said that by thinking of heaven for a quarter of an hour every day one might hope to

deserve it. Why do we not deliberately devote some minutes each day to saying to ourselves, 'I am tolerably well; I have food and shelter; everybody so far as I know respects me, and a few persons love me truly. I have books and a garden, the stars and the sea. I enjoy this and that, and before long the other. The thing so long dreaded has never come to pass. I will embark at any rate for the land of the Contented Heart.' Would not such a conscious recapitulation be an actual force building up this thing of which we talk?

Can content be conveyed? Can it be passed from one who has it to one who has it not — as one lamp lights another nor grows less? I wonder what would be the effect of a group of young women, lately conning over in college class —

With what I most enjoy contented least —

if they should resolve to stop all that, and, undeterred by others' estimate of values, be trustees of their own content, not suffering it to be contingent upon the manners and conduct of others? I believe that it would act like the magnet, which not only attracts the needle but infuses it with the power of drawing others. Greatheart so inspired the travelers that Christiana seized her viol and Mercy her lute, and, as they made sweet music, Ready-to-Halt took Despondency's daughter, Mrs. Much-Afraid, by the hand and together they went dancing down the road.

Which is apropos of my contention that the Contented Heart is not so rare!

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

THE emotional value of Christmas may be said to be universally felt. Something happens at Christmas that, if only for a day or two, does the whole world good. What that something is remains for many a mystery. A number of persons who feel the renewing impulse are like Faust when the notes of the Easter song arrest his suicidal intent; they take and enjoy the moment's deliverance and continue to regard the source of the boon as nothing more than mythology made potent through human associations. Others are moved through superstitious fears; they approach the great season with consciences crowded with uncomfortable memories; Marley's Ghost is after them, but, unlike Scrooge, their new heart is only for Christmas week. Another group simply fall in with an ancient custom, and are surprised, and indeed pleased, when the dry bones of their unbelieving minds come together, take on flesh, and begin to live. A vast multitude meet the great day with buoyant expectation, take with thanks its new happiness, return to their work in this exalted mood, and ask no questions about cause and effect. A few philosophize on the phenomenon, and they are willing to stake their lives on the substantial truth of their insight. In behalf of this elect company I venture to write, not without considerable experience of the risk run by the prophet when he assumes to be representative.

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Once more, let us say, we are under the spell of Christmas. We cannot be sour or irritable or pessimistic, do our utmost. We have been subjected to a shower-bath of gladness; kind thoughts are circulating with fullness and vigor through all the avenues of the mind; we are elated, even jubilant, ready for laughter and tears, sympathetic with the children in their glee, tender toward the poor and forlorn, strangely accessible to life's best memories, reverent toward religious faith, and almost willing to go to church. All this may seem to our pagan mind as foolish as a revival of religion, something inconsistent with proper economic austerity, a senseless revel of humanity at the expense of the moods, habits, and rules of solid business. Nevertheless here we are, pounded into submission and sympathy, overcome for a few hours or days by the tides of an ideal existence.

What does this strange recurring experience mean? Is there anything in it substantial and reasonable, or is it merely a sweet and expensive delusion? Is it cloud or solid land? Perhaps it may prove to be both. Often one will see the cloud on the mountain take the shape of the summit it conceals; the Matterhorn in cloud is moulded by the Matterhorn in adamant.

It would seem that something of this kind might be true of the Christmas emotion; it may be that it is shaped by a hidden everlasting reality; when the emotion passes into understanding we may be able to see the sublime source of our enchantment.

II

In the intellectual life of the race, the true order would seem to be reality, feeling, reason. The infinite thing is the universal reality. We touch this reality first of all in feeling. The feeling is indeed penetrated with intelligence; still it remains feeling. It rises in the forms of interest, curiosity, surprise, desire, expectation, confidence, and the spirit of prophecy. From this psychic confusion of great riches, issue clear conceptions, valid insight, sure knowledge. Reason is the latest born in the psychic family, and it remains forever overshadowed in life by its elder brothers — feeling, and the reality of which feeling is the witness.

That we are in a real universe is an assumption upon which we live; that we feel this real universe before we are able to think it, is an obvious fact in our experience; that we think, even at our best, something not only immeasurably smaller than the total reality, but also something that is nothing more than a fraction of the content of feeling, is a statement too plain to call for argument about it. When one sees a child playing on the lawn in front of its home in the sunshine, as the days lengthen into its second summer in the world, three things are clear. There is the enfolding sunshine; there is the sense of life heightened by the sunshine; there is some dim consciousness of the relation of cause and effect between the sunshine and the experience of exhilaration. We have here, one may presume, a hint of man's life as a spiritual being. There is the divine reality; there is its effect upon feeling; there is the account of the connection between these two. The contention is that the divine environment is the ultimate and infinite wonder; close to this stands feeling truly inexhaustible in its content; last of all comes reason, in-

evitable in the mature human being, and inevitably behind in its work.

Originality would seem to begin in feeling. Copernicus has a feeling that the Ptolemaic system is all wrong; Newton that there must be some bond of union among all worlds; Berkeley that Locke's idea of matter is an absurdity; Kant that a true psychology should consider the action of the mind upon its object no less than the action of the object upon the mind; Darwin that life must have a history, that it must be an ascent. Feeling is the first sign of genius; to feeling in men of great genius we are indebted for the beginnings of the achievements that have made their names illustrious. The feeling for nature has given us our greatest scientists; the feeling for man our supreme poets; the feeling for God several of our weightiest philosophers and all our highest prophets.

When Jonathan Edwards contended that genuine religion consists largely in the affections, he did not mean to confine religion to a mere subjective circle. For him, as for every other wise man, the heart is not a possession out of all relation to universal Being; it is the organ of closest contact with universal Being; of intuitive intercourse with it or him; of response to immediate impact; it is the organ of a storehouse of intimations, appeals, and gifts. The subtlest forms of mind work here, and they bring into the spirit of man experiences, assurances, and hopes of a transcendent character. From this world of religious feeling, reason elaborates its world of meanings, concepts, beliefs; still the primary world of religious feeling remains unsearchable in its richness, unfathomable in its depth.

III

Christmas has its chief meaning here. It is one of the Christian forms

of appeal for the benignity of the universe. The encompassing Infinite is austere; all religions recognize that fact. The ultimate reality, whatever it may be, is hard upon human beings; no wise man can avoid that conclusion. Sometimes we are almost driven to the bitter belief that the universe is against us; that our lives are a pitiful and foredoomed failure in the heart of infinite unconcern, perhaps of infinite disdain. The pessimism in books is first of all written with the pen of fateful experience on the tablets of the heart. There are many points at which the black antipathies of the universe toward human beings gather and pour in upon us in floods. Here is the birth and cradle of vital pessimism.

There are other points at which we become conscious of the supporting sympathy of the encasing Mystery. There are times and seasons when we cannot doubt that the stars in their courses are fighting our battles. There are in our inmost soul at such times assurances of the benignity of the Eternal. For this benignity there are many forms of appeal in our family, social, and political life; we come to the greater forms in the higher religions of the world. In one way or another all these carry to the weary and heavy-laden a benediction from the Soul of the universe. Commotions follow in man's heart; high moods of moral conquest and peace, the play and interplay of relieving human sympathies; these, however, are but effects, the supreme cause is out beyond in the benignity toward men at the centre of all being.

Christmas is, as I have said, one of the forms in the Christian religion for this benignity. Love, marriage, parenthood, childhood, friendship, and all the greater forms of humanity, are strangely affected and exalted at the Christmas season. What means this

overflow of human kindness and hope? The birth of Jesus has seemed to the wisest men the most significant token of sympathy for man, at the centre of all reality. When the flood-tide of Christmas is upon us it is hard to remain unbelievers. We rejoice; we do more than rejoice; we know that we are glad, and why. Life is enfolded in the universal sympathy, and on this account we are justified not only in our momentary exaltation but also in our permanent working faith.

Christmas comes burdened with a profound and cheering philosophy of history. The philosophic background of the advent of Jesus is in these words: 'And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest . . . as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' The meagre character takes refuge in the ampler; the child hides in the greatness of the parent's life; the pupil in the shadow of the teacher's strength; the average man in the community in the commanding nature of his leader. Thus we rise till we come to those few highest minds which are, in Burke's fine words, 'the refuge of afflicted nations.' History is changed not by ideas alone, but by ideas as expressed in the supreme personality. The world we live in has been made for us; the source of this world-making power is the idea in action; the idea in action is the mind of the great man at work. We are everlasting debtors to the great men who have preceded us; they have become our refuge and strength and without them we should be homeless and impotent.

Thus the idyl of the advent of Jesus becomes the epic of the ideal human career. The Apostle to the nations knew the meaning of the manger in Bethlehem, and the emotions that Bethlehem and its manger have always stirred, when he said, 'We have the mind of

Christ.' That mind has been a world-home for countless human beings; and this world-home has been built upon the Infinite benignity of the universe. Thus the Christian philosophy of history breaks in upon us at Christmas and carries us away like a flood. Then it is easy to chant with Milton, 'Till one greater man restore us'; to sing with Tennyson, 'On God and Godlike men we build our trust'; and to give thanks with the Evangelist for the 'Life that was the Light of men.'

Our human world has gone wrong. A shallow evolutionism constructs a theory of progress that goes in straight lines; a profounder evolutionism questions the facts and reads an advance of another sort. We are impatient to-day with legends of the fall; the impatience is not without excuse, and yet it is by no means wise. Legends often carry in imaginative form the wisdom and sorrow of a race; those who have an eye for the wisdom, and a heart for the sorrow, will ponder the legend; they will not laugh it to scorn.

When we refrain in the first instance from generalizations and confine attention to individuals, the grounds of dispute vanish. It is not difficult to see, indeed it is impossible to avoid seeing, that multitudes of men and women go wrong. For them existence has become bitter and almost hopeless. They have sinned; they have been sinned against; they are suffering Ishmaelites whose hand is against every man, against whom is the hand of society. Now let us generalize from those who have gone wrong under our eyes to the millions that have gone wrong under the eyes of God. Then imagine what Christmas brings to many of them; what it is capable of bringing to all of them. On them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death a great light has shined. Christmas proclaims the mighty Gospel that human beings live

in a redemptive universe. Comfortable persons who live on the moral income of an heroic past may sneer at this; the multitudes whose work keeps the world alive and who are noble enough to know that they have gone wrong will greet this Gospel, as of old, with a Gloria in Excelsis.

Custom may harden or it may renew and deepen human nature. Upon a hollow-hearted scoundrel playing the rôle of a pious man custom acts as time acts on a cooling planet; it makes the crust harder and deepens it till it is dust and ashes to the core. The action of custom upon a sincere mind that would pay all its dues is of a different order. In this case custom brightens to the infinite heights the sky overhead; it brings morning up out of night; it renews the power of the ideal; on each recurrence it initiates a profounder movement of spirit in the presence of life's best hopes.

Periodicity in sin is a tragic fact; it is the succession of snares set for the foolish man who on each recoil from his shameful act just committed thinks of himself as cured of his passion. The rhythm of passion returns; the intervals are like the lulls between the great breakers when the tide is rolling in; they are delusive. Vivid as the bitter fact are Shakespeare's words, 'That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat.' Periodicity in dishonor lies upon men with the weight of the world; indeed it wears down and out the moral purpose and swamps multitudes in cynicism.

There is a periodicity that runs counter to this work of the devil. Custom here renews the mind in the possession of its best judgments; supports these judgments with freshened feelings; recovers to the faded resolution its native hue. Custom in this case is like a man standing on firm ground pulling his friend out of a bog: every return is another pull, another emancipation, another prophecy

that ultimate freedom is sure. Periodicity in religion is the law of the spirit of life in an imperfect world; it is a kind of Santa Scala whose steps lead to ever happier reconciliations between the actual and ideal in man.

Here is part of the Christmas magic. The world is on the whole sincere, and when the Christmas sunburst of benignity strikes it, this Memnon's statue sings again. The Christmas season is an indefinable compound of thoughts and feelings; hints and suggestions local and universal; richest memories and sincerest hopes; movements of heart confined to the family circle and

again going forth over the whole diameter of humanity. Instincts and sympathies are here that concern man in his fortune in this world and that reach to the Eternal and rest there. Utterly beyond exhaustive analysis is the heart of a representative human being under the Christmas enchantment. What does it all mean? As I have said, there are in fact many answers; to the writer the only answer with sure reason in it is that which sees in the Christmas gladness a fresh invasion of the Infinite benignity, a new assurance through a recurrent form of the coming of the Kingdom of God.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HAND-MADE POETRY

I HAVE lost fifteen pounds. This is lamentable, as I was already incredibly thin. My nature cries for expression of this elemental sorrow, — the sorrow felt at the loss of sinew and substance by one already sufficiently lean and spare. I search the poets for a sympathetic voicing of my thought, and I find that upon this one subject they are silent. Can I believe that they were all abundantly rotund? Or did they regard their fluctuations in weight merely as physiological phenomena? To me, the disappearance — not condensation, but absolute evanishment — of hoarded ounces represents a mystic problem. Just whither have they flown, those atoms of mine, which, by laws of conservation, must now be re-assembling themselves in some form: as dew, or dust, or flame, or ash, or ghostly vapor? And shall I claim no property right? Shall I feel no yearn-

ing for chance tidings of how they fare? A fruitful thought, in sooth. And because no poet has tuned his lute for me, I must construct my poems by hand. Laborious, to be sure, but the easier for the careful following of masters.

Fancy an emaciated Browning poised upon his trusty scales, reading with stricken eyes the loss of so considerable an amount. How would he grasp his fiery pen and set himself in this wise to write: —

Gone then! Enough good flesh and solid bone
To make a hand. Nay, two the heft of mine.
What does a hand weigh? Fifteen honest pounds
Should make at least a head — a head, say, and a
hand.

Think! Had I lost my head and my right hand
I'd weep to find them gone. Why then not grieve
At loss of valued flesh, equivalent weight,
Gone, — God knows where.

As usual, R. B. is exclamatory, fragmentary. But no definite solution of the puzzle offers, not even the visionary gleam of a surmise. I bethink me of the infinite range of possibilities, —

the utter certainty that somewhere my atoms are abroad in the land. Is their secret hiding-place in the vague drifting of summer rain; or the throbbing red of the hawthorn blossoms; or the faint humming of whitened clover fields? It soothes me to reflect upon Swinburne's mad revelry in extravagant detail; give him but his six-stressed line, and the ends of the world for his *cæsura*, and hear the sweeping echo of his fantasy:

Sunset has kindled its flame, and its cloud is the
wraith of my soul,
Quivering there in the glow of the wind and the
rose in the west,
Fragments that linger at last in the dream-
haunted vapors that roll
Tranquil as incense that floats from the silver-
swung censers of rest.
Oh, that I wholly were vanished, to follow the
part that has gone —
Feeling the pulse of the light in the far-lying
path of a star,
Fainting in fragrance of dusk as I steal down the
shadows alone —
Dim-flying forms of the elves a-glimpse in the
stillness afar.

But Swinburne, as usual, cannot be trusted to the finish. What assurance have I heard from any newsy herald that my atoms have solved themselves in evening mist and twilight fragrances? He is too remote, is Swinburne. As I ponder introspectively upon the tendency of such substance as remains to me, I find that its stirrings are mainly commonplace; that it thrills to a flower rather than to a fragrance, — at a touch more delicately than at a thought. And I cast about for a quiet singer who fain would forsake the Milky Way to haunt a garden path; who would rather dwell in a sea-pool with the gray barnacles and the companionable urchins, and the sensitive, frayed anemones, than upon the ragged crest of windy storm-clouds. Oh, for a dainty, lovesome triolet written by Austin Dobson's gentle shade! How would he trim his lantern and dip his quill and order his rhyme-scheme! And

how clumsily, in contrast, we rustle our way about his quaint Provençal garden close. Still — there is yet to be phrased the song of our own atoms, lately lost.

Do they dance in the dew
In the heart of the pansies?
Oh — I think that a few
Must have danced in the dew,
And that some of them flew
To make spice for the tansies,
Ere they danced in the dew
In the heart of the pansies!

And still my thought is a mere problem. Still there is no ultimate conviction as to the whereabouts of my errant self. I ponder the advisability of seeking more ripe and elderly sympathy from Chaucer. But I am sure that he would light his Chaucerean candle and proceed forthwith, not to enlighten me, but, shrewd eyes a-twinkle, diabolically to describe me! And just that I could not bear. 'Lene as is a rake,' — I find that I rather shrink from the cheerful Dan. And, besides, he is so traditionally and unalterably portly. I must forego the hope of tracing my molecules to his daisy fields. After all, as in every strait, we were wise to go at once to the mighty Elizabethan. In his great hand, the vexed thought should mould itself to quiet and measured lines. And how I warm to his graceful flattery, his broad latitude as to mathematical accuracy. Sir Francis, now, would have scanned my meagre proportions, divided his too prudent reckoning by fifteen, and begun his poem with a different fraction, — a seventh, perchance, or a sixth. Not so our Shakespeare, with his round and gracious numbers!

A tenth of me. Insensate, lifeless, nil.
Matter sans spirit, late a part of me,
Shocked by my pain, warm with my ecstasies,
Bathed in the vital flow of very life, —
And viewless now mid incorporeal air,
My lost, invisible, and evaporate self.
If physical fractions are so easy spared,
Who fears the last dim hour of mortal change
When soul from flesh eternally shall part?

Ah well! The sacred names rebuke this irreverent trifling. Let me no more profane the eternal verities with goopish verse. But often, sleepily, when the moonlight stirs on the pear-leaves outside my window and a cricket is singing in the quiet of 'the long night,' I shall put my hands over my dream-filled eyes and ponder somewhat sadly about those atoms.

THE HERO OF MY DREAMS

ALL the beautiful red and yellow and blue best-sellers had been swept away before I got to the library. Even the best-sellers-before-last, dully rebound but still re-readable, were gone, for it was Saturday afternoon, and our town was laying in its supply of Sunday reading. So I took home three slim, dingy volumes standing neglectedly on a shelf, lettered, '*The Head of the Family*, By Miss Mulock,' and proceeded to investigate them.

The woodcuts were hoopskirted or bearded. The chapter-headings were long quotations, mostly from Shakespeare. Every one, even the villain, went to church twice on Sunday and held Family Prayers in the front parlor during the week: and I curled down on a couch with a feeling as of rest after toyle, port after stormie seas. I knew I was on the track of one loved and long-lost. Presently I found him. 'He turned aside in stern self-mastery,' said the first line on page 73 — and I sighed happily. He was come back to me — the Lover of the English lady-novelist of the sixties and seventies!

His particular avatar in *The Head of the Family* was named Ninian Græme, and for the whole three volumes did he continue to fight his emotions sternly down. I did n't like him as well as John Halifax or Eugen Courvoisier, because he had long, loop-shaped whiskers. But ah, the heart that beat

beneath those whiskers! His life was one long, eager self-immolation. He immolated himself for his sweetheart — or, rather, the Object of his Affections; he paid his wayward brother's debts whenever he could most ill afford it; he kept the villain's secrets, and succored the same villain's insane victim, who afterwards made a hit on the stage; he got the Object's trying father out of debtors' prison, managing meanwhile to bring up strictly six half-brothers and sisters, and keep his office-hours intact — he was a Writer to the Signet and worked hard.

Everything he did was done well and thoroughly; still, one could scarcely wonder that at thirty-eight he explained to the drooping heroine, too well brought up by himself to contradict him, that he was too old and worn to think of love or marriage more. A life like his would fatigue the keeper of the Fountain of Youth.

Yet it was not an unusually strenuous life for his class and time. Others did as much, or more, and throve on it. John Halifax worked quite as hard, and had greater calls on his emotions. And Eugen Courvoisier, the beloved First Violin of our teens, *he* supported not only himself and his son, but a load of unmerited obloquy. Will there ever be another hero as winning as Eugen? He was a widower with a child, and — as we and the heroine discovered with the same shock of horror — he won his bread by performing in a small orchestra, whereas we had thought him a count at least! But when he did turn out to be a count after all, and not to have forged the check, though he had always insisted he did, and not to have cared a bit about his first wife — will there ever be joy like that joy?

Jean Ingelow had some pleasant heroes, too. The one in *Off the Skelligs* was a trifle given to hobbies, and once in a while came dangerously near fail-

ing. He wrote a book, for instance, which was not a success; something no hero should do. But he let his younger brother have his sweetheart in the approved manner, and succored the widow and the orphan whenever they came his way. Also, he married the heroine in the end, and kept several entirely unnecessary secrets. He was very satisfactory, on the whole, if he *did* make small jokes.

Miss Braddon was a producer of heroes not to be despised. They were silent, purposeful gentlemen, not as religious as some of their confrères, but to the full as iron-virtued and tender-hearted. Sometimes they combined the business of hero and villain in one person. Their wickedness was wicked then, and no mistake! But it had this saving grace, that they never forgot it, nor allowed you to. Nowadays villains have a trying trait in common with mere human beings — they consider themselves, on the whole, admirable and virtuous persons. Not so in Miss Braddon's day. No well-regulated villain ever allowed the fire of remorse to die in his seared bosom. It glowed to the end of his days, regardless of how long he had been a philanthropist. And when, thirty-eight years after its commission, his sin found him out, he was unaffectedly pleased to have it off his mind, and owned up handsomely. Yes, he *had* made away with his aged grand-aunt and interred her privately beneath the cellar floor. He had regretted it ever since, but at the time his debts pressed — and, with several anguished expressions of repentance, and the assurance that this was the happiest day he had known since the grand-aunt's burial, he would help them find the skeleton. He might even throw in details about outlying victims at rest under apple trees and hen-coops, whom no one had been so rude as to think of laying at his door. Then

he killed himself, always with the sincerity, and belief in himself and a personal devil, which had characterized him straight through. Ah, villains were villains in those days! They believed it and so did their friends, and there was nobody to undeceive them.

It was, also, quite easy to pass yourself off as a villain, to the trusting public of that day, on ridiculously insufficient evidence. Many a spotless hero brightened a life of monotonous virtue and adulation by such a course. Eugen Courvoisier did it to admiration. Ouida's guardsmen, too, were greatly given to the practice. They were generally stately gentlemen of title, whose brocaded sofas and unusual muscle, coupled with wonderful impassivity, superior intellect, and great beauty, made them well known and much admired. But his furniture and personal attractions were only a passing trifle to the Guardsman — a mere bagatelle, as he was in the habit of saying recklessly. What his heart really yearned after was a chance to sacrifice all his home comforts, including his hitherto stainless honor, for any worthless male connection. The more undeserving, the better. Like the Duke in *Patience*, he was so tired of adulation that a little hearty contempt cheered him up immensely. He never could be brought to admit his guiltlessness till the very last page, and then it was reluctantly. As he did own up — it was generally in the heroine's expensive boudoir, on a sofa such as he had been used to in his better days — he always dashed away a silent tear to the memory of some poor girl who had vainly loved him. Yes, indeed, he was made of the same manly yet melting stuff as John Halifax, scratch him deep enough. Though none would have dared to scratch, even ever so lightly, a Ouida guardsman.

He had his drawbacks, the Mid-

Victorian Hero — for it was indeed he. He wept on all the available articles of furniture when his manly heart was wrung. He was certain to observe a noble silence at exactly the wrong time, enabling the gay and glittering gentleman who was more than suspected of being an Atheist to get the girl. He was cross once in a while, when he was keeping Another's secret at the expense of his own character, and somebody took him at his word.

But oh, how dependable he was! How sure to meet a train, or make an excellent omelet if the fragile heroine had mislaid the cook-book! How strong he was, and how fond of carrying people upstairs! How well he brought up his first wife's children, if he was a widower, or the heroine, if he was her guardian!

He will not come again — not he nor such as he. He has passed, always with a certain dignity, his heroine's drooping curls brushing his protecting arm, into the country of last year's snow, and year-before-last's presidential candidate, and all forgotten, irrecoverable things. And, as his favorite author, the Swan of Avon, said, We shall not gaze upon his like again. He is gone — the Mid-Victorian Hero is gone, and none so poor to do him reverence. His position is filled by a set of sunny, irresponsible young gentlemen who have to be coaxed and mothered by the stalwart, all-sufficing young women of to-day's fiction — young gentlemen who would have had short shrift as Wayward Younger Brothers, or Awful Examples, how few brief years ago! They are doubtless easier to entertain, and pleasanter around the house. And John Halifax and Ann Veronica would lead but a sad, cat-and-dog life.

But I am sentimental, and I have ideals. I want the old hero back. Thinking of him, I brush away the silent tear.

'LITTLE THINGS'

It is not the arguments and persuasions of the well-meaning that most often send the prodigal on his way back to the fatted calf and the robe and the ring of civilized life. It is much more frequently the haphazard vision of a stranger's lamp-lit hall, the glow of a kitchen fire seen through an area railing, that wakes the unbearable homesickness, and suddenly renders the swine and the husks detestable.

Those who have experienced great sorrow or great pain know that the sharpness of the first hideous impression soon blurs, gradually becomes vaguer and vaguer, and, when time has passed, it is one of the hardest sensations possible to re-create in the memory. Great sorrow and great joy transcend the ordinary events of life too much to have an abiding place in a thing so small as a brain, — unless, of course, they obsess it to the exclusion of everything else. More often, however, the large experiences become anchored to the brain — or the heart, or the soul, or wherever the individual prefers to locate his emotions — by means of the small details attendant upon them. A man does not remember exactly how he felt when the news of a disaster came and overwhelmed him; but he is not likely to forget the gesture and expression of the messenger who came to tell him about it, or the first terrible words with which the news was broken; and whenever he hears and sees them repeated in other circumstances, he will feel the same sick dread creep over him which he felt for the first time when the news was fresh.

It is in such cases as this that one feels the peculiar significance of the remark — 'little things are the devil,' though the truth of it is not a whole truth, for there are some little things which are very far removed from the

devil, indeed. The things that are dear to us, for instance, — we nearly always call them 'little,' however unsuitable the epithet. One of the broadest and most unproportionately broad Airedale terriers of my acquaintance is frequently addressed as 'little dog,' while the gaunt and not altogether prepossessing lady of the Charlie's Aunt type is the 'dear child' of the man whose bride she was some forty years ago.

We love little things, we hate little things, we fear little things; our lives are knit up with little things from the time we are born to the day we die.

Big things draw us up to Heaven or crush us down to Hell. Little things live beside us on the earth, eat and sleep with us, laugh and grumble with us, catch the early train with us, or make us miss it, irritate and appease us, — never let us alone for a minute.

That is why they are so much more important than the big things — the things that come only once in a way, at long intervals, and even then are nearly always the result of a hundred and one little things combined.

To be crushed by a large misadventure is natural, but to fall a victim to a series of petty misfortunes is humiliating. There are many who would prefer to break their necks once for all by falling off a mountain, rather than bruise their whole bodies and dislocate their tempers by the daily stumbling over a mole-hill. It is the little things that count, — the satisfaction of climbing Mount Olympus is a poor sort of attainment if the scores and scores of pleasant details which wait upon success be absent.

It is the fringe of a foam-flecked wave rippling through the edge of a sea-fog that sets us longing for the open sea. It is the sharp scent of azalea, sold in the street, that makes us wild for a game of pirates in the garden where we were children. It is

the big things that blur and fade. It is the little things that bite their way into the memory as a red-hot needle bites its way into wood.

And that, perhaps, is the whole secret of the love and the hate we bear them, — these same insidious little things which so often pretend to hide themselves away in the background, when in reality they are the most important part of the whole picture.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

I HAVE just hunted up an old Reader. It was Cleo's story that prompted it. Cleo is thirteen, and has taken her pen in hand to compose a romance which she has brought to me for criticism.

It is a sad story, naturally, for light-hearted youth loves tears. A young girl, betrothed to one of her own age, is compelled by her cruel parents to wed an old man for his gold. She consents, and the young man, starting in search of a career to fill the aching void in his heart, sees through his tears, held back with difficulty, the old man, wrinkled, gray-bearded, tottering up the steps to greet his bride-to-be.

Two years pass, and the youth has won fame and fortune abroad in Art (kind not specified) and sails for home. On landing, a newspaper is brought him in which he reads of the death of his beloved's husband. 'Died, on November 12, B. B., at the age of forty-two.'

Forty-two! And two years before, gray-bearded and tottering, he had wedded the young girl.

I am forty-five, quite sprightly, and with no trace of gray hair. This was what sent me to the old Reader, the one that immediately succeeded McGuffey's in the schools of our middle-western state. I had a dim recollection of a poem which I used to read, illustrated by a picture I much admired, just thirty-five years ago. A feeble

gray-bearded man was seated on the river-bank, under a willow tree; there was a churchyard in the distance, and near by, a village green on which school boys were playing. The lines were headed, 'Twenty Years Ago,' and in them, the graybeard was apostrophizing an absent school friend named Tom, —

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree.

He goes on to recount how he had visited the village green on which the youngsters were playing; the old school-house, sadly changed now, with its new benches; the spring, bubbling from beneath the elm; and the river bank, overshadowed by the willows. They were all there, but alas! gone was almost all the band of merry youngsters who had gamboled on the green, coasted on the hillside, swung in the grapevine swing, and played the game —

I have forgot the name just now;
You've played the same with me —
'Twas played with knives by throwing—so
and so.

Not gone from this place to some other, in search of a career, but dead, and dead from old age, presumably, since there is no mention of a plague having swept through the village. Almost all the 'band' 'were in the churchyard laid,' though 'some sleep beneath the sea; but few are left of our old class excepting you and me.' The graybeard's lids have long been dry, he says, but he confesses that they were filled with tears as he rose feebly and tottered to the churchyard to strew flowers upon the graves of those he had loved some twenty years ago.

Judging from internal evidence, the sports in which he and Tom were engaged, — barefoot boys, remember! — mumble-peg (hypocrite! I could never believe he had really forgotten the name!), coasting, tree-carving, and so forth, they must have been at that time some twelve or fifteen years old,

and therefore, at the time of his visit, twenty years later, he and the decrepit Tom must have been all of thirty-two or thirty-five years of age, as were also those companions so untimely sleeping in the churchyard or beneath the sea!

It is all very funny, now, and I was glad, as I re-read it, that I had preserved the old Reader along with my mother's Mitchell's Geography and Kirkham's Grammar. But when I read it in school it was my favorite selection, I being at that time, as Cleo is now, a sentimentalist; and never a thought of its absurdity entered my mind, any more than the absurdity of having a hero old enough to die at forty-two has entered the mind of Cleo. Indeed, I could picture myself returning some twenty years hence, feeble and gray-haired, to sit under the beech trees of our school grounds, trying to recall the names of our old games, bean-bag and hop-scotch and skip-the-rope — hop-scotch I loved so passionately that I knew I should never forget it. And our teacher! She was a young girl, probably not yet twenty, and I remember well with what feeling her voice dwelt on the lines as she read them first to show us where 'to lay the stress' and what 'pitch of voice' to take, according to the instructions in the notes. The editor, too, must have been young, for while he diligently put in all the acute and grave accents in the first stanzas, that we might know where to lift our voices up and where to bring them down (they were mostly downs in this), — 'It's music just the same, dear Tom,' — he was evidently so overcome by the sadness of the last three stanzas, where the speaker's long-dry lids moistened as he visited the churchyard, that he omitted them altogether.

I shall not call Cleo's attention to it, after all. It might lead to some troublesome questions, and twenty years from now she will need no explanations.